

THE LEATHERNECK

August, 1936

Single copy, 25c



SERGEANT MAJOR



QUARTERMASTER SERGEANT



MASTER TECHNICAL SERGEANT



MASTER TECHNICAL SERGEANT (MESS)



PAYMASTER SERGEANT



MASTER GUNNERY SERGEANT



FIRST SERGEANT



GUNNERY SERGEANT



SUPPLY SERGEANT



DRUM MAJOR



TECHNICAL SERGEANT



TECHNICAL SERGEANT (MESS)



STAFF SERGEANT



STAFF SERGEANT (MESS)



PLATOON SERGEANT



SERGEANT



DRUM SERGEANT



TRUMPET SERGEANT



MESS SERGEANT
or CHIEF COOK



CORPORAL



DRUM CORPORAL



TRUMPET CORPORAL



MESS CORPORAL
or FIELD COOK



PRIVATE
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DRUMMER



TRUMPETER
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MARINE BAND

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my pocket..*



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IT HAPPENED just five years ago. Pay day had rolled around and with it the same Corporal's pay that I had been drawing for six years. After eight years in the service I was just a skip and a jump above a Private. It began to look as though I would never make the next grade. Was I to spend many more months watching newcomers into the Corps forge ahead of me?

I picked up THE LEATHERNECK to read—I had done it many times before. It fell open at a familiar advertisement, and a coupon stared me in the face. Month after month for years I'd been seeing that coupon, but never until this moment had I thought of it as meaning anything to me. But this time I read the Marine Corps Institute ad twice—yes, every word.

Many of the men in the Marine Corps, it said, had made that coupon the first stepping stone toward higher ratings and better paying billets.

Men had become aviation and automobile mechanics, stenographers, accountants, civil service graduates—clerks like me had become Master Technical and Paymaster Sergeants.

Suppose that I . . . ? What if by studying during some of my liberty hours I really could learn to do something besides pound a typewriter with two fingers and clerk in an office? I had a hunch to find out—and then and there I tore out that coupon, marked, and mailed it.

That was the turn in the road for me. I was working in the Paymaster's Office so I took up bookkeeping and accountancy. In six months I was promoted to Sergeant. Today I am a Paymaster Sergeant. I had found out that training for the job higher up is the best means to success. Tearing out that coupon five years ago was the best hunch I ever had.

Write the Marine Corps Institute, give them your story and tell them what course you are interested in; they will advise you.

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☐ I am interested in the subject before which I have marked an X; please send me full information.

☐ Please enroll me in the course. I have carefully investigated the course and believe it is suited to my needs.

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- ☐ Spanish
- ☐ Mechanical Eng.
- ☐ Navigation

Name.....Rank.....

Organisation.....

Station.....

The LEATHERNECK

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Sketched by D. L. DICKSON

Cover Designed by MARINE CORPS RECRUITING BUREAU

What Would You Do?

SUPPOSE a superior officer had given you a task to perform which could be done if everything went right but there was a chance that something might go wrong and no person could tell the result! Would you be able to perform the task?

Those who were privileged to see Marine Gunner J. A. Church of the Naval Air Station at Anacostia, Washington, D. C., lift his ten-ton Grumman utility plane from a rain-soaked field without a scratch or a scare will testify to the iron nerve of the "men of the Marines."

We talked with Gunner Church at length while attendants were placing gasoline aboard the disabled ship near Blackstone. He was a delightful sort of fellow. Full of dry wit; a most interesting conversationalist; and polite to the last word.

We asked him his chances of making good his takeoff of the ship which had been grounded here because of engine trouble. He had nothing to say. He had orders to bring the ship back to Washington. He planned to obey orders.

"If a man is afraid something might happen, he had better not get under the controls," he finally told us.

Nothing happened. He drove his iron nerve into his mind and although the ship rocked as he gained ground speed and the tail-rudder dragged with less than seventy-five yards of an improvised run-way left, he still "gave her the works."

The plane sped faster. The possible runway became shorter and shorter. Tall pines blocked the forward horizon. But Gunner Church believed in his ability, believed he could carry out the orders he had received from a superior officer.

Ten feet of runway was left when Gunner-Pilot Church finally drove the "stick" forward and the monster shook under his control. The machine responded and the landing gear cleared.

But more trouble met Gunner-Pilot Church in the face. He was caught in a transversal wind. His first obstacle was over; but a new one had developed. The ship rocked again. But the master mind in the ship held to his iron nerve, his orders and his goal.

Those pine trees soon became a blanket for him. Too close to him for his own satisfaction, probably; but still he was out of the rough and through the wind resistance. He drove directly into the wind and tested every strength of the disabled ship. He returned across the field, waved his hand and faded in the northern skies.

We wonder just how many Southside Virginia residents can drive that much iron nerve into their mind in order to carry their business adventures out of the roughs and into blue skies.

We firmly believe that there is a lesson we can learn from Gunner-Pilot J. A. Church. And it is a lesson which will cause us to obey orders of nature and pull our objectives out of the roughs and speed ourselves into the future.—*Courier-Record*, Blackstone-Crewe, Va.

Please Help

MOST subscribers know that when they are transferred they must, to ensure their receiving each copy of their LEATHERNECK, notify the Editor. Lately, however, a considerable number of recruits have been added to the Corps. These men subscribe to THE LEATHERNECK, giving the Recruit Area as their address. This is of course but temporary. By the time THE LEATHERNECK is mailed to the subscriber, he has been transferred. As Postal Regulations do not permit the forwarding of second class mail, the magazine is returned to us. We do not complain about paying a few cents for return postage, but we feel that you are entitled to the magazine you paid for, and we want you to have it.

The next time you miss your LEATHERNECK and you feel inclined to give us a Marine Corps growl, just ask yourself, "Did I send in my change of address?" If you did, and still you have not received your copies, then send in the growl—we rate it.

On the other hand, if you've shoved off from Parris Island to Shanghai or Iona Island, or elsewhere, and you have neglected to notify us, we cannot do else but send your magazine to the address you gave us on your subscription.

In nearly every issue we print a change of address form. When you are transferred, fill this in and mail it to us. If you don't care to mutilate your copy, a postal card with the same information will do.

Will you please help us to help you?

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Luckies *a light smoke*

OF RICH, RIPE-BODIED TOBACCO

"IT'S TOASTED"



EACH PUFF LESS ACID

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SHANGHAI TO THE GREAT WALL

By RICHARD L. HARRIS

HT 11:00 P. M., June 17, 1936, a party of Officers, Officers' and enlisted men's wives and enlisted men were comfortably located in a special coach attached to the night Express Train for Nanking and on a venture which heretofore had never been attempted by any groups of sightseers from the Fourth Marines.

The Fourth Marines are now famous for island trips and without a doubt are the most traveled group of any organization in China. Therefore there was not a great deal of surprise when Chaplain M. M. Witherspoon announced that he was planning a trip to Nanking, the "Old Capital" of Peiping and the Great Wall.

The announcement that the trip had been approved by our Commanding Officer and the C-in-C, AF., brought forth a great many requests from personnel of the Regiment. Thus the machinery of the Chaplain's Office was put in motion and after much painstaking effort and grinding away at the many details which must be taken care of, we find ourselves on the way.

The coach was comfortable and after a good night's rest we had an early breakfast and were ready to detrain at 7:00 A. M. at Hsai Kwan in Nanking.

Dr. R. A. Ward and Miss Ruby Whitecomb of Nanking met us at the station with buses and taxis prepared to take us on a speedy trip around the "New Capital."

First we visited the famous "Drum Tower" from which vantage point Dr. Ward explained the many important high spots of the Capital. As some do not know what these towers are, I might explain that "Bell and Drum Towers" are just what the name implies and were used in the old days to sound warnings for the assemblage of the populace

in preparation for whatever might be pending. Today in Nanking the Drum Tower is equipped with a siren which is frequently used for various drill in "Preparedness."

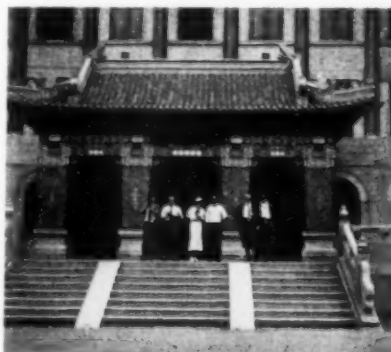
Leaving the Tower we proceeded to Ginling College for women and on to the Ming Tombs and Street of Animals where the first Ming Emperor was buried, and on to the Sun Yat Sen Memorial. After climbing over three hundred steps, to the surprise of many, we found that the Ministry of Foreign Affairs had granted special permission to have the Tomb open so that we might see where the "George Washington of China" is buried. The Tomb is very impressive in its simplicity and I am sure was appreciated by all who saw it.

Moving along we visited the other units of the National Reservation which included the Tomb of T'an Yen K'ai, a former President of the Executive Yuan, the National Cemetery "China's Arlington," and the Beamless Temple.

Arriving at the International Golf Club we found lunch prepared which was indeed a welcome sight. The Club

is located on a beautiful hill surrounded by one of the finest golf links in all China and overlooking the mammoth new National Athletic Center with the large Stadium predominating. Athletics are now playing a large part in the "New Life" movement in China, therefore this part of the Capital is very popular with the Chinese.

Everyone feeling in good spirits, we again took to the buses and were on our way for a hurried visit to the School for Sons and Daughters, which is under the personal direction of General and Madam Chiang Kai Shek, the Lotus Lake, and the City Hall where the old



Entrance to Ministry of Communications,
Nanking

examination stalls are located. We then visited the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, the Ministry of Communications and the Bell Tower which took all of our available time.

Arriving at the Ferry Landing we took the boat for Pukow where we entrained for Peiping and the Great Wall.

Traveling all night and Tuesday we arrived at midnight in the "Old Capital" after having spent a very cheerful day which was not in the least tiresome, due to the good spirits of all in the party.

To our surprise we were met by a large delegation from the Embassy Guard who immediately set about making us feel right at home. Leaving the station we proceeded to the Barracks where the Mess Sergeant expressed his greeting with a fine hot steak dinner. To the Officers and mess crew of the Guard we were truly grateful and such a greeting to fellow Marines was proven to be one which was highly appreciated.

Comfortable quarters were provided and after a good night's sleep we were all up early, ready to see all that Peiping had to offer.

Mr. Ellis of the Legation YMCA arrived on the scene at 8:00 A. M. with transportation and soon we were on our way bound for a full day. Mr. Ellis acted as our guide during our stay in Peiping and filled the position in a manner which was commendable.

The "Temple of Heaven" was our first stop. The Temple is a most impressive sight with the long walk stretching away to the Temple of Imperial Tablets and on to the Altar of Heaven. The Altar is made entirely of white marble constructed in three terraces and in multiples of nine. Close to the Altar is the sacrificial oven and metal braziers, one for each Emperor who worshipped there, in which jade and silks were burned as offerings.

Proceeding to the "Forbidden City" we were astonished when we imagined the splendor which must have prevailed in the days when China was ruled by Emperors. The large Banquet Hall, Parade Ground, and Throne Hall all showed signs of grandeur which I doubt has ever been surpassed anywhere in the world.

These two places having taken all our time for the morning, we returned to a fine meal at the Barracks and at one o'clock everyone was prepared for the trip to the Summer Palace, some eight miles from the City. To our misfortune the afternoon brought with it one of Peiping's famous dust storms, but I suppose no visit to Peiping would be complete without one.

Arriving at the Summer Palace we first saw the Imperial Rickshaws, bronze animals, etc., which are located in the first court. Proceeding along the path we came to the covered arcade which is a quarter of a mile long. Each rafter of the arcade is painted with some scene from the Summer Palace grounds. Passing on through the arcade we came to the Imperial boat landing and the entrance to the residential section of the Palace. This section now houses a museum containing many of the rare articles which were presented

1. Summer Palace, Peiping; 2. South Gate to Heaven, Tai Shan; 3. Coal Hill, where last Ming Emperor committed suicide, outside of Forbidden City, Peiping; 4. Section of the Dragon Screen, Winter Palace, Peiping; 5. Sun Yat Sen Memorial, Nanking; 6. Winter Palace Grounds, White Pagoda in Background; 7. Marble Boat, Summer Palace, Peiping.

to the Empress Dowager and many articles which were personally used by her in the Official Residence.

We climbed the steps to the "Temple of the Clouds" which overlooks the lake and from which can be had a view of the entire Palace grounds. We then visited the famous Marble Boat where some decided to take the trip on the Lake while others made the trip afoot to the Imperial Boat House where the Royal Boats are housed, and then over the hill to the old Summer Palace grounds of which very little is known. Proceeding on down the hill we visited the Imperial Theatre which still contains the stage costumes and scenery all ready for another performance.

The trip to the Summer Palace is a full afternoon of sightseeing, thus it was time for us to return to the City.

Evening found members of the party in all sections of the City seeking bargains and prying about so that nothing would be missed in this ancient palace. The Peiping Bazaar offered quite an evening's entertainment to those who were looking for bargains and a shopping place not to be found anywhere else in China.

Thursday the 21st we boarded a train at 8:00 A. M. bound for the Great Wall. The trip to the Wall takes about three hours but offers interesting sights all the way.

Detraining at Nankow Pass we all rushed off as if we would not get to the top fast enough. Some of the party preferred to ride donkeys rather than walk but in due time most of the party had reached one of the highest block houses on the Wall. Looking out from this point one could see the Wall

creeping away over the mountains as if it were a huge snake wending its way across China. The Wall is 1,500 miles long, 25 feet thick at the base, 15 feet wide at the top and varies from 15 to 40 feet high. From all appearance it crosses the mountains at the highest peaks. It is hard to imagine just how immense the Great Wall is until one has stood at the top at Nankow Pass and gazed on this, one of the "Wonders of the World."

Leaving the Station at 12:50 P. M. we arrived back in Peiping at 4:30 ready for another evening in the shops.

Our third day was spent in visiting Coal Hill, the Winter Palace, the Dragon Screen, Lama and Confucius Temples. All of these places speak of the glory of the old days when Peiping was in its prime.

In the afternoon members of the party again took to the shops in a hurried effort to complete their purchases before our departure at 8:30 P. M.

In leaving Peiping we carried with us a greater knowl-

edge of the history and culture of China. Some were sorry to leave so soon but our schedule called for another stop which could not have been made had we remained in Peiping another day.

At 1:00 P. M. on Saturday our coach was sidetracked at Tianfu in the shadow of the most Holy Mountain in all of China. Leaving the train the party started out to climb this most famous mountain where Confucius worshipped and whose history dates back to 2,000 years before Christ.

The trip up Tai Shan is far from an easy task and requires all the energy one can stir up to conquer the 6,300 stone steps to the "South Gate to Heaven."

The trip for the usual pilgrim requires six hours to reach the top in a sedan car and three hours to come down, or as the chair coolies say, "45 li up and 15 li down."

The effort required to climb Tai Shan is well repaid by the beauty of the mountain and the strange people who make their home in the caves or under anything which gives them shelter. These people all make their living by begging from the pilgrims.

As foreigners usually do things in a faster manner than the Chinese, our entire party had returned to the train by 8:00 P. M. Not a few were tired from the strenuous climb and were glad to get to bed early.

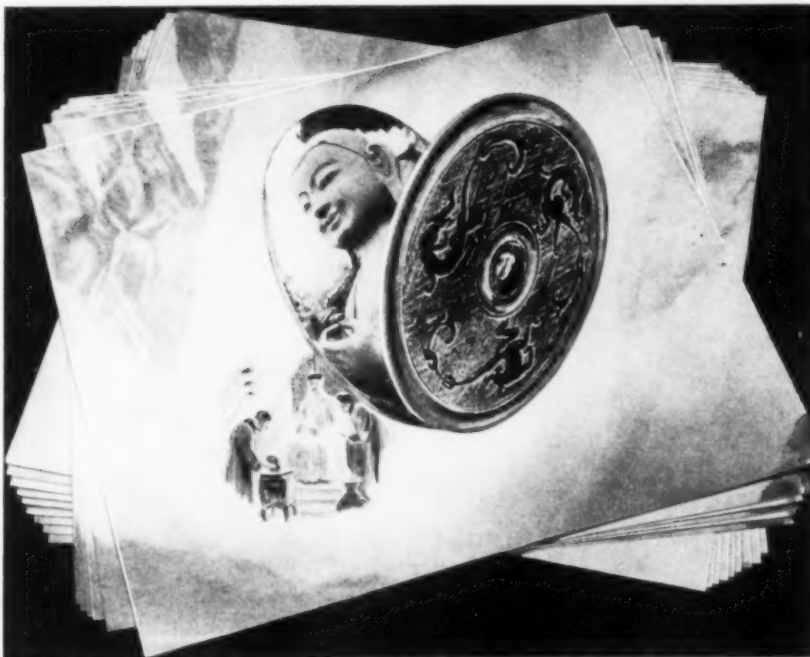
At 11:00 P. M. our car was attached to the train bound for Nanking and Shanghai. The ten hours spent in Tianfu added much to our trip and to our knowledge of China.

Spending a few hours in Nanking on Sunday evening we started on the

final jaunt into Shanghai overnight, arriving at the North Station at 7:00 A. M. The trip to the "Great Wall" required seven and one-half days and covered two thousand miles. Our return to Shanghai completed the longest and most successful trip that has ever been undertaken by the Fourth Marines.

As we have previously stated the Fourth Marines travel, so can we say that men of the Fourth have the greatest opportunity to learn China better than ever before. Under the direction of Chaplain Witherspoon a program of Chinese language classes, sightseeing trips and forum, has been carried out, which during the past eighteen months has planted in many Marines a knowledge of China which is an education in itself.

And so to our Commanding Officer, Colonel Chas. F. B. Price, and to Chaplain Witherspoon, we who made this trip are truly indebted and to them we express our utmost appreciation.



MILEAGE THIRTY-FOUR

By NORMAN BELDEN

(Illustrated by John Chapman)

"How the cloudy river glitters . . ."

—The Shi-King.

AT MILEAGE thirty-four, on the Ichang-Chungking run, there is an excellent anchorage overshadowed by a sheer, granite-like mountain topped by a temple which hangs precariously, like the sword of Damocles, over the south bank of the river. On a clear, moonlight night, the flashing, gurgling Yangtze rushes by at five knots carrying, with insolence and authority, its jealously guarded secrets to the jaundiced viscosity of the East China Sea, a thousand miles away

But here, at Miaho, the river is clear and spirited. Even the air is different. You are relieved that the

cloying mud of the Lower River is far downstream. And it is here that you may sit, in the freshness of the evening, and observe the indefatigable boatmen scull their long, heavy sampans from ship to shore in a never-ending procession, bearing their fragrant cargoes of turbaned Szechwaneze, succulent oranges of the Province, bean cakes, and mysterious sweets dear to the hearts of China's millions.

If you will look in Lloyd's, you will find listed the following: "S.S. *Mei Ling*; 423; 1925; Kiangnan Dock & E. Co., Shanghai; Yangtze Steam Nav. Co.; 149.5/-26.6/7.7; Shanghai; Utd. States." But you will find no mention of the armor plate at the bridge and amidships, nor of the hundreds of bullet-holes in the pilot-house and stack (souvenirs of Temple Hill in '27) nor of the ghosts of gallant captains, glorious in proficiency and profanity, nor of the faint perfume of the wraith-like, beautiful ladies who have trod her decks. A sweet ship, and one which will carry you upstream without heaving through the Hsin T'an, the worst rapid on the River at the low water levels.

You consider, as you gaze at the twinkling lights of Miaho Village, that it is a rare evening. Nine days ago, at about this time, you were having a gimlet with Alfieri Torsoni at the French Club. But Shanghai is far away. Shanghai, with her ubiquitous night-clubs, cocktail parties, red neon lights, squawking traffic; the Regiment's endless parades and inspections—all forgotten for the time being. You have four good Marines and a generous supply of weapons and ammunition for the protection of the ship, her ensign, and her people.

The sentry, tommy-gun slung over his shoulder, passes by and reports, "Everything secure, sir."

"Very well, Holland." Good boy that. Make an excellent corporal one of these days.

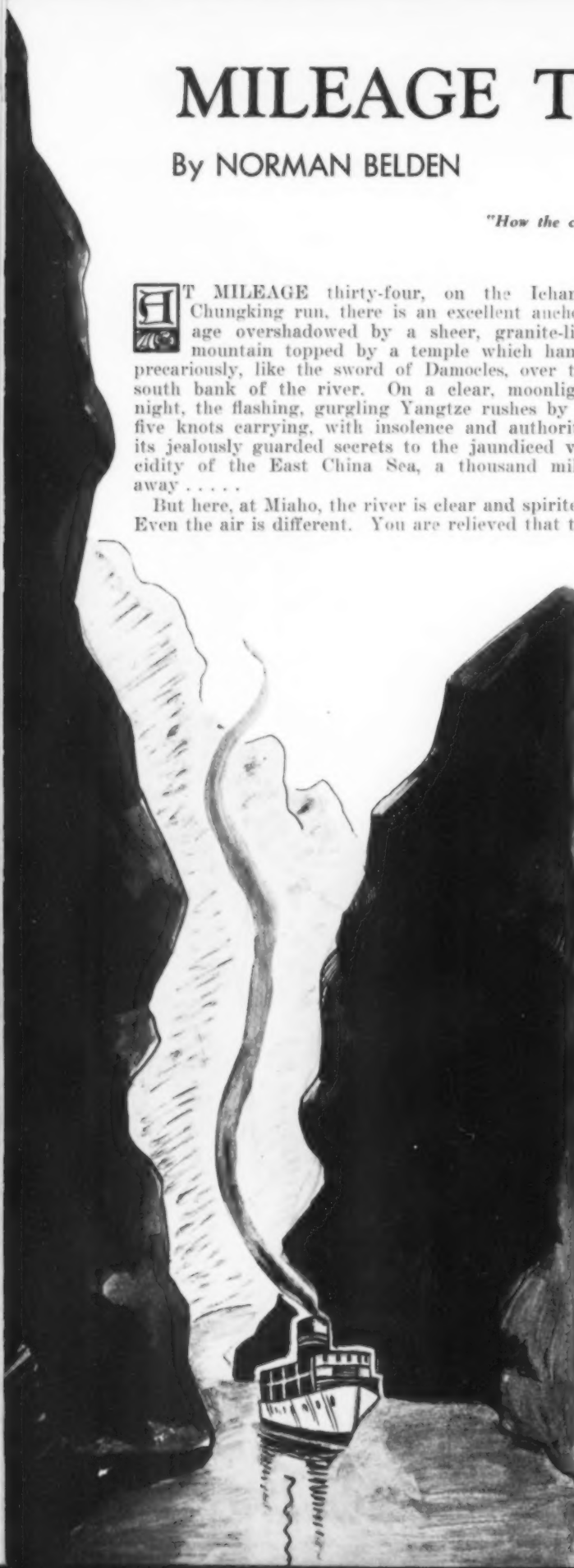
The Captain's boy comes alongside and smiles knowingly as he hands you a hit from his master, inviting you up forward for a chat and a cigar.

Captain Lee is an anomaly on the River. A soft-spoken Virginia gentleman, a sinologist of no mean standing, and a citizen of the world. The Sultana Valideh Bridge at Constantinople, the Casino at Biarritz, the rigors of Cape Horn are to him as is the foyer of your apartment to you.

"Evening, Lieutenant. Thought you'd like a cigar. Chong, catch two-piece Coca-Cola." For the Captain eschews hard liquor. Not from choice, but from painful necessity—stomach ulcers. And the Guard cannot drink during a trip.

We settled ourselves on the transoms, and puffed on our panatelas.

"Been reading about the pottery they just found down around Poyang Lake. Seems that they're building a road from Hangchow to Nanchang, and they dug a lot of this stuff out of some grave mounds. Robin's egg blue of the Sung Dynasty. I'd like to get a look at it. The missionaries'll probably get most of it for a few coppers. They're generally around when there's something good. Speaking of Hangchow, have you seen our first-class passenger from there?"



"No, I haven't, Captain. She's pretty exclusive. Never comes out on deck. Got an *amah* with her. But the *amah* stays 'tween decks most of the time."

"You mean to tell me you haven't even seen the young lady? I thought you were a pretty good Marine, too." The Captain chuckled. He had one of those quiet laughs that you like.

We passed on to other topics and journeyed, by degrees, from Nicaragua to Constantinople, a city of which the Captain was inordinately fond—and where he had apparently enjoyed many conquests and much heady vintage wine. But those days of fabulous accomplishment were sad ones, for they represented, in the Captain, the death of Epicurus. And the name of the city has been changed to Istanbul.

Promptly at ten o'clock, I bade the Captain good-night. For the run from Miaohe to Kweifu, on the western side of the Wind-box Gorge, is a tricky one and it is necessary to have plenty in reserve for that twelve-hour tour on the bridge.

As I made my way aft to visit the sentry before turning in, Mr. Chen, the *compradore*, appeared at the head of the ladder amidsthips. The *compradore*, on a China coaster or river steamer, is to his ship as is the heart to the body. The life of the vessel flows around him. He is not only the purser, but the liaison officer, the First Secretary, the Dean. Without him, the ship might as well be without engines and rudder. He is a personage.

Mr. Chen bowed and smiled, his face replete with dignity, strength and shrewdness.

"Beautiful night, isn't it, Mr. Chen," said I.

"Yes, very nice. Quiet. Not like Shanghai! There, too much noise."

"I feel the same way about it. By the way, have you heard anything about the situation at Chungking? I hear that Liu Chang is making trouble again."

"No, sir, I know nothing. But soon there will be much trouble, I think. I do not know why, everyone fights, no one works. Perhaps, some day, there will be quiet again. But I do not worry. Too much trouble. *Mei yu fatsu*—it does not matter. One thing, just now: coal is eighteen dollars for one ton. Too much *cumsha* I think. Good night, sir."

"Good night, Mr. Chen." I leaned against the rail and looked at the stars. Truly, a wonderful night. But something was missing. Perhaps this talk about a change represents just a subconscious pose. Shanghai is not so bad, at that. Music, low lights, laughter, soft shoulders—be glad to get back, at that. A bit of a breeze had come up, and the Mei Ling tugged at the bow and stern lines lashed to their stakes on the beach. But Thirty-four is one of the best anchorages on the River. No danger here, fortunately, for the Yangtze current is an ugly thing for a ship out of control.

Again I made my way aft to visit the sentry before turning in. But there, under the overhead light on the port quarter, stood a young lady, her tall, slim figure sheathed in a high-

collared, white silk *ta kua*, most becoming. Reminiscent, in its long, dainty lines, of the graceful, carved ivory statuettes of Kuan Yin, the Goddess of Mercy. The passenger from Hangchow, no doubt about it. She was leaning against a stanchion, and was smoking a gold-tipped Russian cigarette. I

thought that no one in the world could smoke so gracefully. Although, in most women the habit seems rather forced, in her it seemed quite natural. But there was something familiar about that delicate profile. As I passed, the young lady half turned—and there was instant mutual recognition. Who could forget Helene Li?

There was a quality of omniscience and freshness about her that carried you away. Jet hair, parted in the center, smooth and brilliant as the coat of a wet seal. Sloe eyes, slightly almond shaped, skin the color and texture of a Mikimoto pearl. The straight, slender body beautifully set off by the long, high-collared Chinese gown.

"How do you do," said she gravely, holding out her hand. The well modulated, distinguished voice clipped the English consonants delightfully.

"This is a pleasure, Miss Li," said I. "Rather a far cry from Shanghai, isn't it?"

Yes, it is—but I like it. Let me see, it was about six months ago, that dinner party of Mr. Gordon's, wasn't it?" And you Americans dance very well!"

"That depends upon one's partner. I need not tell you—"

"Please — but shall we sit down? I am in the mood to talk. And if you knew me better, you could consider that unusual."

"I consider it an honor."

Miss Li smiled. "I think we shall get along splendidly. I believe that you are a good listener. Then, if you wish to please me, listen." She settled herself in the deck chair and gazed idly at the beach, purple in the night.

"Will you have something to drink?" said I.

"No thank you, I drink only tea. But why don't you have something?"

"Can't drink while I have the Guard aboard ship."

(Continued on page 63)



We sat for some time in silence



LABOR-SAVING METHODS

The school-teacher had been reading her class the stories of the lives of famous inventors.

"Now, then, Bertie, what would you like?"

"Bertie rose to his feet, with a puzzled frown on his face.

"Well, teacher," said the youth, "I'd like to invent a machine so that by simply pressing a button all my lessons would be done."

The teacher shook her head.

"That's very lazy of you, Bertie," she reprimanded. "Now let Willie Wilson say what he would like to invent?"

"Something to press the button," came the dreamy reply."—*Exchange*.

An inspector, examining a class in religious knowledge, asked the following question of a little girl, intending it for a catch: "What was the difference between Noah's Ark and Joan of Arc?" He was not a little surprised when the child, answering, said: "Noah's Ark was made of wood and Joan of Arc was maid of Orleans."—*Montreal Star*.

"Your husband has a new suit."

"No, he hasn't."

"Well, something's different."

"It's a new husband."

—*Kansas City Star*.

He: "What part of the car causes the most accidents?"

She: "The nut that holds the wheel."

—*Widow*.

A certain sergeant was accused of going to a meeting, which his wife attended against his will, dragging her from the hall, and forcing her to go home with him. The commanding officer requested that the sergeant make an official reply. It read: "In the first place, I never attempted to influence my wife in her views, nor her choice of a meeting. In the second place, my wife did not attend the meeting in question. In the third place, I did not go to the meeting myself. In the fourth place, upon diligent inquiry, I am informed that no such meeting was held. Finally, I never had a wife. The report is probably not true."

Instructor, during M. C. O. 41: "Jones, wake up that man beside you."

Jones: "You do it. You put him to sleep."

ALL TEE'D UP

And then there's the ludicrous yarn of the two stews playing golf. After missing the ball on the third tee about five times the first stew turned to his hiccuping friend and wailed, "Shay, Joe, I want you to shtop innerfering with my game—lishen; if you tilt this green wonch more I'm gonna QUIT!"—*Embassy Guard News*.



"Darling, you're the seventh wonder of the world!"

"Oh yeah? Well, listen, Gyrene! Don't ever let me catch you out with the other six!"

Range Sergeant: "All men who have fired, form over there on the right. All men who have not fired, form on the left. All men who have done neither, report to me."

"Where did you get all that money?"

"Borrowed it from Philip."

"But I thought he was pretty tight."

"He was."—*Jokes*.

Aviator—Great Scott! The engine's missing and the propeller's snapped!

Nervous Passenger—Thank goodness. Now we can go down.—*Jokes*.

TIME TO RETIRE

Of all the early risers in the community, Deacon Jones was by far the earliest—on winter and summer mornings alike, his lantern could be seen flitting in and out of the barn long before most people were out of bed.

One spring, Deacon decided that he needed a hired man. It wasn't long until the news got about and soon a young man, suitcase in hand, appeared at the Deacon's. After the usual shuffling of feet and shrewd bargaining, Deacon hired him.

True to his custom the next morning Deacon was up at three A. M. At intervals of five minutes he yelled lustily for the new hand to come down. Finally the young man made his appearance and, to the Deacon's surprise, was carrying his suitcase. "What's the matter?" demanded Deacon. "Oh, nothing," replied the hired hand. "I'm just going out to hunt some place to stay for the night."—*Country Gentleman*.

A Los Angeles car owner was having his eyes tested for a driver's license. Pointing to a chart on the wall, the examining officer asked the man to identify the things he saw.

"What is in the large circle in the center?" he asked.

"That is the figure 18," the man replied.

"Wrong," said the officer, "That is a picture of Mae West talking to Katherine Hepburn."—*Princeton Tiger*.

Mrs. Gnaggs—"I often think that women are more courageous than men."

Mr. Gnaggs—"Yes. Where would you find a man who was brave enough to stop in the middle of a busy street, pull out a mirror and doll himself up before a crowd?"—*Embassy Guard*.

A college student arose from his table in a fashionable dining room and walked toward the door.

He was passing the house detective at the entrance when a silver sugar bowl dropped from his bulging coat.

The guest glanced calmly at the officer, then turned with an expression of polite annoyance toward the occupants of the room. "Ruffians," he said, "Who threw that?" and walked out.—*Tennessee Tar*.

THE LEATHERNECK

PROPRIETY

The street musician was tired, and the kindly motorist agreed to give him a lift as far as the next town.

As they were racing at terrific speed down a hill, the motorist suddenly shouted above the noise of the car: "What instrument to you play?"

The musician shouted: "The violin."
The driver, peering ahead, yelled, "That's a pity!"

"Why is it a pity?" demanded the musician.

"It's a pity you don't play the harp!" yelled the motorist. "The brakes won't work!"—*W. Va. Mountaineer.*



"Did you hear how our champ came out at the fight last nite?"
"Yeah; on a stretcher."

A motorist was helping his extremely fat victim to rise. "Couldn't you have gone around me?" growled the victim.
"Sorry," said the motorist, sadly. "I wasn't sure whether or not I had enough gasoline."—*Kitty Kat.*

Supply Officer—"Such crust! The least you can do is take your hands out of your pockets while you are talking to me."
Private—"I'm sorry, sir, but I came to ask you for a belt for these pants I'm holding up."—*Our Army.*

Sandy—"I wish I knew who put that joke in the paper about the Scotch being so tight!"

Lassie—"Why don't you phone the editor and ask?"

Sandy—"Whist! And who'd pay for the call?"—*C. and P. Call.*

Madge—"Don't you sailors have a special ship where you get your hair cut? A sort of floating barber shop?"

Sailor—"No, there ain't no such ships in our fleet."

Madge—"Then what are these clipper ships I've heard so much about?"—*Saratoga Plane Talk.*

Joe—"It's high time you took out some insurance."

Kay—"Why?"

Joe—"Because you're sitting on the boxing champion's hat."—*Happy Days (C.C.C.)*

Naval Officer—"Have you ever been on water before?"

Gob—"Yep—along with a little bread!"—*Our Navy.*

Ed Wynn, the radio comic, is to blame for the story about the A.E.F. hero who won a Croix de Guerre but he was so ugly they couldn't find a French general to kiss him.—*Foreign Service.*

MISNOMER

A Chicago girl, on her first visit to a big Texas cattle ranch, was given a pony to ride and spent an afternoon in following the ranch foreman in a hunt for some lost calves. Ranch life being new to her she was greatly interested in everything and asked the foreman dozens of questions relative to range life in the wild and woolly west.

Upon their return to the corral, the girl dismounted stiffly and walked painfully toward the ranch house. Turning midway she called back to the foreman:

"Hey, you, Mister—would you mind answering just one more question?"

"Shoot," yelled the foreman. "What is it you want to know?"

"Why you cattle ranchers call us easterners tenderfeet."—*Embassy Guard News.*

In the elevator of a big store she noticed a very attractive poster advertising beauty treatment. Out of curiosity she asked the elevator attendant (a funny little Cockney) where the beauty parlor was.

He turned and gave her a good look, noticed presumably that she did not use make-up at all, and then said, "You don't want ter go there mucking your face about. Why not stay as y'are—plain but 'olesome?"—*Troy Times-Record.*

Soldier—"Is the Doctor in?"
Orderly—"No; he's gone to college."

Soldier—"College?"

Orderly—"Yeah; he said he was going out on a fraternity case."—*Our Army.*



First Marine: Didja hear the Captain say I was one of the heroes of our regiment?

Second Leatherneck: Heroes, hell! What the Captain said was zeroes!

Speaking of baths—if anyone was . . . Two young subalterns (lieutenants to you) had an argument as to whether an Arab sheik or an old billy-goat smelled worse. Bets were made. The Colonel consented to be stake-holder and umpire.

First they brought in the goat.

The Colonel fainted.

Next, they brought in the sheik.

The goat fainted.—*Our Army.*

Bill Ash: "I've got a job."

Chub Richards: "What you doing?"

Bill: "I'm cafeteria blacksmith."

Chub: "What's that?"

Bill: "I shoo flies."—*Sun Dial.*

Nappo: "Have you heard the new powder song?"

Leon: "The new powder song? No, what is it?"

Nappo: "It's the Tale of the Town, stupid."—*Burr.*

"YOU'RE THE ONLY, ONLY ONE"

In these days of unfortunate unemployment we hear so much about the number of persons out of jobs, the population of the nation, old age pensions, child labor, etc., that it is interesting to know just how many persons in this country really work. If you are willing to accept the astonishing statistical statement published in the *Bangor (Me.) Daily News* you're IT. And here are the statistics:

Population of the United States reported at	124,000,000
Those eligible for Townsend old age pension	50,000,000
Leaving	74,000,000
Number of those prohibited from working under the child labor laws	60,000,000
Leaving just	14,000,000
Number of persons claimed on unemployment lists	13,999,998

Leaving number working to produce nation's goods 2
These unfortunate two are just you and I, and you're lazy and I'm all worn out.
—*Kablegram.*

A motorist rapped at St. Peter's pearly portal, and, gaining entrance, St. Peter pointed out to him thousands of miles of golden pavement.

"Fine, beautiful highways, St. Peter," said the man, "but where are the automobiles?"

"Well, my dear motorist," said the gatekeeper, "I'm sorry to say you'll find all the automobiles below."

"Tough!" pouted the motorist, "but I'll stay with my car."

Before long he faced Satan at the other gate, within which were parked a score of high-powered autos. "Great!" he remarked. "Which one is mine?"

"Take your choice," smiled Satan.

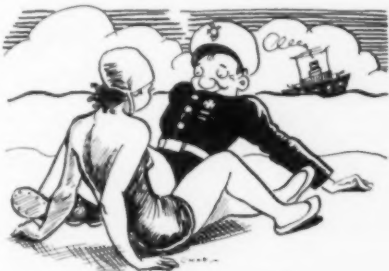
He rapidly selected an attractive roadster and climbed behind the wheel.

"This is fine, Satan. Now which way do I go and where are the roads?"

"There ain't any," remarked Satan. "That's the hell of it."—*Kablegram.*

A back-woods John came into an Army Post and went into the latrine to wash his feet. He started to bathe the dogs in a laundry tub when he received the suggestion that he try the facilities of the shower room. A few minutes later he emerged with the light of discovery in his eye.

"Say, feller," he blurted, "a guy could almost take a bath under them sprinklers, couldn't he?"—*Our Army.*



"Is this wrong: 'I have et'?"

"Yes."

"What's wrong with it?"

"You ain't et yet."

GYNGLES of a GYRENE



RONDEAU

By C. R. S.

Along the road forgotten men
Go East and West and back again,
They hitch-hike on the broad highway,
They ride the freights from day to day
Until they pass from mortal ken.

Gone are the days of plenty when
They worked eight hours and sometimes
ten.

With overtime at double pay
And everything was bright and gay
Along the road.

The world's great thinkers now and then
Express their views by speech or pen;
Some think hard times have come to stay
But better things, the others say
Will come to all those homeless men
Along the road.

SHOULDER TO THE PLOW

By Florence Wilson Roper

"Oh why a face so glum, my lad,
And why a mouth so grim?"
"I am at odds with dusty Life
And all the ways of him!"

He ties my shoulder to the plow
When I would roving be;
My eyes turn earthward—but my heart
Is gazing out to sea."

"O wipe the frown away, my lad,
And drink your mug of ale.
There's many a homesick man at sea
Who curses mast and sail.

And land or sea 'tis all the same,
A penny to be spent,
And wiser is the heart that buys
A bit of warm content!"

So hasten, lad, with open purse
To cheer the moment's now,
And gaily turn your plot of ground
With shoulder to the plow.

With shoulder to the plow, my lad,
To split the earth asunder,
Before its wealth of blood and brawn
Is what the team plows under!"

—The Commonwealth.

RECOLLECTIN'

By Mel Westenberg

I'm a-sittin' all alone
In my Rocky Mountain home—
Watchin' lightnin' flash
An' hearin' thunder roar,
While the wind screams thru the pines
An' a lovely ki-yote whines
I'm a-sittin'—dreamin' of the days o' yore.

In my cabin—snug and warm—
Safely sheltered from the storm
I can see the snow
A-swirlin' thru the crag;
All alone, I sit an' dream
By the fire's fitful gleam
An' recall the days of fightin' for the Flag.

Sittin' thinkin' of the grime;
Pals who died in France one time,
While the bullets were
A-whinin' overhead—
An' the starshells' brilliant flare
As they burst high in the air
Made grim spectres
Of the Army of the Dead.

Then the "Zero Hour" came
In the early mornin' rain—
An' the guns behind our lines
Began to boom;
When we heard that whistle blow
We went "over"—runnin' low
For the lives ahead—
All silent as a tomb.

Chargin' thru the battle smoke
Suddenly the foe awoke;
Opened fire—an' beside me
Comrades fell.
So we gave 'em naked steel
'Til their line began to reel.
An' I heard our Sergeant yellin':
"Give 'em Hell!"

Then the bloody day was done
An' the battle had been won;
Half our outfit gathered round
For slum and beans;
There was singin' in the crowd;
Every mother's son was proud
OF THE TITLE OF UNITED STATES
MARINES!

Sittin' in my little shack:
Snow-capped mountains at my back—
Thru the lofty pines
I hear the cold wind sigh.
With the lightnin's livid flash
An' the thunder's rollin' crash
Bringin' memories of France—
Where Buddies lie.

Memories of mud and grime;
Pals who died in France one time:
Of the brilliant, bursting starshells over-
head;
And I stand in silent prayer
For my Buddies over there—
'Neath the crosses—o'er the tombs
Of Honored Dead!

HARBOR SCENE

By Julie Polousky

The fog hangs damp gray garments from
the sky;
Last night she must have washed them in
the sea;
And spread them all along the shore to dry,
Where fishing smaeks are huddled by the
quay,
Their white-sealed plunder gleaming through
the haze,
And brawny tattooed men are bringing tea
From off a Chinese freighter. Funnels raise
Their black and belching mouths above each
berth,
And sleek white liners nose their varied
ways
To far-flung ports of call across the earth.
A sooty tug emits an urgent blast,
Her raucous fog-horn drowns the barren
mirth
Of gulls that trace their patterns on the
vast
Gray blanket that the sullen wind holds
fast.

A row of phantom shapes moves through
the gloom,
A fleet of warships, massive, mute and
gray,
All bristling with their brassy shafts of
doom.
Their pointed prows kick up the silver spray
Before they come to rest like weary terns
Upon the rolling bosom of the bay.
About a rotting pier the water churns,
And clustered barnacles cling to the beams;
And there an ancient sea-dog sits and
yearns
And fills a little tow-head full of dreams,
Who listens rapt and wide-eyed on his knee,
To him the world of bold adventure seems
Embodied in the ways of ships, for he
Feels in his blood the magic of the sea.

TEAMWORK

By Maxwell L. Hoffman

Sometimes I meet folks who are like
A horse we used to own;
He wouldn't do a darn thing right
Unless he worked alone.
It was a very nasty trait,
And caused a lot of trouble,
Between the thrills he showed off great,
But kicked when hitched up double.

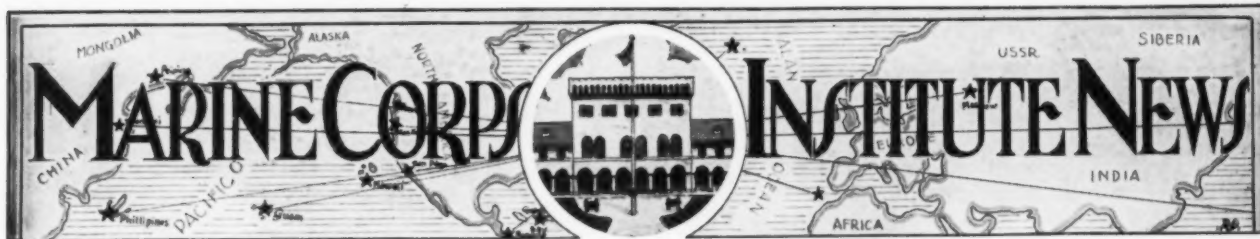
There are some horses just that way,
And there are people, too,
Who always must have their own way
In everything they do.
When some big task is planned,
Such folks are long on talk,
But if they're put in command,
They start to kick and balk.

A good team doesn't pull by jerks,
Nor stand and paw the air,
They know team-work only works
When each one does his share.
They pull until the tugs are tense,
To firmly test the weight,
And then together they commence
An even, steady gait.

When there is work that must be done,
There is a share for each.
Don't think the job was just begun
So you might make a speech.
Horses cannot talk—and hence,
We humans call them dumb,
But they have got enough horse sense
To know how things are done.

—Walla Walla.

THE LEATHERNECK



HOW YOUR LESSONS ARE CORRECTED

EVERY lesson you send in is carefully read by a trained instructor, and corrected if you have made errors. All instructors are specialists, each concentrating on comparatively few lessons, which are so thoroughly learned that errors rarely escape notice. A system of careful inspection of corrected lessons tends to keep this work up to the highest possible standard.

Instructors are grouped in schools—Agriculture, Architecture, Automobiles, and so on. In charge of each school is a principal, usually with one or more assistant principals, each with the training needed to answer the special questions you may ask in the general field covered by your Course. You may therefore be certain that your lessons are carefully corrected and graded, and that your special inquiries are correctly answered.

Whatever subject you are studying, help will be given you to improve your ability to use the English language correctly. If you are studying that subject, all your errors in English will be corrected and your grade will depend on them. If you are studying some other subject, you will also be told how to improve your spelling, capitalization, punctuation, etc., but the mistakes you make in the use of English will not affect your grade. All of your errors in the use of English will be corrected on the first one or two pages of each technical lesson, depending on the total number of pages, and in many cases attention will be called to them elsewhere.

Aim to improve your English: it is very important to you. Look up in a good dictionary every word that is new to you; learn its meaning and how to spell it. *Get the dictionary habit.*

Your grade will be indicated by a letter A, B, or C. If it is A, your work is considered excellent and worthy of high commendation. If it is B, your work is considered good, but not up to the high standard for which you strive. If it is C, your work is only fair and you are urged to study the lesson again, especially the parts marked for study on your corrected lesson; however, you will not be expected to send in new answers to the examination questions.

In our work, you may consider A 90 or more, B 80 or more up to 90, and C 70 or more up to 80. Your goal should be an A on every lesson.

THE GOVERNMENT OF THE PHILIPPINES

The Commonwealth of the Philippines came into being on November 15, 1935. This new state will be cut loose from American control after a ten-year transitional period. During this ten-year period the only attachment to the United States will be through the person of a High Commissioner instead of the Governor-General.

The Islands' new status was made possible by the Tydings-McDuffie Act, signed by President Roosevelt on March 24, 1934, and approved by the Philippine Legislature six weeks later, on May 1, the anniversary of Dewey's victory in Manila Bay. A constitutional convention, for which the act had provided, deliberated six months before completing a draft of the new fundamental law. This Constitution, signed by President Roosevelt on March 23, 1935, was overwhelmingly ratified in a Philippine plebiscite on May 14.

The Philippine Constitution establishes a republican government of the familiar

type. The President, Vice-President, and the Legislature—a single chamber called the Assembly—are elected by the people; i. e., males 21 years of age who are literate and who meet certain residence qualifications. The President, who serves for six years and is ineligible for reelection, will exercise the executive functions hitherto belonging to the Governor General.

While the Philippines have acquired the right of self-government, the right is not unrestricted. By an ordinance, which for ten years is to be regarded as part of the Constitution, the American government retains close control of the island affairs. All Philippine officials must take an oath of allegiance to the United States; all property owned by the United States is to be exempt from taxation; the Philippine public debt must be kept within limits fixed by the American Congress, while no foreign loans may be contracted without American approval.

There is also a definite check on the Philippine Legislature, since the President of the United States "shall have authority to suspend the taking effect of or the operation of any law, contract, or executive order of the Government of the Commonwealth of the Philippines which in his judgment will result in a failure to fulfill its contracts, or which in his judgment will violate international relations of the United States."

The United States retains control of the Philippine foreign affairs. Appeals from decisions in Philippine courts may be taken to the United States Supreme Court. American citizens are to enjoy equal rights with Philippine citizens. For ten years American goods are to enter the Islands duty free, while exports to the United States are definitely restricted. The Philippine President must report annually to the President of the United States and to Congress on the operations of the Commonwealth Government and he must submit whatever other reports may be requested.

"The United States may, by Presidential proclamation, exercise the right to intervene for the preservation of the Government of the Commonwealth of the Philippines and for the maintenance of the government provided in the Constitution thereof, and for protection of life, property, and individual liberty and for the discharge of government obligations under and in accordance with provisions of the Constitution."

MARINE CORPS INSTITUTE PERSONALITIES



LT.-COL. LeROY P. HUNT, U.S.M.C.
Registrar, Marine Corps Institute

Far too few recognize opportunity when it presents itself, and act to grasp it before it slips away. Your educational opportunity lies before you now in the guise of the Marine Corps Institute. Your

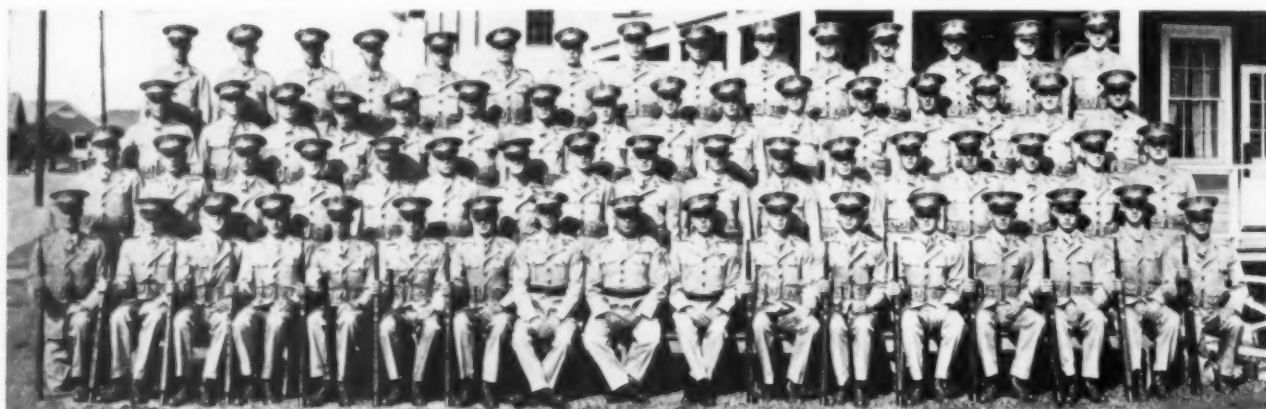
course, and that same ambition, plus a small but well-directed effort, will carry you many miles along the road to success.

ambition should dictate immediate enrollment for a

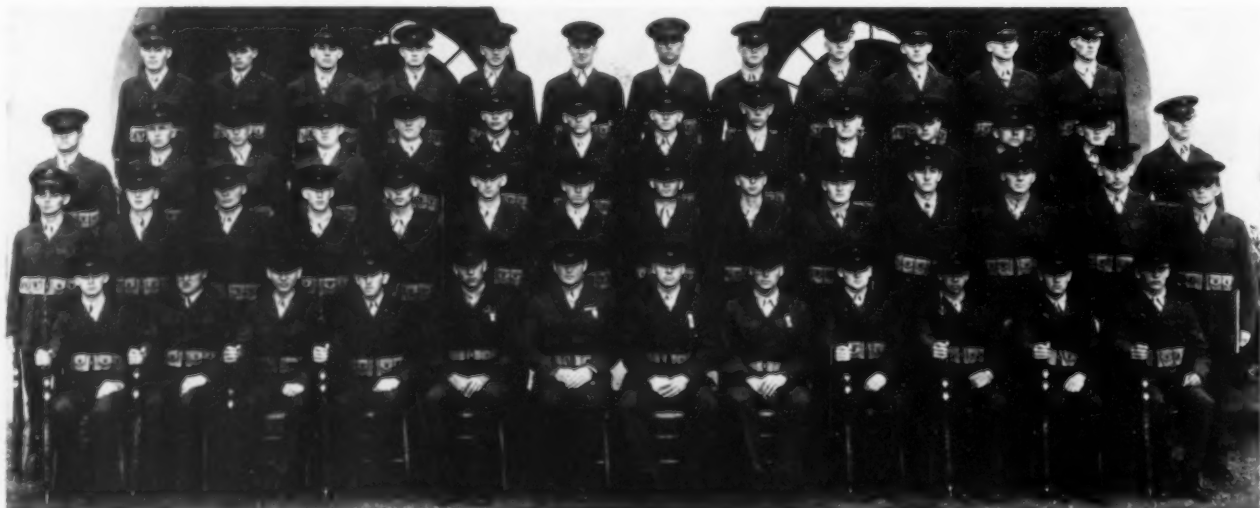
WELCOME TO THE RANKS OF THE UNITED STATES MARINES



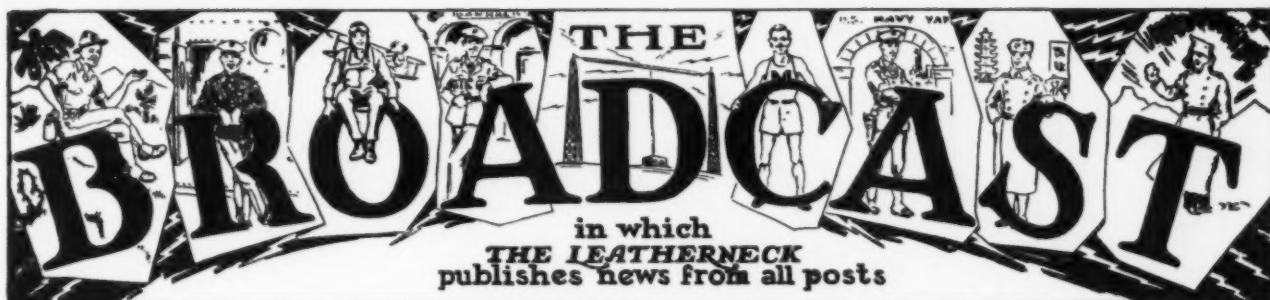
Platoon 10, Parris Island. Instructed by Sergeant Simmons and Corporal Roberts



Platoon 5, Parris Island. Instructed by Sergeant Simmons, Corporal Smith and Corporal Adams



11th Platoon, San Diego. Instructed by Plat. Sgt. J. A. Burns; Sgt. R. H. Gilb, Cpl. B. M. Bunn and Cpl. W. A. Galbreath



WEST COAST NEWS

HEADQUARTERS COMPANY FLEET MARINE FORCE

HS this is written the reorganization of the West Coast Fleet Marine Force is well under way. Force Headquarters now carries on its muster roll nine officers and 8 enlisted. The remainder of what was Force Headquarters now comprises Headquarters Company, Second Marine Brigade.

The last of the Marine Corps eligible bachelors has at last taken the fatal plunge. MT-Sgt. Charles M. Petrillo (just "Pete" to his friends everywhere) acquired for himself a wife on June 27th. Each and every man in this organization expresses his good wishes to you and Mrs. Petrillo and may all the pleasures of life accompany you in copious quantities.

We can't keep up with the dope on births, etc., like the Parris Island representative for THE LEATHERNECK but we do know that Supply Sgt. George W. Hislop became the proud father of a bouncing baby girl not long ago—as did Tech-Sgt. James P. Drummond.

Major General Breckinridge, Assistant Adjutant and Inspector, spent a week on the Base but with the reorganization of the Fleet Marine Force; arrival of the Reserve units for annual training and the movement of battalions to and from the Rifle Range, things were in quite a turmoil. With all this, the inspection was satisfactory to the highest degree.

And we can't go by this month without poking a little fun at somebody, so how about you boys that are "tenting on the old camp ground?" They tell me there are mosquitoes down in that vicinity—even more vicious than the Jersey variety. Is that right, Franks?

Incident to the arrival of the Engineer and Chemical Companies from Quantico we see once again together that inimitable pair who were so widely known throughout the Virginia hills, none other than Nelson and Crocker. Both charter members of the Quantico Chapter of some noble organization or other, we understand that they are firmly ensconced in the local club-rooms.

Now a bit of dirt, dope, or what have you, is forthcoming from our Communications Platoon. Privates Langille, Cantwell, and Harris are new arrivals in our midst and to them we bid a cordial welcome. Seems that they were given a twelve hour vacation and then hustled off to the radio station. They are now standing watches

and doing very nicely, that is, except Cantwell—the closest he has been to a radio since his arrival is the one in the galley of number five mess.

The organization has again changed its name, but to quote "Bojo"—"That's merely to keep in practice, we never know our real name anyhow." And to quote him further, "Brigade is such a beautiful monicker—it seems that we could never get used to Force—sounded so commanding."

"Bojo" again made the limelight at the recent smoker. Nothing less than master



of ceremonies. Since the sound system was of the old type (yell and hope you're heard) he has now turned up with a sad case of laryngitis. His cheery and nerve-racking "hel-o-o-o" has been silenced for some two days and the Base has taken on an unusually quiet aspect.

Technical Sergeant Drummond and Sergeant Gillette have the Radio School well under control and the boys are learning more and more of the elusive electron. The school functions daily except Friday afternoon when at four p. m., all hands (including the instructors) do a very nice job of helping push the sun down. It has been told that many of them are busily engaged in pushing it up at four a. m., but we know little or nothing concerning that.

The second half of the San Diego Night

League is in full swing. Again the first line of America's defense (the Navy) has steamed out of San Diego Bay and it is once again up to local talent to uphold the morale of this noble metropolis. It has been whispered about that a very fine job was done by all hands during Fleet Problem XVII.

Next month we come forth under the heading of Brigade Headquarters Company and until then, farewell. We hope to have some interesting notes and perhaps a little history of past doings of the Brigade as a whole.

FLASH: Our last and best stooge just reported in with the story of "Red" Franks renting a steed (horse to you) and keeping same for a much longer period than that for which he contracted. A last minute report reveals that he is being held in the local clink on a "hoss theft" charge.

The dashing bachelor of the Force headquarters clerical staff, Sgt. F. L. Churchville, surprised and caused many a heartache among his many fair admirers of San Diego, Quantico, and way stations by marrying a young lady from Washington last week.

2ND BATTALION, 6TH MARINES By R. A. M.

This month finds the Second Battalion encamped at the Rifle Range, near La Jolla, California. Since the first day of June they have been working hard trying to improve positions, trigger squeezes, etc. The new range, recently completed seems, as far as scores are concerned, to be equal to the old one that does its best to hide between the hills. The idea of firing from the top of a hill, at 600 yards, caused many a man's hopes to droop, temporarily. After the first group finished firing the scores were found to be very favorable. Company "E" came through the fray with a qualification of 98 per cent. Company "F" was slightly under that mark with 97.8 per cent. Then came Headquarters with 96.4 per cent, making a group average of 97.5 per cent. Final averages must wait until the second group fires for record, which will be very soon.

We wish to take this opportunity to welcome into the Battalion Capt. Gordon Hall, and Second Lieutenants Hayden, Condon, and Zeller. May their tour of duty be pleasant.

Back from the sick list, and ready for duty again with the Battalion come Capt. James H. N. Hudnall and Marine Gunner Davis.

Back at the Base the annual A&I Inspection took place last week. Major General Breckinridge, Commanding General, Department of the Pacific, spent a week camped here at the range.

The entire battalion seems to be enjoying the stay here at the Range, and I'm



MARINE CORPS BASE

Maj. Gen. J. C. Breckinridge, commanding the Dept. of the Pacific; Maj. Gen. Feng Chen Wu, Chinese Army, and Brig. Gen. D. C. McDougal, commanding Marine Corps Base

afraid that when the time comes to return to the Base there will be many a sigh of regret. Living in tents, and partaking generously of the blazing (?) sun would give a casual onlooker the impression that we had just finished a tour of duty in some tropic clime. Blistered ears and peeling noses are quite the order of the day.

I'm sure we'll all agree that many humorous incidents are bound to happen on any range, but here is one, the originality and humor of which run neck and neck for first place. Whether it was preliminary firing or record, I'm not sure. The fact remains, it *did* happen!

It came about at the 500-yard line. All the men were in position for rapid fire. Up came the targets and the dust began to fly down at the butts. After a minute and twenty seconds was up, down went the targets. A moment later one certain target came up, and to the dismay of the shooter, it displayed, colorfully, a flock of deuces, right up at twelve o'clock! Such a group, too—I could have covered it with my shooting coat. On the firing line immediately went up the cry of "Alibi" from the husky throat of the doomed. The coach on this particular target hurried to the side of the officer in charge, and quickly, if not a little sheepishly, explained: "Well, sir, when he fired his first shot the drift-slide came loose and jumped up a couple of hundred yards on him!" So you see, any one of us could become a Robert Ripley, if only we had the opportunity to stick around a rifle range.

So, on July third we must return again to the Base and reshape ourselves to the old routine. But we shan't be allowed to forget the Range. For months the boys will be "fighting their battles over again," and whether it be in the pay line or in the middle of maneuvers, it will always be the same—"Was shooting expert 'til I hit 500 rapid!"

BATTALION TWO

By The Growler

Short timers—sound off! Hey! Waita

minute. What is this, a casual company? From the chorus that went up, most of the company must be short timers. Ah, well. I was short, one time.

We've been hearing another "Hebrew's Lament" lately, from the clerks of the various companies. With a boatload of men just in from China, and a big draft just finishing up recruit training, the clerks have been ranting and raving and tearing their hair. Can't blame them, though, some of these China Marines are pretty bad. If the "clowns" would get together and write a little music, they could sing all of their troubles. And it would sound a lot better, I'm sure.

The Haitian Marines are gradually leaving us. Having completed their allotted time in the FME, quite a number of them are leaving for Coco Solo, China, Pearl Harbor, and sea-going, with a few of the boys going to other posts, States-side. Lots of luck to them, but we know that they will get along swell, wherever they go. FME's always do.

The Battalion is so short of officers that our Friday parade has been kinda like an orphan. With the Second Battalion on the Rifle Range, one poor little battalion is sorta out of place on the parade ground. Why, just the other day, one of the companies got lost down in one corner. When searching parties found them, they were just about to succumb to the attacks of sand fleas and gophers, but the rescue was promptly effected. I'm told that the com-

mand was given to them—"Keep one foot in place, REST!"—but I couldn't be sure.

Now that the bonus has been delivered, we hear that several old timers have been saying—"Well, I think I'll put in a letter to go out on 16"—or "Twenty-seven more days for me, and I'll have 20, and out I go."—or "Two months and a butt for 20—goodbye." Well, some of them may go out, but if all of them went out who say they are going to, we might as well close up shop and go home, too.

I guess we can stay awhile though—"Old soldiers never die."

Who is the guy in Battalion Headquarters who gets up every morning at 5:15 so he will have that much longer to loaf? And why is it that soon as a guy makes sergeant, he starts talking about getting married and buying a car? Funny thing, Wot? Wonder what Aleumbrack would do if he found anyone with a car longer than the "Cad?" And why is it that a certain "static nut," who is very short, has to wait until the siesta before he can start on that 5-meter rig of his? "1-2-3-4. If you hear me, come in. Testing. 1-2-3-4 Testing" Nuts!

This climate must do something to people. I know of three men—two privates and a corporal—who have waived their difference in transportation, just to stay out here upon their discharge. Ain't love grand?

The telephone gang is sporting a new 3-striper in the person of Wingo. He's so little though and the three stripes are so big that several of us wonder which is wearing which. More power to him, though.

I seem to have run out of topics to growl about, so guess I'll have to stop until I find something new. *Hasta luego, amigos.*

COMPANY "A," 6TH MARINES, FME

By Two Bits

East meets West. New York City subway riders, traditionally known as "sardines," should feel at home here. It was moving day throughout the Base and we find two companies quartered in the space formerly occupied by one in the good old days. The first section of the leading platoon had to move three times before they found a place to their liking and Drum Cpl. V. E. Prouty and Tpr. P. P. Cox, Jr., went the boys one better by doing it in four parts.

Very proud are the nine men who are able to boast of single "Simmons" beds. The actual moving took only four hours and was followed by Field Day which made cast iron appearing objects turn into shiny brass after proper application of steel wool combined with metal polish and a generous amount of "elbow" grease. The sergeants are doing very well with their private room, connecting wash and bath room, all the comforts of home for our expert trench jumper. For a week our company "body" was a home divided in three parts, the head in 6-W, the



Battery H, 50-cal. M. G. Passing in Review at Marine Corps Base



Battery E, 2nd Bn, 10th Marines, Marine Corps Base

shoulders in 6-E, and with the feet 200 yards away in 3-W, but at chow and drill call we would all come together like an accordion. The "wilderness" around our new home was promptly taken in charge by Cpl. Erwin F. Frank, who in addition to his many other qualifications is a gardener who loves flowers and green things.

The A & I landed at the Base and as was to be expected found his Marines had the situation well in hand. During his week's stay here only a slight increase of aspirin sales was noted. One old timer insisted that the hardest inspection for him to pass was one held by some junior officer some twenty-eight years ago. Well, I'll let you know when I can claim the title of "old timer"—in the meantime, so what, Doelker? This has been a busy month; two transports paid us a visit which resulted in a heavy turnover in company personnel. For general assignment to the Orient on the "Hendy Maru" embarked the following:—Cpls. Jason Little, W. R. Cameron, Herbert Sennwald, J. S. Lipsky, R. N. Smith, Pfc. Alfred Sylvain, Jr., Pvts. C. F. Foster, W. W. Dobbs, W. E. Greene, W. L. Heldreth, C. A. Latzka, R. E. Eden, Cooper Smith, W. R. Boone, A. C. Dawkins, A. M. Finco, and W. B. Heidemann. Pvt. C. R. Ball, Jr., will stop over at Pearl Harbor for a few years and devote his spare time to the study of "hula."

1st Lt. John W. Davis was transferred to the USS *West Virginia*. Good luck and pleasant voyage for all hands. Pvt. E. D. Hill followed in his platoon leader's footsteps and local damsels were advised of his present whereabouts. Pvts. K. J. Hennig and J. D. Folsom wished to inspect the Panama ditch so, to MB, SB, Coco Solo, for these two Leathernecks via the *Chau-mont*. First love for Pvt. A. V. Dorgan is the USA; he only went as far as the "brain trusters" in Headquarters Company two doors east. Cpl. W. J. Roller had such a longing for the sight of the south's cotton fields that he furnished his own hard (?) earned mazuma and the powers that be added thirty days to insure his safe arrival at his new post at Charleston, S. C., in time. California may be sunny but so is Mississippi, for Pvt. H. E. Sullivan, who with a discharge in his pocket, left us for good. Temporarily at the Naval Hospital taking a rest cure are: Pvts. W. B. Burkey, J. P. Hayes, Jr., B. B. James, Jr., G. H. Rose, and Pfc. Vernon Sargent.

The mess sergeant sends word that he would rather pay the board of R. A. Marvin than feed him. Evidently our star boarder has never heard of Diamond Jim. The Hospital Corpsmen are trying to unravel the mystery as to why there is always a drastic slump in their trade on Saturdays and Sundays at the local dispensary.

Cpl. E. R. Browne is the proud daddy of a baby girl; congratulations, we're AOL about this—should have been in the last issue. Papa, by the way, is performing guard duty at the Federal Building, California Exposition. At last we've succeeded in inducing Marvin and Prouty to patronize the bright lights of San Diego. This leaves only F. C. Shields, who is still shy. Could the reason be the Fleet? Come now, people are beginning to talk; you know how it is.

The Company enjoyed "participating" in the 1st Brigade Maneuvers held at the Base Theater here which makes us wonder what happened to the Fox movie man who accompanied us to the Midway Islands a year ago. Lest we forget, the cigars which were passed out by V. E. Prouty on the occasion of his promotion from Trumpeter First Class to Drum Corporal. How about you, Percival? To be first among the tourists for the "Paris of the Orient" and the popular St. Georges, Corporals Cameron and Sehnwald and Private First Class Sylvain willingly added two more years to their enlistments in order to insure their arrival there. Not to the far East but near East went on short furloughs Sgt. Cecil J. Rogers and Pvt. H. N. Strong. Cpl. J. S. Lipsky remained very close—for some reason or

local Navy Y. M. C. A., where it is said he spent the entire thirty days; ouch!

All hands welcome the latest arrivals who joined this company. The old China hands from the Orient were soon indoctrinated in the manifold "mysteries" of local activities and were duly Americanized. Calling for "boys" has ceased and coin flipping likewise. The foreign "walla walla" subsided considerably in the bar—other he didn't get any farther than the racks but crops up again at the Hof Brau down town after a certain period.

From the Far East came seventeen wise men as follows: Cpls. R. J. Nourse, C. H. Harrell, Albert Levy, B. P. Baldwin, Pfc. W. L. Nelms, S. L. Srader, O. L. Kuska and Vernon Sargent, Pvts. J. H. O. Griffin, F. J. Gurnett, B. B. James, J. M. Nemeyer, W. H. Powell, W. C. Roach, G. R. Taylor, James Whiddon, and G. H. Rose. From the eastern extremity of the Base, the Recruit Depot, came Pvts. Boyde Baptie, E. A. Davidson, R. G. Russell, M. J. Thomas, S. R. Wiegel, W. C. Addis, T. E. Anderson, and W. J. Baranski. After a month's leave of absence at the Quantico rifle range, Cpl. R. W. Mann returned to us for keeps—we hope. His one and only excuse was the cool California summer climate (Florida please take notice, but do not copy).

Ever hear of a human telephone? Ask C. B. Morse who always got the right number for us. Alex Preston, who bosses a tractor at the La Jolla rifle range, claims that will double the shooting capacity of the range, but does not guarantee the same for the scores when we do our stuff after the 2nd Battalion has had their say. A select group consisting of Sgts. C. J. Rogers, William Wallace, Jr., R. W. Wilkins and Cpls. R. J. Nourse, W. H. Johnson and F. H. Hart are now holding and squeezing them. Upon their "graduation" these gentlemen will be "A's" official coaches.

W. J. Brogan thinks nothing of the fact that he climbed the caro net with his haversack inverted, but that has nothing to do with the night work consisting of



Wall Scaling Competition During Field Day at Marine Corps Base



Platoon 9, San Diego. Instructed by Sgt. A. L. Jenson, Cpl. A. W. Everts and Cpl. R. O. De La Hunt

"timber sawing" which emanates from the cooks' quarters in the stillness(?) of the night—there should be a law. L. P. "Baldy" Schmid was caught at last. He was found short one very important item during the heavy marching order inspection, 'twas a comb. At the Navy Relief Charity Baseball Game, Pvt. F. J. Gurnett held the lucky ticket stub which won a \$25.00 suit, but he, unfortunately, gave it away before the drawing in the 7th inning. Oh! and another bigger OH!

Capt. M. J. Gould, our Company Commander, availed himself of a well deserved leave incident to preparing himself for his coming examination for promotion. In his absence, 1st Lt. R. D. McAfee guides the destiny of the company, and incidentally we have it on good authority that to his present bar, another will be added very soon. Congratulations from all hands.

From the USS. *Houston* joined 2nd Lt. H. B. Cain, Jr. Welcome on board, all hands join in wishing the new company officer an enjoyable tour of duty with "A" Company. Believe it or not, but we have in our official family one whose waist measurements are but twenty-six inches. You tell 'em, Alvarado. For their excellent service rendered, let's give the mess "gals" a good hand. They are: J. A. Munsen, Jonath Diek, R. N. Gazin, W. H. Anderson, and T. L. Bernard, who couldn't be dragged out of that eating place with a team of Missouri mules.

The second of a series of monthly Base and FMF Field Meets took place on the athletic field. The company entrants winning two first and three second places for which the Post Exchange awarded prizes. Taking into consideration that they have had no previous practice, the result achieved was more than satisfactory. Unofficially the "A" men also placed in seven third places. A company cash purse of eleven dollars was divided among winners as indicated: Relay race (1st place) Pfc. E. B. Dunkle, Pfts. V. L. Hendley, G. R. Gordon, C. B. Miller, R. L. Rountree, and J. A. Munsen. Assembling Automatic Rifle: (1st place) Pfc. O. E. Kuska. Grenade Throw: (2nd place) Cpl. B. P. Baldwin. Visual Signaling: (2nd place) Pfc. F. E. Wilkins and Pvt. L. L. Long-

ino. Wall Sealing: (2nd place) Cpl. W. H. Whitten, Pfts. Edward Petro, J. R. Ferguson, C. A. Zimmerman, R. G. Mattson, J. A. McCalpine, Boyde Baptie, C. L. Davidson. Bicycle Race: (3rd place) Pvt. P. T. Black. Obstacle Race: (3rd place) Guadalupe Alvarado. Pie Eating Contest: (3rd place) Pvt. H. E. Larson. Sack Race: (3rd place) Pvt. H. N. Strong. Tent pitching: (3rd place) Pfts. H. E. Sullivan and R. R. Harris. 50-yard heavy marching order race: (3rd place) Pvt. J. H. O. Griffin. Potato Race: (3rd place) Pvt. E. A. Davidson.

For the month of July a smoker is scheduled with free hot dogs and old-fashioned lager brew. We have had no rain for months but this time it's going to pour. In the boxing event we will have one representative, Pvt. P. T. Black, who will demonstrate the Schmelling punch.

Five sitting and five kneeling, eh, Woodruff??

BATTERY "D," 2ND BATTALION, 10TH MARINES

By L. V. H.

Howdy, fellow Leathernecks. Put on your reading glasses and cock your feet on your foot locker and read what we have to say. Maybe it's news to you and maybe it isn't.

We have first hand dope now that we are to spend a month on San Clemente Island for gunnery practice soon. And, of course, each and every one is on his toes snapping in on his part of the gun drill, signals, wire nets and other drills that are needed for a first rate battery. We are looking forward to a real game of gunnery. And, by the way, Jack Frost, charge "one" does not mean charge "four."

First Lt. D. D. Sult has just been detached and is en route to the Field Artillery School, Fort Sill, Oklahoma. We all wish him success at school and cool weather in the Indian Territory. Sgt. A. J. Barelay will be leaving the outfit soon for the USS. Outside. At present he is on furlough and is a very MUCH married man. Cpl. F. L. Gregory has also hit the matrimonial trail. He is also hitting the

Battery Commander quite frequently for 72 and 48-hour passes. We can understand that all right.

The Battery did its stuff this month in the Post Field Meet, winning six first places and three second places in the twenty entries. First Places: Corporal Gulick, rooster fight; Corporal Krebsbach and Private Ridge, wheelbarrow race; Private Tschetter, equipment race; Private Pryor, half mile bicycle race; Private Canale, pie eating contest. Canale won by a crust. What a chow hound! Second places: Sergeant Fels and gun crew, 75mm Pack Howitzer race; Battery "D" and "E" combined, light and heavy tug of war. We also made winnings hard for other entries in other events of the meet.

The A. & I. gave us the once over last week. He was very well pleased, and naturally, so were we. There was no special effort on our part (We are always ready for any inspection at any time)—we told you some months ago that we were a crack outfit and that still goes.

GREETINGS FROM BATTERY "E"

Greetings, compadres: Battery "E," stationed at San Diego, California, the garden spot of America, brings you greetings and the latest scuttle-butt rumors.

Mr. Greeley, I am told, made the statement, "Go West, young man, go West," and many of us have lived in happy bliss, soldiering in this beautiful land of sunshine interrupted only occasionally by a transfer or a discharge. Now, however, some foreigner by the name of Kipling, whose pamphlets are in amazing abundance, has disrupted our ranks by his vividly descriptive verse, and six of our best have decided to investigate this land of poppies and bird-nest's soup. The best of luck to Privates Carpenter, Buck, Graves, Smith, Spurr and Thayer, who have wandered from the fold to that romantic land of big money, big beers, and big heads.

Target practice is again hovering into view. Sections can be seen busily ironing out their crews into precision-like machines in preparation for the big show.

Sergeant June and his Communication crew can be seen all over the field wigwagging and cranking telephones. The competition is keen and all are happy.

Furlough season is truly in the air. When the fish begin to bite and the grass gets green, the old home town makes its strongest appeal to us all. We hope that Sergeant Mercurio and Private First Class Hill find the town the same, and enjoy their stay in the old boyhood haunts.

Old Dan Cupid has done little to further happiness of "gigs," we haven't decided whether the beer is losing its flavor or because the Fleet has returned from the Southern cruise. However, we are still wondering who the young frau is that Corporal Cruise has been seen frequently with at the Hof Brau.

BATTERY "F," 2ND MARINE ANTI-AIRCRAFT BATTALION

By Standish Green

We established a new all-time record recently when we had the same name for twenty days. Organized two years ago at Quantico as Battery "B," 10th Marines, we have since been designated Battery "H," 10th Marines, Battery "II," Base Defense Artillery, and now but twenty days after our arrival from the East Coast, Battery "F," 2nd Marine Anti-Aircraft Battalion. Someone remarked not so long ago that we resembled a banyan tree; one of those trees that takes root, grows up, spreads out in all directions, grows down, and takes root again.

Regret to say that we lost our 1st Sgt. John C. Wright, about the first of the month (right lucky it is for the *Minneapolis* that he is going to see the sea). All sorts of good luck and best wishes from the men of Battery "F." Note: This is not a paid testimonial.

Some change from Quantico (meaning liberty). There we had liberty, "but no boats." Now after three weeks of San Diego we have liberty and boats, but no money. It is quite obvious that something is definitely wrong with the present system. Our old standby is the Exposition, where they have Army, Navy and Marine weeks, and we country boys can go "for to look" and "for to see." Getting back to this matter of the budget, we find that balancing it will be no mean feat. In order to assist those really desirous of saving a few pennies, a pamphlet has been prepared giving a few tips as to where the best ten and fifteen cent milkshakes may be obtained, and other pertinent data, such as the size and quality of them. And for a slight additional charge (that's a phrase that we picked up at the Exposition) one can learn how to ride street cars. This easy course teaches you whether to pay getting on or off the car, a little matter that has been



A Party of Thirst-Quenchers at the Marine Corps Base Smoker

very confusing to us who were accustomed to having free passes on the subway at Quantico. With each course we send fifty blank transfers, and instructions as to hammering out trouser buttons for use as telephone slugs. All for the very slight charge of ten cents. Volume II will appear at an early date at all the leading canteens, and will include, among other gems of priceless information, "How to Meet the Girl of Your Dreams." Work on this epic has been held up due to a temporary lack of funds, and the amount of time that must be spent in research work, but will be completed within a very few days of the next payday.

Must close now, as I know where I can secure four bits and my life has been dedicated to research—for Science's sake.

BLAH-BLAHS FROM GOAT ISLAND

Md. U. S. Receiving Ship, San Francisco, California

By Bob Walters

"Yow-Sah: Here I is again."

The past few weeks have been rather busy ones, having a few funeral details, and also sending men to the rifle range at Mare Island, California. And of course we have to take over the signal tower again, and that made matters a little worse.

We were able to obtain a little help by having several fellows stopping over here en route to the East Coast. One, Pfc. Harold L. North, liked our place so well that he requested a waiver and remained with us.

So far at this writing there have been 21 men sent to the range, 14 of which are in the money; doing right well, eh, what?

In case anyone would like to know how far it is from the Barracks at Mare Island to the Rifle Range, just ask Walters. One noon he missed the truck back out there and walked, then on that same day by special request of the Range Officer he walked back in to the Barracks, 5,100 steps, 30 inches each, which when figured out makes a little over 2½ miles one way.

Private Colbert and Private Thompson left our happy midst for duty on the East Coast, via the *Chaumont*. Private Waage went to the FMF at San Diego; Private Hanson to Mare Island, and Private First Class Brown, Privates James and Smith are on their way to Asiatic Stations. Lots of luck, fellows.

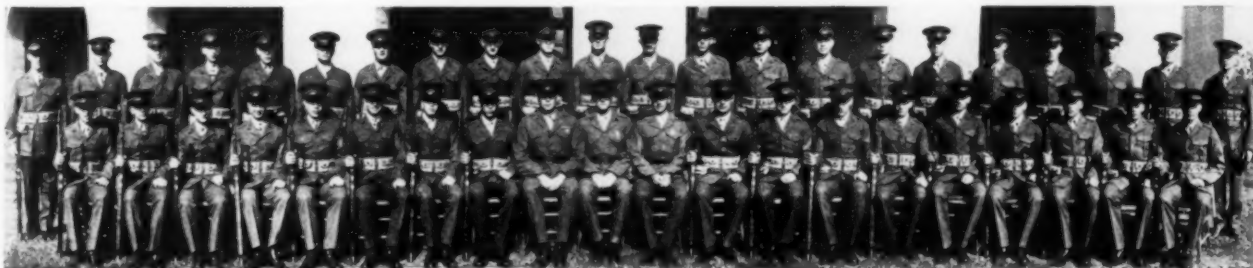
The following named men joined, Pfc. R. E. Lewis, D. P. Lewis, H. L. North, Pfc. H. J. Kent, J. E. Millen; all from Mare Island.

Then we discharged two men, both shipped over for the Reserve, Cpl. C. J. Behey, after 12 years, and Pvt. E. Maul, Jr., went out on a priority.

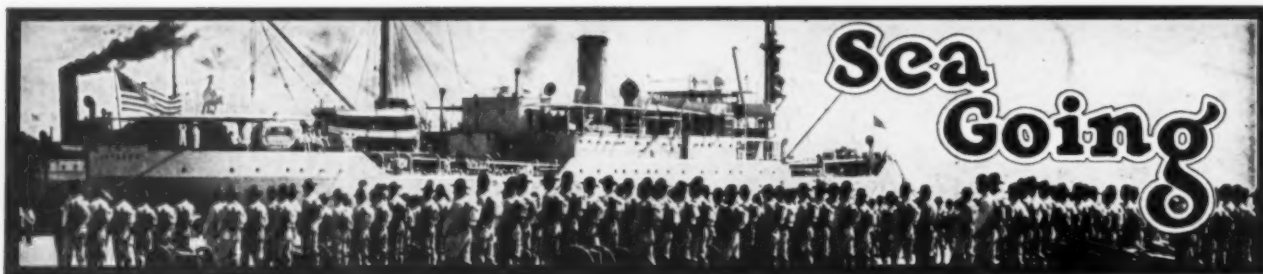
It is rumored that Bredenberg and Atkins, recently discharged, are making a go of it on the outside. Bredenberg is working for the Bridge People and Atkins is a traveling salesman; he always did have a good line, so might make good.

Horse shoe pitching is becoming quite the fad, and lots of the fellows are getting rather good at it.

Well, folks, the paving has started on
(Continued on page 64)



10th Platoon, San Diego. Instructed by Sgt. A. B. Hudson, Cpl. D. R. McGrew and Cpl. R. O. De La Hunt



THE CHICAGO VISITS CHILE

By Jack A. Smith

CRUISING steadily in the waters of the deep, blue south Pacific, we entered the Bay of Valparaiso on the morning of the 29th of May. From our division parade on the forecastle we could see the city of Valparaiso situated in horse-shoe fashion on the side of a mountain. Never in any of our dreams did any of us think we would ever live to see the ever talked of picturesque Andes mountains. However, there they were, their snow-capped peaks jutting high into the sky. Anchored in the harbor could be seen numerous merchantmen and the giant battleship, *La Torre*, flagship of the Chilean fleet. On the approach to our designated anchorage we passed *La Torre*. Full naval honors were rendered us, we in turn reciprocated. The crew of *La Torre* was mustered at quarters with their guard and band stationed on the fantail. They played the "star Spangled Banner" while we in turn presented arms to the tune of their national anthem. Immediately upon anchorage we were visited by the Commander-in-Chief of the Chilean Fleet and his staff. Full Guard and band were in order. As a matter of fact, we were on the go all the day of the 29th up until 1700 of that day.

We really did receive the first surprise of the day when we found out that the

money exchange was twenty-seven and a half pesos to the American Dollar.

Our initial liberty was made in Valparaiso, Chile's chief seaport. The city has a population of about 200,000, with its chief industry that of export and import. The tanning and the making of leather goods is another industry.

Making a rather close tour of the city and conversing with the natives I found that Chile was a country of vast mining enterprises. Many nitrate mines may be found in the north while in the south could be found extensive copper mines.

The city of Valparaiso boasts of many parks, tall buildings, and excellent commuting facilities. A fashionable suburb of Valparaiso is "Vina Del Mar." Here is located the presidential palace, the casino, and an ultra-modern hotel. We terminated the day over a glass of the Chilean National beverage, "Chi Cha" and a hearty "Saluté" to the fair city of Valparaiso and its fairer dark-eyed señoritas.

Upon our return aboard ship we found that most of the "Guard" had developed the native lingo. Every question was answered "Si, si." The favorite colloquialism developed was "Un momento, señor."

As pre-arranged, the next morning at eight we entrained for Santiago, the capital

of Chile. Santiago proved to be about a hundred miles away, taking a good three and a half hours through the snow-capped Andes. As we disembarked from the train it looked as though the whole population of Santiago had turned out for us. The American Marines and bluejackets seemed to have created quite a sensation. As a matter of fact, they had to have the local *Guardia* on hand to keep the crowd back. Santiago, the capital of Chile, has a population of over half a million, its industries being the manufacture of leather goods and textiles. The city was as spotless as any American city. Places of entertainment were many. Theatres, modern hotels, clean restaurants, a public library and a very elaborate museum. The Capitol building appeared to be the most outstanding structure in town. Taking an *Ascensor* for the sum of two pesos, we rode to the summit of a mountain. At the tip of the peak embedded in solid rock stood the statue of "The Virgin of the Andes."

Arriving back into town your reporter started some individual scouting to see what the members of the guard were indulging in.

Corporals Wallace and Pethick along with Private First Class Sapp were being escorted about the city with one of the Mayor's aides. Corporal Jacob had nothing less than a bank president show him around. Pvt. Frank McKee was seen with a señorita on each arm. Private First Class Munson outdid McKee, with two fair señoritas on each arm.

Sgt. Dave Rush seemed to have won the show, having as his personal escort none other than the chief of police to escort him in and about the local cafes.

Arriving back in Valparaiso your reporter does a little first class snooping on the Valparaiso liberty party:

Private First Class Sobieraj found the city's only malted milk shoppe and spent all his liberties there.

Privates Harris and Hampton (the detachment women haters) were content, sitting down and drinking champagne with a grim look on their faces. Drummers Granham and Davis contented themselves with a horse and buggy.

Some beautiful señorita came aboard among the visitors looking for "Sharlie," a Marine. We also heard the word passed over the loudspeaker system for "Senor Don Juan Groshong, Private First Class, Marine Corps, lay up on the well deck for a guest." We are wondering whether or not it was Pvt. R. W. Brown that stopped the runaway horse and saved a fair señorita possible disaster.

So, we bid farewell to Chile and a very pleasant visit, and look forward to our cruise north this summer.



View of Valparaiso

THE KEYSTONE KLARION

Once again the Keystone ship greets you. Problem Seventeen has long been finished and the Fleet is again riding at anchor in Los Angeles Harbor.

The morning of April 27 saw the Fleet headed for Panama. Soon after passing the Breakwater a very familiar call was heard . . . "General quarters, all hands man your battle stations." From that moment on, until the Fleet came into the harbor at Panama, that call was heard several times a day.

On May 8, the combined forces—the White and Blue Fleets—stood in to the harbor at Panama and for one week the men braved the heat of the tropical sun getting a tan, and also getting many bad burns to boot. Some of the men look much like native Hawaiians in their new coats of tan.

Saturday morning, May 16, saw the Fleet once again under way, this time bound for the well-known equator. For two days everything went well but on the morning of the day we crossed the line such an uproar arose on the fo'c'sle that the executive officer threatened to call out the Marines to quell the young revolution that had broken loose. Now, as you have all probably guessed, the uprising was in connection with our crossing the line. The "Shellbacks"—some two hundred—were locked up, hand and foot. Nevertheless, they threatened to do bodily harm to all the poor "Pollywogs" the next day, and well, we knew the fate that was to befall us in the morning. Well, to make the usual lengthy story brief—Davy Jones and his bosom buddy, Peg Leg Pete, came aboard that night and the next day we got the "works" in royal style.

The Fleet was well on the way to Panama by the time the fo'c'sle was cleaned up. We stayed in Panama for four days, leaving there on the 26th of May, headed for the good old U. S. A.

On June 6, the old familiar lighthouse was sighted and soon we were sliding into the harbor with ship's company at quarters and the band playing. The hook was on the bottom at exactly nine forty-six A. M.

The ship was all but deserted when liberty call had sounded; only the watch standers remained aboard.

Upon our arrival in port, we lost our first lieutenant, T. D. Marks. His new home will be Quantico. Second Lieutenant Condon left the ship a few days ago, being replaced by Second Lieutenant Bell. Our first lieutenant is Mr. Berry. Both men are welcome to our ranks; may their cruise aboard the *Pennsylvania* be a happy one. Another item of interest to the whole detachment is the recent marriage of our well-liked and admired Captain E. E. Larson. Congratulations from the entire guard; may the seas ahead be smooth and clear of all obstructions.

Within the past few weeks there has been a big turnover in the guard. The following replacements have come aboard: Privates First Class Miller, Edwards, Linesey; Privates Wheary, Yviejak, Tyler, Sharp, Alex; Corporal Smith and Radio Sergeant Williams.

Wednesday morning, the twenty-fourth, the change of command ceremonies took place on the quarterdeck. Admiral Reeves was officially relieved of command of the United States Fleet, and Admiral Hepburn took command, amid a seventeen-gun salute and the roar of planes overhead.



Santiago, Chile, Showing the Italian Plaza

MARYLAND MURMURS

By I. C. Double

"And it came to pass that the moon of travail came to an end, and there was laughing and rejoicing" . . . in the Marine casemates. In other words, the good ship *Maryland* left Puget Sound Navy Yard the 30th of June, Anno Domini, nineteen hundred and thirty-six.

A short (oh! so very short!) four days in "Prisco" Bay over Independence Day and then—westward ho! Hot, cloudless days of plowing through the dark blue waters of the Pacific (what makes the water so blue anyway? Is it the sun or reflections from the clouds?) to the land of the hula, lei, and ukulele (manufactured in Hartford, Conn.) where we gaze once more upon the beautiful and panoramic vistas of "Hell's Half-acre" and "Tin Can Alley."

The return of the "Big Mary" to San Pedro the latter part of August will mark the end of an absence of nearly half a year. Most of us have forgotten what the "Pike" looks like, but we venture to say it won't take long to refresh our memories. Those of us who have attachments in the Pacific Northwest are looking forward to the return of the *Maryland* to the land of rain and the chipping hammers.

The Marines took all opposition over the bumps quite handily to win the ship inter-divisional basketball tournament. The high scorer for the lucky Seventh Division was "Shave-Tail Exofficio" Keranan. "Stacking Swivel" Ramsey didn't do so badly either, coming through in the pinches and adding materially to the strength and punch of the team.

The general run of events in the detachment is still much the same. "Water Tight" Deck replaced Frain in the galley. That's all right, Deck, you couldn't find a better place to carry on your experiments.

Corporals DeCelia and Wright left us in Bremerton, the former for a special order discharge and the latter to duty in the Navy Yard. Here's to both of them. May life's tour of duty be a pleasant and successful one and may they always "shoot in the money." Remember, George, there isn't such a thing as an "ex-Marine."

Nine new men came aboard for duty and may they have a happy cruise on the *Maryland*. Lt. I. W. Easley has been ordered to this detachment to carry on the duties of Second Lieutenant Powers, who

was transferred to Pensacola the first of June. May they have pleasant tours of duty at their new posts.

All those Marines you see going about with vacant stares, bumping into stanchions and falling over mess benches aren't sick, nor are they victims of amnesia. They are merely married men who have been away from home for a long, long time. Come on, fellows, snap out of it—you'll soon be there and eating a home-cooked dinner.

CRESCENT CITY CHRONICLE

USS. *New Orleans*

By LeRoy Craig

Hello gang! It's just a paragraph or two from the NO-NO vessel, proving that we are still on even keel and worthy of sea-going. We have passed many light-houses and a few of the plank owners are claiming to have seen the elephant and heard the owl since we last occupied space in said magazine. The steaming record of the *New Orleans* for the past twenty-six months is a total of 75,123 miles. That's a lot of salt water, son.

Our detachment has had several changes in commanding officers. Our latest one to depart was Lt. George C. Ruffin, Jr., being ordered to Portsmouth, New Hampshire. Our good wishes and a happy landing salute you, Lieutenant. Capt. W. E. Maxwell and 2nd Lt. E. A. Law reported aboard upon arrival in New York. It is with a hearty welcome that we receive them aboard. May their cruise be a happy one. Our ramrod of the ranks is "Top" Bernard M. Rowold. "Gunny" O. C. Gilstrap keeps the lads shining brightwork on "Belching Bertha" and "Leaping Lena," of the five-inch battery. Sgt. R. E. Holmes administers extra duty with the role of police sergeant.

The cruise to Callao, Peru, was a pleasant one. And this process of becoming a "Shellback" furnished plenty of laughs amid gauntlets, grease, paint, stocks, electric chairs, etc., etc. The trip back to the States was enjoyed by all, as our next place to drop the hook was New York.

Fifteen days among the bright lights after an absence of fourteen months was not met with much disapproval. Those that were here before contacted old ac-



City Hall, Valparaiso

quaintances or transgressed to their favorite spot for bending the elbow. The newcomers saw Billy Minsky's Burlesque and got lost on the subway. Note: The Barrelhouse was decommissioned, so the boys bought their own peanuts.

During our sojourn in the North River the ship took part in the M. G. M. picture, "Great Guns," then we weighed anchor for Bristol, Rhode Island, where we participated in the Fourth of July celebration. Fireworks, dances, carnivals and various forms of "goose-steps" in the parade made it a very colorful and patriotic event.

Boys that recently went down the gangway with sea bags to the tune of "We hate to see you go" were: Privates First Class Rudd, Glascock, Lowery and Privates Christopher, Magee, Ford, and "Cooky" Johnson. They are now berthed in Brooklyn Navy Yard. While Privates Godwin, Houlton, Imperatore, Grindatti, Metcalf and Blakely are scrubbing paint work in their places. Privates Bailey, Ptazsek and Lawlor sewed on the pferate upon the departure of the landlubbers—"Chow" Ptazsek assumed the position of "Hash House Hank" in the galley.

Corporals Christman, Pikul and London are standing by for sea bag drill as each is mentally dusting off the greens for shore side.

Private First Class Aylesworth is the only short-timer with calendar up to date.

Local scandal includes Private First Class Hickey wiring in for extension on leave to paint house. One trusty private making about three passes for the bolt of his rifle during inspection then remembering that he had possibly left it below on the ammunition hoist. A certain corporal singing 'em without a fiddle when he drew the machine gun platform for a cleaning station. A west coast Marine that liked the scenery of Riverside Drive, wiring home to his "Daddy" for a ten spot.

Well, we have to scram for now, but we will see you again next month.

ERIE SOUNDINGS

By Sum-1

It is with great honor and pleasure that I announce to the readers of THE LEATHERNECK the commissioning of the USS. *Erie*, and the forming of a Marine Detachment for that trim little gunboat, captained by Commander Edward W. Hanson. The detachment consists of 17 men; 1 sergeant, 2 corporals and 14 privates. Sgt. "Bull's-eye" Buccell, the N.C.O. in charge, is well versed in the art of Sea Duty, having done duty on the USS. *Fulton* and the USS. *Tulsa*. Washington, having heard of this seafaring Sea Soldier, ordered him from the Marine Detachment, Texas Centennial Exposition, Marine Barracks, Quantico, Virginia, to take charge of the forming of this detachment at the Sea School, Norfolk Navy Yard, Portsmouth, Virginia, on June 3, 1936. After picking the lucky 16 men, and after they had done their share of guard duty, they were shipped and rail-roaded to New York on June 15, to help the Marines at that post to keep the women of Sands Street from storming the gates and taking over the Navy Yard.

Lt. D. J. Decker took command of the detachment upon our arrival in the Navy Yard and after soldiering under the lieutenant for the past week I am sure the men will join in with me and say "We are glad to be under his command and we are behind him one hundred per cent."

The USS. *Erie* was commissioned on July 1, with full honors and ceremony and the Marine Detachment moved aboard from the Barracks after the ceremony. Corporal Kirkland will take full charge in the supervision of the cleaning of the Marine Compartment which is a very roomy compartment in comparison with the size of the ship. Corporal Wallace will take charge of the Quartermaster storeroom. "Stinky" Harrington has the guard duty in Central Park (or so it seems). Wallis, Hendrix, Parker, Smith, Cook, Blakeney and Cribb can't seem to see enough of New York; when not doing guard duty they will be out in town trying to find their way back to the ship. Private Tiller went to visit

his girl friend's house; when he was half way there he discovered to his surprise that he had lost her address. Private Johnson, our dashing messman, is striving to please the boys, but insists that he needs more help. Chambers and Januszewski are regular commuters to New Jersey. Wacker is the bureau of information, being that he is a native of New York. Private Friedman is the detachment clerk. The itinerary of the ship is to make a trial run on August 1 and a European cruise to ports unknown on September 15, and then to the Banana Fleet, where we relieve the Flagship *Memphis* and take the Marine Detachment from the Destroyer *Manley*, bringing the detachment to 45 men; from all hearsay we will stay in the West Indies for 18 months and then to the Asiatics. So, *Walla Walla*.

FRISCO FLASHES

USS *San Francisco*

By R. H. Wampler

The last month and a half has consisted of Fleet Problem xvii, which took us as far south as Callao, Peru. With the exception of the Declaration Day Parade in Lima and one whole day of rendering honors to the President of Peru, a good time was had by all during our stay of six short days. Some took the Rio Blanco trip, consisting of a ride on the highest standard gauge railroad in the world, while others were contented in the sights that were offered in the immediate vicinity. A large percentage attended the bull fight that was held one day during our stay. Since the money exchange was four to one, everyone seemed well pleased with our visit.

Since our return to San Pedro, P. V. Sturdivant, who was recently promoted to sergeant, has had a far away look in his eyes. Could it be that some added attraction, other than the country itself, caught his eye? We wonder—!!!

Another very interesting episode took place when we crossed the equator. All Pollywogs were tried, punished, and accepted by his Royal Highness King *Nep-tunus Rex*, as a trusty Shellback. The night previous to crossing the line, it was necessary to station lookouts on the fore-castle to keep their weather eye open for Davy Jones, who always boards the vessel the night before entering the Royal Domain. As everyone knows, there should be a sergeant of the guard, so Sgt. Luther V. Raynes was unanimously chosen. Can you imagine his embarrassment, standing on the bow of the ship, in the uniform that was prescribed for the occasion? (His pants, in the tailor shop, being pressed, affected his uniform none the least.) Forget it, "Sarge," you may be the one to prescribe the uniform next time.

We wish to take this opportunity to welcome Capt. Walter James Stuart, our new commanding officer, who recently relieved 1st Lt. Alan Shapley (now captain). Everyone sincerely hopes you enjoy your cruise with us.

Pvt. Victor Julius Waters, our little radio operator and promising wrestler, was transferred to San Diego for further instruction in the field of radio. Good luck, Waters, we hated to see you leave. He was replaced by Pvt. Wesley Lees, who hails from Quantico, Virginia. That being his last post of duty.

From now on the Marines will "man" four out of the eight 5-inch guns on board. That can mean but one thing. The Navy desires E's in short range. So, the Marines have the situation well in hand as per usual.

Pvt. Sylvester Annen, better known as "Suitcase," can be found most any time

on No. 1 gun. Keep up the good work, Suitease, you'll get 4.0 on that gun yet.

What certain corporal put in for shore duty and gave the following reason: "I would like to spend the rest of my cruise in the Marine Corps. . . . ?"

SARATOGA SCANDAL

The little cast iron tub has been swinging idly around its anchor chain here for quite a spell now, and as usual, the boys have been having their hilarious escapades aboard and ashore.

Two of our detachment officers have departed for other scenes and climes, Lieutenant Peters going to Company Officers' School at Quantico, and Lieutenant Fairweather (after stepping down the aisle to the tune of a wedding march, we are told) goes to the Fleet Marine Force at San Diego. First Lieutenant Enright and Second Lieutenant Kline reported on board as their reliefs on 25 June, and all hands wish them a pleasant tour of duty.

As soon as the cruise was finished we find that McCarty has started the summer off with a bang by going and getting himself hitched up in double harness. Our champion furlough-taker is now having fifteen days in which to think it over. He does seem quite a bit less wild since assuming the bonds and responsibilities of matrimony.

Appearances would convey the impression that all is not well with our little John Robert Murray's romance—he hasn't been receiving those MSG's since our return to the home port.

Wonder why it is that Epstein hasn't been making any of his familiar raids in Los Angeles since our return to his happy hunting grounds—it couldn't be because he has found a one-and-only, could it? Maybe he is just staying on board because he likes our ship?

"Our Little Boy," having recently succumbed to the strenuous night life in which he engaged for a while, has vowed to never, Never, NEVER go ashore again. His self-imposed penance must have involved sleeping on the hard, cold decks for a time since there is no other apparent reason why he should throw his hammock and bedding over the side.

AGONY NOTES

Now that Panama is nothing but a memory, a sad one at that, we find ourselves back behind the well known breakwater for a short time. The telephone connections are once again in order.

This month will find us back on the beach every morning possible for drill and instruction, all hands enjoying a return to this, as ship's detachments can get rusty.

Examinations are to be held for possible vacancies in the rank of corporal. Next month we will have the dope on the boys working for that. Robert R. Alexander was recently promoted to private first class; congrats.

We now have a brand new daddy in the detachment, Pvt. and Mrs. Forest H. Eldredge have recently added a daughter to their family.

George, we are still waiting to find out what the girl's name is who causes you to be such a persistent guy in having your pay carried in the "Due and Unpaid" column on the payroll.

We understand "Sal" has quite a monopoly on the time and pocket book of our good friend Housefield. The three day law is all that keeps him from doing the march down the center aisle.

Home town papers please copy: Private

First Class Madden has a moustache, at least that is what he says it is. "Von Hindenburg" Stevens also is the proud owner of one of the same.

The detachment as a whole is enjoying quite an argument as to which of the following remarks come the closest to being the most famous of last words:

"Sergeant, can I draw some socks?" or "Admiral, who is the Flag Lieutenant?"

WYOMING WISDOM

By Doro

The literary geniuses of this detachment have been vacationing these past few months, and whether or not their flow of platitudes and invectives has ceased, or has turned to newer and broader fields, I have been unable to ascertain. The fact remains, this rambling *Wyoming's* Marine Detachment has been "holding out" on incidents and happenings that an editor would call "news."

On 3 June, two days before we sailed for Portsmouth, England, our Commanding Officer, 1st Lt. Roy M. Gulick (captain, now, to the Quantico Marines), was relieved by Capt. Edward J. Trumble. On the first of June, 2nd Lt. Joseph P. Fuchs was relieved by 2nd Lt. Ferdinand Bishop.

And this is our opportunity to tell you all that we, for the past few weeks, have been proudly answering the questions of the sailors around here with replies such as "Yes, Sir! That little Marine captain is our new commanding officer."

To our new commanding officer we extend every good wish and fond hope for a pleasant cruise aboard this ancient vessel. This is news only to the readers of *THE LEATHERNECK*, because we feel certain that both Captain Trumble and Mr. Bishop know that they have the admiration and the respect of every individual of this detachment, as well as an individually sincere desire to make them proud of their *Wyoming* Marines.

(Personal congratulations to Captain Trumble from F. H. R., *THE LEATHERNECK*.)

There have also been several changes in the personnel during the past few months. Because I do not know when

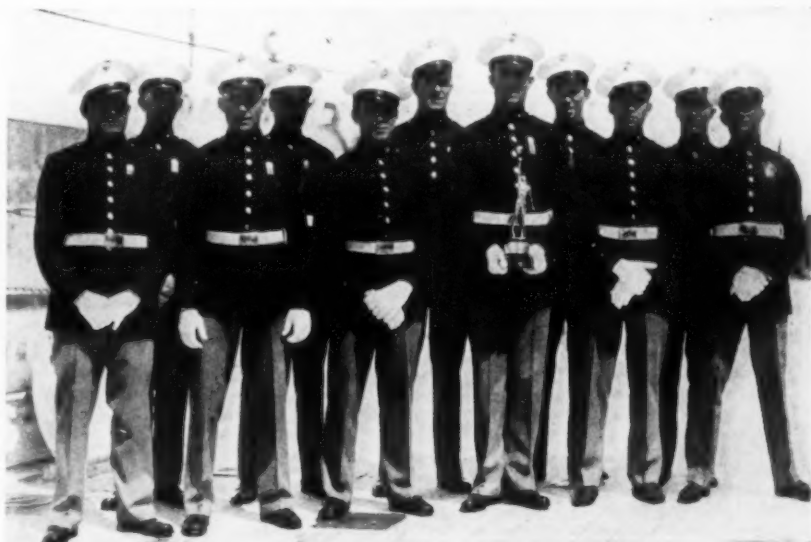
the last series of comments was sent in I'll summarize. Upon our return from the F.M.F. exercises around Culebra, late in February, we complacently rearranged our lockers and went our various ways around the Norfolk Navy Yard—and vicinity. Dry-dock and "all hands over the side" passed uneventfully, not even one casualty. Sgt. Clifford G. Wuik left for the MB., Naval Operating Base, Norfolk, Va., the first of March. Our Naval Academy aspirants tried hard but missed the necessary qualifying marks. Pvt. Walter S. Mizell, Harry S. Clark, John J. Seanlon, George "L." Rousseau, Russell L. Clifton, and Pfc. Luther "D." Hammett, in the order their names are listed, are now at the posts to which they requested transfers. Here's the best of luck to all of you and we hope each of you likes your new "home."

Pvt. Arnold Pollack also left us. I'm of the opinion that he broke a record doing it. It was on the day we sailed for Europe, 5 June, that, while at his duties as mess-cook, Pollack was informed that a dispatch had arrived, at 1402, ordering his transfer to the MB, USS *Reina Mercedes*. At 1422 he was going over the side, checked out, sea-bag and all. The old mud-hook was getting fresh air at 1500 and we were on our way on another Midshipmen's Cruise.

The above mentioned transfers have left us short-handed, for we were given but two replacements, Pvt. John A. Morgan and Carrell B. Jackson. They fit right in and already they are "old-salts."

Fourteen days at sea passed, as fourteen days at sea usually do. We arrived a day ahead of schedule—we also left a day ahead of schedule—at Portsmouth, the "home of the British Navy" in the south of "Merry England" about seventy miles from London. While en route the *Wyoming* did manage a few good rolls. In the trough of some beautiful groundswells she tipped the indicator (whatever it's called) to twenty-four degrees. A few things slid around a bit while at the same time we were "rocked to sleep in the cradle of the deep."

Since our arrival in England, Friday, 19



MARINE BASKETBALL TEAM, USS MARYLAND

Left to right:—Harris, Frain, Webb, Brock, Keranan, Sauerbrey, Wilcox, Lee, Ramsey, Carter, Wilson



High Light of the Wyoming Cruise

June, the men have been gaining an assortment of notions of England and the English people. We have all been fortunate in that we have had wonderfully warm, clear weather. There are very few of us who did not visit London, and because London is so large, and our time, also the stuff used to pay train-fares with, is so limited, there have been several versions as to the best method of seeing the largest city in the world.

I can briefly mention the places of interest visited by the group I was with. We bought third class round-trip tickets. Most of us, like "good Marines," rode first-class, after the train "got underway." The English would not dream of stepping into another car, even though theirs is "Third" and crowded, while the next car is a "First" and empty. One soon discovers that all regulations are regarded in that light. They rigidly adhere to every little ordinance. Their entire lives, it seems to me, are similarly lived. And, it is not the fear of breaking a law; I think it is more the breaking of ideals, regardless of comforts, or any other things, which they dread. And, I like that conservative attitude which they manifest in all their dealings.

We arrived at Waterloo Station, London, a short distance from the part of the city which contains the buildings of Parliament, Westminster Abbey, Westminster Cathedral. All of their buildings have been lavishly adorned with ornamental designs, with peaks and spires, with many corners, and all of the city has an air of royalty, of achievement, of serene continuous accomplishment. If you will take the

time to read of the history and the general location and construction of the places I mention you will gain a description of some of that which is London.

Riding their subway "tubes" is pleasant and smooth. No one calls out the stations. They assume that riders can read; one must remain "on the alert" while using that means of transportation. The long moving stairs are another feature of the "tubes." We saw Buckingham Palace, Green Park, St. James' Palace, Hyde Park, Trafalgar Square, Piccadilly Circus, Charing Cross, The Strand, Lombard Street—the financial center of the world, Tower Hill—London "Tower" built in 1014, the scene of many beheadings (in the good old days), Tower Bridge—opened by Queen Victoria "in the fiftieth year of her long and peaceful reign," London Bridge, and Regent Park with its Zoological Gardens. Trust us to see that. In short, London is a clean city filled with short streets, with many "squares," with many monuments, and with many names.

If you can obtain a map of London you will see that we did get around. Along with the long walks, we saw the ceremonial daily occurrence that is the change of the Guard at Buckingham Palace. Those uniforms and those formalities are a grand show, worth going far to view.

We have been given a jolly fine reception by all branches of the British Service here at Portsmouth. Especially have we been handsomely received by the Royal Marines. They have been unusually expressive and extensive in their regard for the welfare ashore of the detachment. On the day before departure we were given a

banquet supper followed by a rollicking get-together in which entertainment, songs, and music were furnished mostly by the Royal Marines. Some of our men helped to amuse the assembly, but they have many entertainers and many form of entertainment which indicates one difference between the R. M. and the USMC. They evidently have more "happy hours" than we, and they go in for everything with a will. They make it an enjoyable occasion for the entertainer as well as the entertained—they take turns at being one or the other. I cannot say that I have ever enjoyed more an afternoon and evening than as one of the guests of the Royal Marines of Eastney. I speak only for myself but I am sure that every member of the detachments of the Wyoming and Arkansas, who had the good fortune to partake of their generous welcome, and farewell, agrees with me.

ARKANSAS TRAVELER

It seems that all the news reporters have been transferred from this detachment and, during the last three months we have failed to muster in the columns, but we are still holding our own. We have been carrying on with the usual efficiency that is expected from Marines. June 5th found us again sailing over the rolling Atlantic with Portsmouth, England, as our first port of call, but before going into the present and future, I shall drop back and give a word about the past.

During our stay in the Navy Yard, Portsmouth, Va., we experienced two months of most everything that could happen. Leave and liberty was somewhat curtailed by employment in various phases of the usual Navy Yard work; drilling, preliminary instructions in rifle marksmanship, firing the 22 cal. rifle, and what have you? The outstanding event of the season, I think, was the days spent at the rifle range, Quantico, Va. It was quite a change to get away from those chipping hammers for a few days, for that alone greatly relieved the monotony of the daily routine. Quite a few men were fortunate enough to bring home the "bacon." Some seemed to think that the bull's-eye was not large enough, so they missed the "bacon" and had to be satisfied with less. Of course, some had alibies that their rifles didn't shoot straight, so their "would-be-reward" went in the butts or over the target. Don't grieve over spilt milk, fellows, you'll have another chance, unless you decide you had rather shoot a shot gun on the outside.

Private Squires walked away from the range with a score of 333. It must have taken some *holin'* and *squeezin'* to make such a record. Good stuff, kid, keep it up.

When we returned from the range, business was mostly work, for we only had a few days left in which to prepare for the annual Admiral's Inspection, but by keeping our usual stride it brought us right out on time. Sergeant McNair, our police sergeant at that time, had the compartment in tip-top shape. He supervised his helpers in such a way that the place was ready for anyone to inspect at any time. How did you do it, Mac? Our presser, Private First Class Ling, kept a razor edge crease on our blues and the other parts of the uniform being spotless we were all set, and the inspection went off in a big way.

Corporal Knox has taken over the job of keeping the compartment in its usual ship-shape condition. If you don't be-

(Continued on page 58)



THE FIRST MARINE BRIGADE FLEET MARINE FORCE

By J. W. Boyd

AN interior telephone system has been installed in the brigade. This conference system is a private system of the brigade and connects the office of the brigade commander directly with the offices of the commanding officers of the brigade units. The switchboard is controlled by the brigade adjutant, and the phones are not used by the organization commanders to call the brigade commander.

Daily broadcasts are made over this system and are published at mess formations. These broadcasts contain all news of interest concerning the brigade and eliminate many of the rumors that naturally circulate through the different organizations. Taken from these broadcasts we find several items of interest.

The reenactment of the battle of Manassas is approaching and promises to be a very interesting affair. Those taking part will have an opportunity and an individual responsibility in presenting the best possible appearance to the general public as did the officers and men who took part in the reenactment of the battle of Chancellorsville last year.

Col. C. J. Miller has joined the brigade from Marine Corps Schools and has been assigned as commanding officer of the 5th Marines, vice Lt. Col. Walter G. Sheard, who is now regimental executive officer. We extend to the Colonel a hearty welcome to the brigade and wish him a pleasant tour of duty.

Congratulations are in order to the following officers of the brigade who, on 1 July, were promoted to the ranks indicated: Major DeHaven, Captains Freeman, Green, Pefley and Gondeau; and First Lieutenants Kengla, Masters, McDougal and Rockwell.

An item of interest to all non-commissioned officers of the brigade drawing subsistence and quarters, and especially those who go on the annual maneuvers, is the fact that the President has signed an Act of Congress permitting the payment of allowances to enlisted men when they are sick in hospital or away from permanent station.

A hearty welcome is extended to Capt. James E. Kerr, who joined the brigade from the Infantry School at Fort Benning, Georgia, and has been assigned to duty on the Staff of the Brigade Commander as assistant B-3.



Photo by Dalton
First Marine Brigade, FMF, Quantico

On Saturday, 6 June, the personnel of the brigade was diminished considerably by the transfer, by rail, of the Chemical Company, Battery "H" of the Base Defense, and one officer and twenty-nine enlisted men of the Brigade Engineer Company to the West Coast.

Capt. Stewart B. O'Neill, Marine Corps, was Troop Train Commander. All troops left the post in summer service "A," with caps and full field equipment.

The only disadvantage to riding a train is the fact that the boys will miss that usual liberty granted men who take the pleasant cruises aboard ships. However, this disadvantage is overcome by the fact that the landlubbers won't be subjected to seasickness.

About four o'clock Saturday morning the remaining men in "D" and "E" Barracks were awakened by the noise of troops moving out. The necessary noise made by the tearing down of bunks was first heard. Then the short-timers started sounding off with several "wa-hoos," etc.

We shall miss the familiar faces of these officers and men, and feel sure that the Fleet Marine Force at San Diego is getting a nucleus upon which it can build three crack outfits like the ones from which they were taken.

Several men of the Chemical Company, who didn't have the necessary eighteen months to serve, were transferred to the Brigade Headquarters Company. They are now carried as the Chemical Section of that organization.

COL. E. A. OSTERMANN

Col. Edward A. Ostermann is a native of Ohio and was appointed a second lieutenant in the Marine Corps from civil life in 1907. He attended the public schools of Ohio and New York and Ohio Northern University. Prior to his entry into the Marine Corps he served as an enlisted man in the Army and in the Ohio National Guard.

He has had a well-balanced career, having served at sea as a junior officer and as a field officer on the staff of Commander Battleship Divisions and as Fleet Marine officer of the Scouting Fleet, during which time he was Chief of Staff of the combined bluejacket and Marine Corps landing forces. He has also served on many foreign shore stations; with the Haitian Gendarmerie, and for eight years was on duty at the Headquarters of the Marine Corps at Washington as an assistant adjutant and inspector. He has commanded troops in the field with units varying in size from a small patrol to a regiment.

Upon being commissioned a second lieutenant he attended the School of Application at Annapolis. From there he was ordered to the Marine Barracks at Norfolk, Va., and later to the Legation Guard at Peking, China.

He has served on expeditionary duty in Cuba and as adjutant of the famous "Butler's Battalion" in Panama.

In the first Nicaraguan campaign he took part in the capture of Coyotepe Hill, the Barranca, Mayasa and Granada, and was several times commended during this period.

In 1914 he took part in the capture of Vera Cruz when he received a letter of commendation from the Secretary of the Navy, and another from Commander Moffett, later Admiral William A. Moffett, U. S. Navy.

In 1915 he was Aide de Camp on the staff of Major General Littleton W. T. Waller, but requested duty in the field and as a company officer took part in the campaign in Northern Haiti during the pacification of that Republic.

During this period he was recommended for Brevet promotion by General Butler, in the following words:

"First Lieutenant E. A. Ostermann displayed his usual coolness under fire and difficult conditions. He is fearless in the extreme, enthusiastic, energetic and untiring. The efficiency of the service would be increased materially, in my opinion, for field service such as the



COL. EDWARD A. OSTERMANN
Brigade Executive Officer

Photo by Dalton & Strong

past campaign by his permanent assignment to the command of a company."

Later he was awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor for conspicuous gallantry above and beyond the call of duty during the engagement incident to the capture of Fort Dipite, Haiti, October 24, 1915.

On November 11 of the same year he was seriously wounded in an engagement near Bahon, Haiti, and was invalided home.

In 1916 he returned to Haiti and assisted in the organization of and training of the Gendarmerie d'Haiti and served with that organization until 1918.

In 1919 he was again ordered to Haiti and for several months during the Caco uprising commanded all troops in the field in the District of Mirebalais.

While on duty as a Legislative Liaison officer at the Headquarters of the Marine Corps in Washington he received letters of commendation from the Committee on Naval Affairs of the House of Representatives, from Senator James F. Byrnes of the Senate Naval Affairs Committee, from Congressman William Oliver of the Appropriations Committee of the House of Representatives and other members of Congress.

While on this duty Colonel Ostermann was commended by Brig. Gen. Hugh H. Matthews, the Quartermaster of the Corps, who stated, "Colonel Ostermann displayed exceptional talent, sound judgment, and splendid tact in assisting in the presentation of the situation to the Naval Committee and other committees of Congress at the time the proposed reduction in the strength of the Corps was under consideration by the Congress."

As commanding officer of the Marine Barracks, Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, he was commended by the Commander in Chief of the United States Fleet, Admiral J. M. Reeves, for the excellent condition of his post and command.

Colonel Ostermann is a graduate of the Musketry School at Fort Sill, Okla., the

Marine Corps Field Officers' School, and the U. S. Naval War College. He was an instructor at the officers' training camp at Quantico, Va.

BRIGADE HEADQUARTERS COMPANY By J. W. B.

The company is still attaining an excellent record on the range this season. To date 82 enlisted men and 5 officers have fired for record, and of that number 7 have qualified as experts and 47 as sharpshooters; 27 marksmen and 5 unqualified, making the percentage of qualifications 94.1. Notwithstanding the fact that he hadn't fired the range in over three years, Platoon Sergeant Kessler held them in the black for a score of 310. Staff Sergeant Smith is also listed among the sharpshooters. In fact, seven of the nine clerks in the brigade office have qualified as sharpshooters. Who said those fellows couldn't do anything but punch a typewriter? The company office lost one sharpshooter when Gould was transferred to the Base Defense.

It seems that Headquarters Company is certain of being a soldiering outfit after all. At least the routine inspections are leading to that goal. Troop, equipment on the bunks, clothing on the bunks, and inspection of quarters will take in the four Saturdays of each month. It hasn't been decided yet who will benefit in case of a five-Saturday month, but will no doubt know when such a rare occasion occurs. Of course, everyone had his own idea for putting his locker in order, but when the new order came out there weren't many who didn't have to make several changes. Everything is as per the blueprint posted in each squad-room. The blueprint has one advantage in that it makes it easier to find things in our bunk's locker.

Some of our band boys put on a little minstrel show, which was reminiscent of the one put on by Lt. James Snedeker

(now captain) back in Port au Prince and Cape Haitien. It was a good show even though the boys were lacking that Haitien liquid atmosphere. Although we see them only on paydays, we still consider the band a part of this organization, especially when they do something worthy of note.

Private First Class McMichael couldn't wait for his four years to come around. At least he took advantage of the opportunity for a three months' priority discharge. Good luck to you, Mac, and may you enjoy a full crop of "Georgia Belles." But remember—the sooner you get out, the sooner you will be back.

Several of the old timers have received their baby bonds. What we recruits would like to know is when are they going to pay the bonus to the Veterans of Future Wars? If those college boys who started that hokey would sign up for a cruise they would forget all that infant talk. If they were to get a bonus, the majority of them would be hard to find when something started. In fact, they would probably stay in seclusion until time to come out and claim their qualifications for the Old Age Pension.

The final episode of "The Fighting Marines," a serial concerning the exploits of three Marines and an unknown villain called the Tiger Shark, has been shown at the Post theatre. This picture was a source of much comment among the members of the brigade and contained many modern ideas about aviation along with a number of thrills brought about by the heroes and the villain and his henchmen.

"Who is the Tiger Shark?" was the question of much speculation and everyone hazarded a guess. Like all movie mysteries, the one on whom the most suspicion was thrown, was entirely innocent. And like all pictures depicting the lives of Marines, there were many faults to be found by those familiar with service life. Some of the men thought the man playing the role of Colonel Bennett was the Tiger Shark, but that should have seemed ridiculous to any of them. What motion picture producer would dare trying to get such an idea past the censors, especially when the whole plot was based on an organization such as the Marine Corps? They might just as well try making a picture in which Japanese warships destroy the Panama Canal. It east enough reflection on the Corps to have the Colonel's orderly turn out to be the Tiger Shark. In the first place, civilians are not generally employed as orderly for a colonel.

We should also like to know what became of the girl in the picture and just what was the status of Buchanan and the other airline officials.

FLASH!!! EXTRA!!! This has nothing to do with Headquarters Company, but is something of interest to all those who have served in the Philadelphia Navy Yard in the last five and a half years. The nonpareil Cpl. Edward D. Lewis, ex-property sergeant, police sergeant, mail distributor, etc., is now with the First Marine Brigade. Just imagine how he feels after spending 68 months on a corner bunk in Navy Yard, and then joining the Fleet Marine Force.

In a recent issue of THE LEATHERNECK, Adalac suggested that Lewis was going to Hollywood, but we had no idea he was going via Quantico. We know the boys at Philly hate to lose Lewis, but their loss is our gain?? Lewis is now with "A" Com-

pany of the First Battalion, Fifth Marines.

We would now like to know when we shall see the face of that indispensable mail orderly and his loud speaker.

In addition to Lewis, the First Brigade got four good men from Philly. They are Corporals Frantum, Stevio, Fields and Palencar.

Now that Lewis is gone maybe Steve Adalac will stand a chance of being elected "Mayor" of that well known Park just north of Navy Yard.

SECOND BATTALION

June 30th winds up the fiscal year and it's time for the annual report, the report that shows the record set, the accomplishments and achievements made by the organization. The small turnover of this battalion speaks for itself regarding morale, and proves proper administration. A hasty review of the activities of the battalion during the last year shows that the officers and men worked together hard and kept the name of the Second Battalion where it should be—on top.

During the calendar year Company "H" has set a rifle qualification record that will be envied by many outfits, a record that should stand for a long time. Even though this is a machine gun company, their average score on the .30 range was 308 and the qualification more than 98 per cent. Also in Company "H," Cpl. H. B. Einstein has second high score in the First Marine Brigade with 335, and tied for third place is Captain Scheyer and Sergeant Coffee, both from Company "H." Headquarters Company of this organization is now in second place and with such competition as Company "H," that isn't so bad.

On the 14th of June, Major Curtis, our executive officer, took three sergeants and fourteen corporals to Sea Girt, N. J., to instruct reserves. They returned the 28th after having spent two enjoyable weeks with the reserves and also made a fine

showing by having splendid cooperation and getting good results from the reserves. The reserves are in hopes of having the same men back next year and these same men are more than anxious to return.

The Battle of Manassas is approaching and the Second Battalion will participate. This should be a very interesting affair and each man is looking forward to going down and showing the general public just how the battle was fought.

There have been several changes in our officer personnel this month. Lieutenant Colonel Hunt, our former CO, who has been on Special Temporary Duty with the Naval Examining Board, has been detached to Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C. Our Adjutant, 1st Lt. C. P. Van Ness, has gone to the Marine Corps Schools and 1st Lt. W. A. Kengla has taken over the job as Adjutant. Capt. W. J. Scheyer, former CO of Company "H," has also gone to the Marine Corps Schools. We hate very much to see these officers go and know that they will be missed by each member of this battalion; but by the same token we wish them a very pleasant tour of duty at their new stations.

First Lieutenant Taylor joined us from the Chemical Company of the First Marine Brigade, and is now with Company "H." Second Lt. E. L. Hutchinson is now with Company "G," having joined us from the USS. *Arkansas*. First Lieutenant Jones joined us from the Army Signal School, Fort Monmouth, N. J., and is assigned to Headquarters Company. We extend to each of them a most hearty welcome.

The turnover in the enlisted personnel for the month was: Among the missing from now on: Corporals Troutman, Bowers, Srefoneik, Privates Quinn, Van DeMark, Bolton, Paulk, Seogin, Ketchum, Holland, Whitfield, Carter, Martin, Gigliotti, Harrell; Technical Sergeant Hardisty has also left for the Telephone School but expects to rejoin us for maneuvers. Among those who joined the bat-

talion: Sergeant Welkey, Corporals Stevio, Palencar, Frantum, Stacy, Privates Bass, Mullineaux. We also hope that the men who have left us will enjoy their new posts, and that our new members will enjoy their tour with the Second Battalion. The Promotions for the month were—W. A. Kengle received his commission as First Lieutenant and L. G. DeHaven received his commission as Major. Corporal Kubit, our mess sergeant, was promoted to Staff Sergeant Meas, and we are all expecting a big feed in a couple of days. The cooks are expecting their promotions in a couple of days, so it looks like a big month for the galley.

The latest achievement of the battalion is sending the NCO's to the Platoon Leaders' Class as instructors and clerks. This class is to start in the near future, the men reporting to the Marine Corps Schools the 1st of July and the reserves arriving about the sixth of July.

Quantico as a post is all that can be desired. We have unlimited athletic activities, tennis, handball, baseball, swimming, smokers, and other games in season. All companies are at present giving swimming instructions to those unfortunates who have not as yet accomplished that art. But even those who can't swim a stroke are at the pool daily and seem to enjoy it. Of course, Quantico is not entirely a bed of roses. There are those restless persons who are wanting and awaiting furloughs, and furlough transfers; the man who is impatiently waiting for word transferring him to the Pay Department, those waiting for the best jobs in the battalion, etc.

ENGINEER COMPANY NEWSETTES

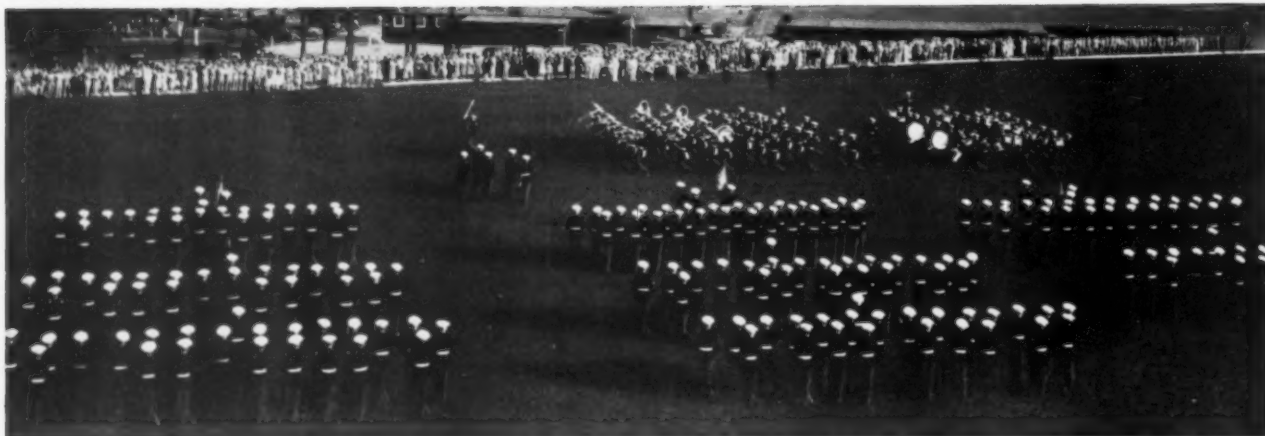
By William J. Strong

On 1 April, 1935, the Fleet Marine Force saw fit to organize a unit which would consist of well trained men in the performance of Engineer duty. Capt.



PRINCIPALS AND QUARTETTE IN THE JUBILEE MINSTREL SHOW HELD IN THE POST GYMNASIUM, QUANTICO, VA., MAY 29, 1936

From left to right: Privates First Class Feeney, Balfourt, Krause, Risley, Grove; center, Capt. R. W. Culpepper, Private First Class Robinson, Sergeant Presson, Privates First Class Primdahl, Lang and Dowdy



Sunset Parade and Review at Lyman Field During the Sojourners' Visit to Quantico

Photo by Strong

Howard R. Huff was placed in command of this new skeleton outfit and gradually new men, well trained in their particular trades, filled the ranks until a full-fledged Engineer Company emerged from the once skeleton outfit.

Each man was literally hand-picked for his knowledge and ability to perform such exacting tasks as welders, plumbers, blacksmiths, draftsmen, surveyors, carpenters, machinists, photographers, blueprinters, topographers and construction work. Each and every man was considered the cream of the crop and thus the first and finest Engineer Company on the east coast was organized.

The first real test for the Engineers came upon 6 January, 1936, when the entire Engineer Company boarded the USS. *Wyoming* at NOB, Norfolk, Va., en route for Culebra, Puerto Rico, to participate in U. S. Fleet Exercise Number Two.

The Engineer Company acted in unison with the First Brigade Marines and truly proved their worth during the many weeks that followed. Galley and mess halls rapidly took form; floating docks were built to receive the motor launches and small boats; showers, a boon in the heat of the tropics, were constructed; photographs were made of the activities of the troops and thus a history of the maneuvers was preserved; maps were drawn and supplied upon a moment's notice; everything from the very smallest to the very largest was carried out precisely and successfully. And thus did the Engineers prove their worth as a permanent unit to the Fleet Marine Force.

So well did the Engineer Company of the First Marine Brigade prove itself as a worthy unit of the Fleet Marine Force that it was apparent that such a company was needed on the west coast also. Thus upon 6 June, 1936, approximately thirty men of various trades were selected from this Engineer Company and, under the command of 1st Lt. Robert E. Fojt, embarked by train for San Diego, California. This body of men will be the nucleus for the formation of an Engineer Company in the Second Marine Brigade at San Diego, California. We, of Quantico, wish them all the luck in the world and we know that they won't fail to uphold the traditions of the Engineers.

First Lt. F. M. McAlister has recently taken command of the Engineer Company of the First Marine Brigade. We feel that the new Commanding Officer will enjoy engineer duty as much as we, of the

enlisted ranks, have in the past. We wish him luck in his new duties.

FIRST BATTALION, FIFTH MARINES

Headquarters Company

Headquarters Company has a new Commanding Officer. Captain Straub has left us for "A" Company and Captain Hughes is now at the helm.

Yesterday will long be remembered as "Bonus Day" among those fortunate enough to receive these welcome little bonds. There is much discussion of good investments, new cars, lifted mortgages on the old homestead, and one industrious sergeant has it all figured out that his bonus will buy more schnapps than he can consume for months and months and months. I certainly feel envious. Here I am, a veteran of three maneuvers, and no bonus. There is no justice.

"Honest Ernest," our first sergeant, is doing a rushing business identifying bonus holders. He was about the only man known personally by the postmaster, and is in great demand by those needing identification. He is discovering that he had far more true pals than he ever suspected.

Private Otis, newest understudy of the Sergeant Major, is all a'twitter. We have agreed to introduce him to Patricia. Little does he know that the gorgeous platinum blonde creature with the lovely soft brown eyes we have been describing to him is none other than the Sergeant Major's pet soup hound. I fear I shall have to take distance to the right in great quantities when he reads this.

It only rained six days here in Quantico last week. Very unusual weather we're having.

I wonder if everyone has noticed Gigolo Hurt's new haircut. If I remember correctly he used to be greatly amused by my regulation trimmings. At last the tables have turned.

Little Donald Grant is becoming known as "never-muss-em-up" Grant. He reports that his typewriter is rapidly learning to spell and the errors don't fly nearly so thick or fast. He assures us that he hardly ever (well, almost hardly ever) makes errors. And is he that proud!

The last episode of "The Fighting Marines" appeared last Saturday. The boys have discovered that the "Tiger Shark" wasn't Colonel Bennett after all. What a thriller!

"A" COMPANY, FIRST BATTALION

Spring is here. As this month's article is written up, there have been quite a few sports that have been taken out of cold storage. Swimming is the one that is starring right now, as everyone is flocking to that sport, because of their yearly tan. In other sports we have a few mentionables such as: Cpl. "Pin Head" Kolar, and Private Hayes, both well known members of our post baseball team; Pvt. "John W." and his "Stooges" who display their sportsmanship in the game of tennis to quite a large audience every day!!!!

Capt. William P. Kelly, who was commanding this company, and who showed the members of "A" Company a few "tricks" about Culebra on the last maneuvers, has been detached to Aircraft One, this post, to perform the duties of adjutant. We all regret to see him go. As a replacement for Captain Kelly, we received Capt. Robert J. Straub from the Marine Corps Schools. Also in the line of officers, Lieutenant Syms has been detached on temporary duty to the Navy Yard, Portsmouth, New Hampshire, and will be welcomed back to "A" Company in the near future.

Our largest loss in the enlisted personnel was that of Corporal Ange, "Rom" in better words, who was transferred to Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, Charleston, South Carolina. Here's hoping that his new bunkies will find him as efficient as we did in supplying them with the dope.

The galley is suffering a great loss of little Tom Cowart, as overnight he decided to have his tonsils removed. Here's hoping a speedy recovery.

Our "Don Juans" attended a dance held at the Post Gym on Saturday, June 13. Rumors are still being heard throughout the company area of all the young ladies that have been added to their lists (1).

NEWS FROM "B" COMPANY

Well, folks, this past month has been one busy month for this company. Over 90 per cent of us have been put through the range, firing the rifle, BAR's, sub-Thompson, hand and rifle grenades, and then over to the bayonet course just for good measure.

We're not boasting, but our percentage of Rifle qualifications is over 86 per cent. True it's not the tops, still we are among the high ones and expect to climb higher when the remaining few fire.

This month also brought on a change in Company Commanders. First Lt. L. C. Goudeau reported in from New Orleans, La., and relieved Capt. W. R. Hughes, who is now our Battalion Executive Officer.

Lieutenant McLeod, one of our junior company officers, is enjoying a 30-day leave in Michigan, right close to the Canadian border.

Congratulations to Sgt. H. T. Beekworth for his selection to the Platoon Sergeant's list. We're standing by for the good news and the wetting down.

Private Albert is back among us after a sojourn at the Post reducing farm. Looking healthy and with 10 pounds less weight for his size 11's to carry, he'll tell you that there's nothing like a rest cure with a bread and water diet thrown in.

Oh, well, it's time for "Troop," so till next month, we'll close and say "Cheerio."

"C" COMPANY

This has been a very quiet month for "C" Company. So far, most of our time has been taken up with preliminary training prior to our firing the range for qualification. On June 1, there was a detail of fifty men started firing the .22 range and pistol course. Most of this detail fired the .30 cal. rifle for record on Friday, 12 June. Approximately 92 per cent of this detail qualified and there was a very big per cent of the fellows that qualified as sharpshooters and experts. The highest score was made by Private First Class Mitchell, who made 329, and it will have to be admitted that 329 is not a bad score to make.

Captain Wellman, who commanded the company for so long, has been detached to the 8th Battalion Reserves Area, Toledo, Ohio. We hated to see Captain Wellman go but all join in hoping that he will enjoy his new station and duties. Our new Company Commander is 1st Lt. Archie E. O'Neil, who joined from the Marine Corps Schools. Lieutenant O'Neil promises to be a man quite capable of handling the job as our new "Skipper." Second Lieutenant McDougal has done so well with the Rifle Team this year that he is now on temporary duty at Wakefield, Mass., as a member of the Marine Corps Rifle and Pistol Teams. We wish him lots of luck, but if he does as well there as he did here in the Elliott Trophy Match, he won't need our help at all in winning.

At present most of our time is being taken up on the bayonet course and there are still a few firing the range. Several parades lately have brought out the sweat on many a brow. And from the comments that have been overheard, those steel helmets aren't a lot of help when it comes to keeping cool.

There is one problem that is worrying us a lot this month. That is where is our gunnery-sergeant going to buy that new Dodge sedan? And it is quite evident that he is going to purchase one. Several members of the company gave a good looking private in the first platoon the good old name of "Stooge" and we had almost come to the conclusion that he was trying to live up to it, but after seeing his score on the range this year we decided that anyone that can shoot a 317 is not a "Stooge."

Until you hear a big firecracker explode next month, we will be quiet and hope to have more news next time.

"D" COMPANY, 1ST BATTALION

We are commanded by a new "Skipper," Capt. Raymond A. Anderson, a graduate of the Junior Class, Marine Corps Schools.

Unexpectedly ordered to the Naval Torpedo Station at Newport, R. I., Lieutenant Stannah very suddenly departed, leaving our third platoon without an officer. Until his return, about the 20th of July, the third platoon must needs "carry on."

Marine Gunner Henderson, we hear, is industriously preparing for travel to his new station at Indian Head, Md. He leaves us the 15th of June.

Having already joined us by staff returns, Pfc. John J. McGary should put in an appearance about June 20th. Another addition to date, Pvt. Fred E. Dawsey, is even now considered an "old hand" on the "drag" of a Cole Cart.

When the list for promotion to platoon sergeant was published, though not accomplished in physiognomy, even we could read the countenance of Sergeant Hull, who is on the list, and no doubt looking into the future via the "stars."

Plans are well formulated and we anticipate a greater percentage of expert gunners in the qualifications this year. While on the subject, we had eighteen men fire the Browning Automatic Rifle, fifteen of whom were experts, two sharpshooters, and one a marksman.

Transferred: Privates Adams, Boris, Connelly, McGrath, Michalski, Rivers, Wilson; to Post Service Battalion, Post.

Privates Dominici, Ratcliff to Aircraft One, First Marine Brigade, F.M.F.

Private Grantham, to Brooklyn Navy Yard, for Motion Picture Operators' School.

Private Hyde, to Washington; D. C.

Sergeant Rubertus' request for own convenience discharge was approved for the 20th June.

Sergeants Harker, Stone, and Corporal Easley are on temporary duty. Sergeant Harker and Corporal Easley are again with the rifle team at Wakefield, and Sergeant Stone is with the Marine Corps Reserves at Camp Beauregard, La.

Another detail, at Great Lakes, will take a few more non-coms for two weeks with the reserves.

New men joined from Parris Island: Pvts. Bresnahan, Buckley, Dennis, Downing, Dujmic, Gebhardt, Grady, Hartman, Hooper, Lackey, Mieure, Misiano, Newberry, Reeves, Sacker, Saylor, Setliff.

NATIONAL SOJOURNERS AT QUANTICO

A Sunset Parade and Review in honor of the National Sojourners was held on Lyman Field, MB, Quantico, at 5:45 P. M., Thursday, 25 June, 1936.

The Fifth Marines, First Marine Brigade, Fleet Marine Force, commanded by Lt. Col. Walter G. Sheard, carried out the ceremony. Units of Aircraft One, First Marine Brigade, commanded by Lt. Col. Roy S. Geiger, presented an Aerial Review following the Parade by the ground troops.

The Commanding General of the Post, Maj. Gen. Charles H. Lman; the Brigade Commander, Col. James J. Meade, and distinguished visitors were among those reviewing the troops.

WASHINGTON BAR ASSOCIATION AT QUANTICO

The annual picnic of the Bar Association of the District of Columbia was enlivened by a delightful stop of the good ship *Potomac* of the Washington, Norfolk Line at the United States Marine Corps Base at Quantico.

The party, consisting of five hundred members many of whom were distinguished

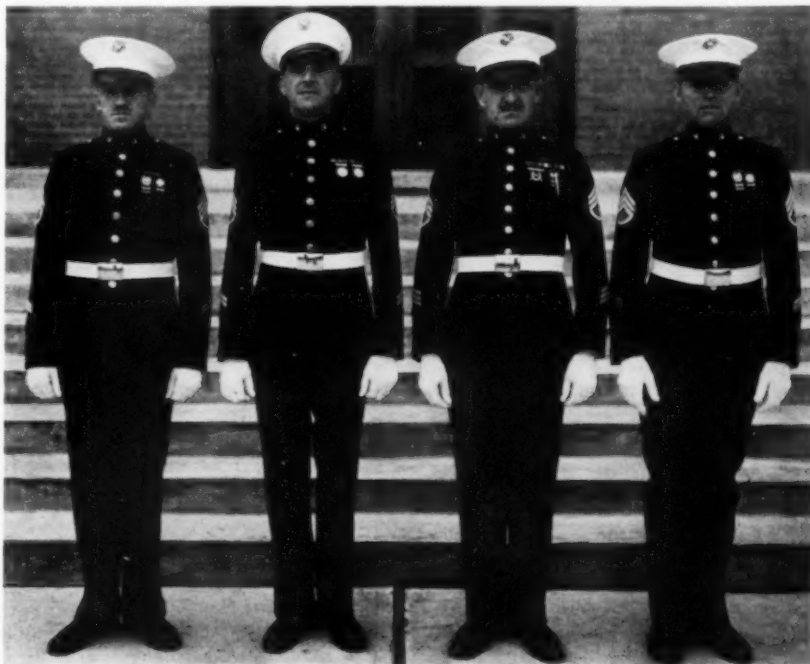


Photo by Dalton

Left to right: Platoon Sgts. Arthur W. Kessler, Lucien N. Hudson, Charles Sorensen, and George L. Nash of the First Marine Brigade

jurists long familiar in legal and social affairs in Washington, were received by Major Gen. Charles H. Lyman, Commanding the Base, and headed by a brass band the entire party marched to the Post Parade ground, where they witnessed a parade and review of the crack First Brigade of the Fleet Marine Force. Later all hands assembled in the Lyceum of the Post, where they witnessed a number of excellent boxing bouts.

The 1st Brigade Fleet Marine Force is commanded by Col. James J. Meade. The Brigade Troops were composed of the First and Second Battalions, Fifth Marines, and the First Battalion, Tenth Marines. Troops of the Seventh Battalion Marine Corps Reserve (Artillery) commanded by Maj. Joseph R. Knowlan, who are holding their summer training at Quantico, also participated. The Commander of Troops for this occasion was Lt. Col. Walter G. Sheard, Commanding Officer, Fifth Marines.

Upon completion of the parade by the ground troops, units from Aircraft One put on a splendid demonstration of air tactics and bombing. The complete demonstration was put on with the ease and precision for which the well trained and proficient First Marine Brigade is becoming well known. Although it is a time of peace, the Fifth Marines, infantry organization of the Brigade, are still holding up the tradition and glory which that organization attained during the World War.

CQ CQ DE RADIO SCHOOL, FIRST SIGNAL COMPANY

By the Instructors

The Radio School is trying to maintain its previous record of training embryo material to Radio Operators. It was rather surprising to note that during the past fiscal year the school turned out forty-five good, fair and indifferent graduates.

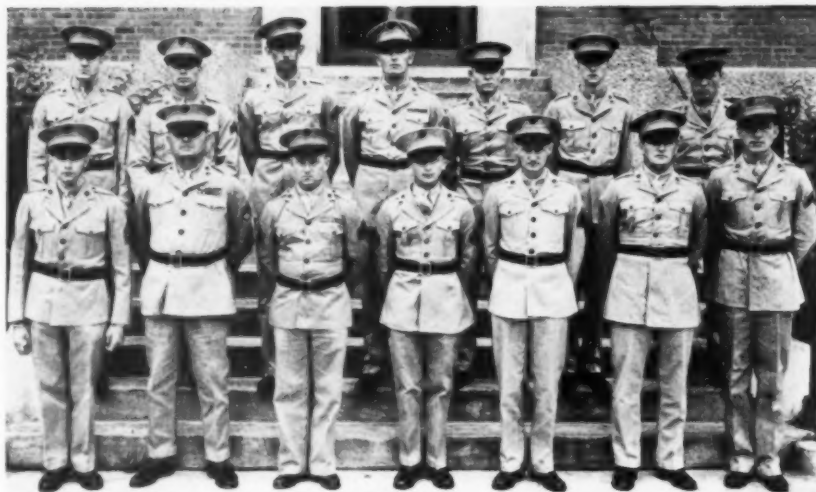
The school was blessed with three students from Parris Island. It is trusted if Private Sill's speed key and wrist doesn't play out too soon, that they will graduate at sufficient speed to hold down a Radio Circuit when the course of instructions is completed. It is pointed out that the school endeavors to turn out thirty-word per minute operators with a good understanding of operating discipline, some basic knowledge of electricity, and operation of field equipment, simply paves the way for a good start. Individual efforts counting in the long run for success, both in the School and out.

Sgt. Van Hook of the Radio Station, and Corporal Vehorn have made known their intentions of shipping over for the great outside. We all hope that each will be successful in their new ventures and will be sorry to see their names stricken from the Company's Roster.

The present instructors of the Radio School are Master Technical Sergeant Steinhäuser, Corporals Johns and Vehorn, Privates First Class Bennington and Sills. Each instructor is trying to turn out the fastest student that the school has ever produced. May each succeed.

QUANTICO BANDS PRESENT PROGRAM

The clever minstrel and "Coontown Thirteen Club" received a hearty reception at the Post Gymnasium, Friday evening, May 29, 1936. The excellent and versatile combined band came through for another triumph—this time in black face. Captain



TELEPHONE ELECTRICIANS' SCHOOL, FIRST SIGNAL COMPANY

The Telephone Electricians' School opened for the third class on the 29th of June with a full quota of eleven students. The attached picture was taken of the class on opening day and, reading from left to right on top row are: Sergeant Thoommes (instructor), Sergeant Thomas, Sergeant Bierrum, Corporal Hyland, Privates Cowan, Miller and McGuire. Bottom row: MT-Sergeant Dyer (instructor), Staff-Sergeant Curtin, Technical-Sergeant Hardisty, Staff-Sergeant Bryan, Technical-Sergeant Burgess, Corporal Matchette and Sergeant Kozakewicz (instructor).

The instructors swear that this, the third class, has the greatest number of intellectuals, sea-laws, experts and what-not, of any previous gathering. What with musical Charlie Curtin smoothing off the rough surface of the poles and Red Hardisty pouring bottle after bottle of Sloan's Hoss Liniment on his leg-iron "worn" spots and "OK" Burgess puzzling over why telephones should ever have to be wired "out of limits," things ought to be rather interesting. So far there are but two men in the class who haven't publicly declared their intentions of graduating first. Shades of Jim Gay.

The stormy Direct Current subcourse has just started along with an equally stormy Mathematics subcourse, the two keeping the boys busy wondering why, when you double the diameter of a wire, four times the current can pass; and why 4^2 should equal 16 if 4×2 only equals eight, etc., etc. Cable splicing is taking up the time of the class during the afternoons. This is proving a very interesting subject as taught by Sergeant Kozakewicz. At least Bryan and Curtin managed to splice each other's pairs without being aware of it.

Culpepper, temporarily out of his popular role as local "Major Bowes" of the amateur hours, stepped aptly and happily into character as interlocutor.

Limitations of the stage and lack of mechanical facilities for presenting the show proved no handicap to the bandsmen. They put on two very smooth performances which kept the house amused through two hours of applause and laughter. Favorite with the audience seemed to be the "Bear Story" contest, for there was a medal at stake for the one who told the best story. A vote by applause gave the medal to none other than Pfc. Clement G. Feeney. Many objections were raised by the members of the minstrel in regards to the medal and there was no peace and quiet until Captain Culpepper also received a medal; not for the best bear story, but for never having told a lie.

The staff who received and deserves much credit for the success of the minstrel were: Capt. R. W. Culpepper, Pfc. William O. Krause, Sgt. William E. Presson, Pfc. Daryl G. Feeney and Pfc. John C. Bingham.

The cast of the minstrel were: interlocutor, Captain Culpepper; end men, Pfes.

Clement G. Feeney, George M. Dowdy, Fred M. Lang, Abraham Balfort, William O. Krause and Torg Primdahl. In the quartette were Sgt. William E. Presson, Pfc. Hugh L. Grove, Edward C. Risley, and William H. Robinson, Jr.

The cast of the "Coontown Thirteen Club" were: Pfc. Clement G. Feeney, Pfc. John H. Russell, Pfc. Herman F. Robinson, Sgt. William E. Presson, Pfc. William O. Krause, Abraham Balfort, William H. Robinson, Jr., Hubert H. Johnson, George M. Dowdy, Torg Primdahl, Franklin Boyer, Edward C. Risley, Hugh L. Grove and Fred M. Lang.

Following the professional tradition of celebrating a successful opening night, the director, Captain Culpepper, and Mrs. Culpepper, entertained members of the cast and staff with a supper party at the end of the performance.

Since the two bands in Quantico have been combined and are now under the direction of Capt. R. W. Culpepper, many changes have taken place. The personnel has been up to the hundred mark. Of course this number includes the Post Band School and members of the Bugle and Trumpet Corps attached to the Band.

Captain Culpepper has also been responsible for the many amateur shows that have been put on in the Post Gymnasium during the past winter. The response to the call for volunteers for these performances was most heartening, but a great part of the work fell to the personnel of the Combined Bands.

BROADCAST FOR THE
SEPTEMBER ISSUE SHOULD
REACH THE EDITORS BEFORE
AUGUST 8

"We'll Follow the Red Guidon"

"G" BATTERY, BASE DEFENSE ARTILLERY

This battery has evinced quite a bit of the old "esprit de corps" since your correspondent's last tirade. This has been apparent in the line of duty, in athletics, and in social activities (liberty to you, dear reader).

The firing of the sub-caliber guns has served to better inform us all as to the "dope" on the guns, which we hope will cause our new men (about 50 per cent of the battery) to hold up their ends on the next service practice. The "seance" with Venus (our inspiration in amorous respects, as well as our guide and mentor in "doping" guns) indicated that all our efforts for the past few weeks had not been in vain. Our efficient manipulation of the heavy 155 mm guns was indeed gratifying, but imagine our surprise to learn that we have achieved higher scores with the infantry weapons than many companies whose function it is to use them. Coaches and men deserve commendation for the efforts which they have expended to make this possible.

Naturally the Louis-Schmeling fight attracted the interest of us all. Marine Gunner Beall, after playing polo all afternoon, was undaunted by the distance to New York, and flew up for the fight—arriving only half an hour late. The seats were reserved in the 16th row and were consequently very desirable—in fact so desirable that Mr. Beall found them occupied upon his arrival. However, after a look at the stature of our polo champ, the usurper decided that it might be healthier to retreat to their rightful seats—in the peanut gallery. Thus you see we had a first-hand account of the fight.

Like all good Marines, we had to stand our share of guard duty. Our last experience provided many quips. Our authority was questioned in one instance by a slightly inebriated male biped lounging indiscreetly at an imaginary midnight ball game between the pink elephants and the green tigers. As Pvt. C. A. Holmes rounded the corner on his watch, he noticed the lone spectator to this midnight frolic and decided to investigate. When Corporal Anderson ("Eugenie," no less) observed the fracas he hastened to assist, only to discover that Holmes "had the situation well in hand"—with only the loss of a shirt button as a reminder that he had been "awung on."

Perhaps the best characterization of the whole tour of guard was expressed by our captain, Wilbur S. Brown, when he likened the noise created by the "dog watches" coming in to that of a "club-footed centipede."

If the activities in sport are any indication, the commissioned and enlisted personnel of this battery are certainly "athletic minded." Baseball, swimming, tennis, handball, golf, polo, sailing, and fishing have engaged our interest during the pleasant and favorable weather which has been our good fortune.

The advent of our transfer to the West Coast has brought forth requests for transfer from the battery by those men desiring to stay on the East Coast, as well as transfers to the battery by men eager to go to San Diego. Private Mullineaux was granted his request for trans-

fer to "H" Company, Second Battalion, 5th Marines. He has been replaced by a man from that organization, Pvt. Robert J. Harrell, who will have a job on his hands if he fills the shoes of the late Mullineaux.

Pvt. J. D. Gould, a new addition to our office personnel, will also accompany us to the West Coast.

Incidentally, your correspondent would like to know whatever happened to that ceramic brunette in the red dress who was so conspicuously the "belle of the ball" at our recent dance. Certainly one of the bevy of stags who competed so hotly for her favor must have the dope—yes, I mean the telephone number.

HEADQUARTERS, 10TH MARINES

By Geraldine

It is customary for we, the editorially inclined, to go forth armed with our pens and notebooks and ferret out news that bears either directly or indirectly on our little organization, but lately this custom seems somewhat superfluous. Things happen so fast and with such unflinching regularity that we merely stand by, and listen (occasionally), for if we listened interminably our tiny article would be published in book form.

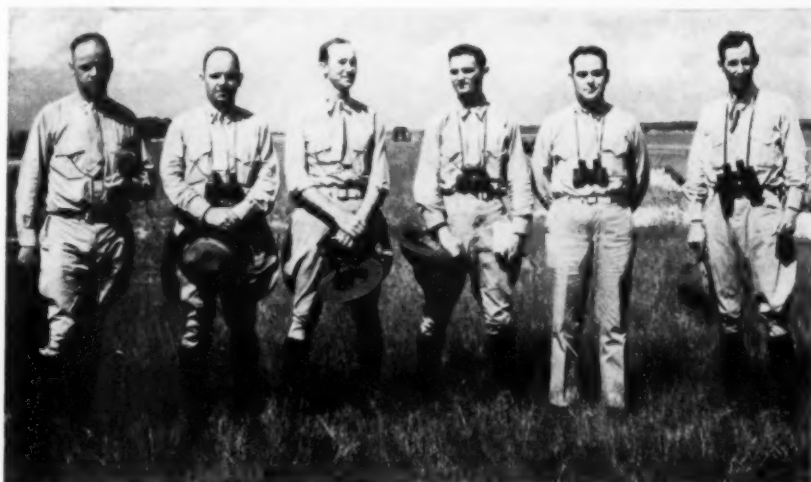
Each succeeding month the personnel who comprise our battery are exchanged, bartered, transferred, swapped, paid off, and detached until we have just arrived at a very happy solution after having been desperate for so long. In the hallway leading to our squadroom we have decided to post a guard, a sort of traffic director to direct incoming and outgoing Marines. This will, in all probability, save much confusion and expedite the proper handling of the veritable stream of nondescript Marines who habitually inveigle themselves into a headquarters and service battery. By this we do not mean that the personalities involved are of such varied and distinct types that to attempt to make them all do the same kind of work would be similar to an attempt

to put a square peg into a round hole. We are proud to boast that thus far in the current range season our men have displayed unheralded evidence of their ability to hold 'em and squeeze 'em. In fact, unless the remaining few who have not fired differ greatly from the larger number who have already distinguished themselves, we should hang pretty close around the century mark in percentage at the end of the season. And this, my dear perusers of THE LEATHERNECK, is nothing to be sneezed at. Revane came back from the range with a tale of smoke getting into his eyes, but it seems to me that there is or was a song by that name, and it is possible that Ravane was thinking of the song when he should have been lining them up and letting them go. Misiak said the ammunition was no good. However, both qualified. Had they not done so the skipper intimated that dire happenings would evolve severely hampering their social standing in the Battery.

Since our last sound-off, Fine joined us from dear old Parris Island (who said that?) and was assigned to the battalion garage as fifth consultant. At present, Private Fine is on furlough, probably telling the boys back home how he made general. Evans, soon to leave for the Clerical School in Philadelphia, is also way out there in the west showing the relatives what a man he has made of himself. Allen, Georgia's gift to young apple-cheeked girls but a very poor mail clerk (because he never brings us any letters), is slated also for a six months' sojourn in the City of Brotherly Love for the purpose of acquiring a basic knowledge of Marine Corps clerical intricacies, and incidentally to learn all the latest popular songs and dances, and see where George Washington crossed the Delaware.

FLASH!!! A sad mishap befel several of the inhabitants of our squadroom the afternoon, night and morning following the parade held in honor of the Columbia Bar Association on 11 June. Through no fault of the 'ole Bald-headed Man, our mess sergeant or his assistants, we had ham and cabbage for the noon meal, which was not out of the ordinary. However, a very few hours later the hospital began receiving calls from our battalion requesting ambulances, trucks, automobiles, wheelbarrows, anything! Marines were drooped around all over the barracks indulging in the

(Continued on page 55)



A Group of Reserve Officers of the Seventh Battalion, FMCR (Artillery), at Quantico for Annual Training With the 10th Marines

DROWN-FIELD BULLETIN

Summer is in full swing. Changes in personnel are numerous; vacation trips are planned; and a few bitten by the bug, are quietly married. It is a season of the year when anything is liable to happen and who knows what is going to happen.

The past month has seen many of our officers leaving for various stations. Maj. Claude A. Larkin was detached to St. Thomas, Virgin Islands, where he is relieving Lt. Col. James T. Moore as commanding officer of VO Squadron 9M, and who is scheduled to go to the Bureau of Aeronautics. Major Larkin was relieved by Maj. Francis P. Mulcahy who had just returned from the Naval War College and has taken over the duties of executive officer.

Maj. William T. Evans, our genial operations officer, was detached to Pensacola, Florida, where he has been assigned the duties of whipping the Cadets into shape, as their commanding officer, while they are undergoing flight instruction. His duties at this station were taken over by Capt. William L. McKittrick who had just returned from a course of instruction at the Air Corps Technical School at Montgomery, Alabama.

Capt. William P. Kelly relieved 1st Lt. B. C. Batterton as adjutant, who will now have more time to devote to flying with VF Squadron 9M.

Honest endeavor should always be rewarded but at times it does not seem to be appreciated as Sgt. James N. Gaut can testify. His bunkie and co-laborer in the Quartermaster Department, Pfc. William "Pete" Pietrzak, has been seen thumbing Webster so that he could spring some of those cumbersome words therein and overwhelm the poor sergeant with such words as monstrosity, detestable, etc., and who must put up with both Pete and Webster and like it.

Sgt. George B. Zollicoffer returned from his furlough on the 4th and was quite willing to get back into the old harness again. Although he was glad to be back again, Barney said that the outside has its attractions and that he had met many interesting people and wished he could only have had the full 90 days.

Pay day was a signal for the newly made sergeants, corporals and privates first class to join the movement so well thought of by supplying free beer to their bunkies and incidentally to have their new chevrons wetted down. These little beer parties create a spirit of good feeling and are a sort of "get acquainted" gathering where many misunderstandings are set to right, and everyone gets to know his neighbor better whom he may have misjudged at first and all pettiness is forgotten for the moment at least. We are sponsoring the movement of more promotions and bigger and larger beer parties. Here's mud in your eye, pal!

The summer storms are just as bad if not "badder" than the snow storms we experienced last winter. They kind of reminded us of the way the tropic storms suddenly blew up in Haiti. A couple of weeks ago while everyone was taking a nice siesta after a large Sunday dinner, a fierce storm broke over our little Indian village. Suddenly above the sound of the pelting rain on the roof was heard the wild droning of a motor as the pilot flew his plane low over the field and hangars. The wind was sweeping across the field

from the west and the plane, an Army bomber, was trying to nose its way to a sheltering spot. The pilot circled and circled, hoping that the wind would die down sufficiently. After about fifteen minutes of forced flying, waiting for a favorable chance to land, the rain let up and the wind became like a gentle zephyr, and the pilot to his relief came down and made a perfect landing. After staying on the ground for about an hour, the sun broke through the clouds once more and the eagle took wings for the homing ground.

Tech-Sgt. Carlton G. Cole was transferred to the West Coast on the 10th and motored across the continent. He is being relieved here by Technical Sergeant Maddy who has been ordered to duty here as aerologist.

A lot of people will possibly remember Mr. Albert Madden, who served on this station some three years back and now



"LITTLE MAN, YOU'VE HAD A BUSY DAY!"

Pontoon dungarees designed especially for wading in stormy weather

working for the Resettlement Administration in Washington. We read an interesting article in the Washington Times about him and from what we read it seems that he still has that old Marine Corps spirit.

This columnist has omitted to mention our baseball team in these write-ups and since the second half of the Intra-Brigade League has just begun, a few words would not be amiss. The airmen finished in first place in the league and according to their coach have a much stronger team to play the second half and win the championship.

A few words about the outstanding players. Of course, a team needs a good pitcher

OFFICE OF THE CHIEF JANITOR, HEADQUARTERS BUILDING, AIRCRAFT ONE, FMF, MB, QUANTICO, VIRGINIA

12 July, 1936.

From: The Chief Janitor.

To: Pvt. William C. Calm, USMC, (relief).

Subject: Orders.

1. On or about the 15th of July, the undersigned will stand relieved from active duty as Chief Janitor for the period of one month and you are hereby detailed for this duty during said period.

2. As you may not be acquainted with the duties of that high calling and profession, the following instructions, outlined briefly, will bring out the salient features of that super-specialized avocation:

a. Make sure that all decks are properly swept, swabbed and squeegeed morning, noon and night.

b. Bright work will be polished in morning only.

c. Gaboons will be scoured and highly polished each night.

d. Windows will be washed Friday afternoons prior to the Saturday morning inspection.

e. All glass desk tops will be washed each night and dusted each morning, prior to work call.

f. You will also take on the duties as Captain of the Head which duties require specialized technique and you will snap in a couple of days prior to the undersigned's departure, as your service record shows no previous experience in this line of work and it is absolutely necessary to maintain those high standards of cleanliness which are so necessary to everyone's comfort and well-being.

g. You will also act as chief breaker-upper of ice each morning to keep the water from boiling over in the cooler. Said cooler located about one foot north of the cleaning gear locker in this office.

h. Waste paper baskets will be dumped twice daily and the contents thereof will be disposed of according to existing regulations.

3. The above are in addition to your regular duties.

4. Your flightiness will be continued in force for these additional duties.

5. The work herein enjoined is necessary in the public service with no added expense to the Government.

JOSEPH T. SULLIVAN,

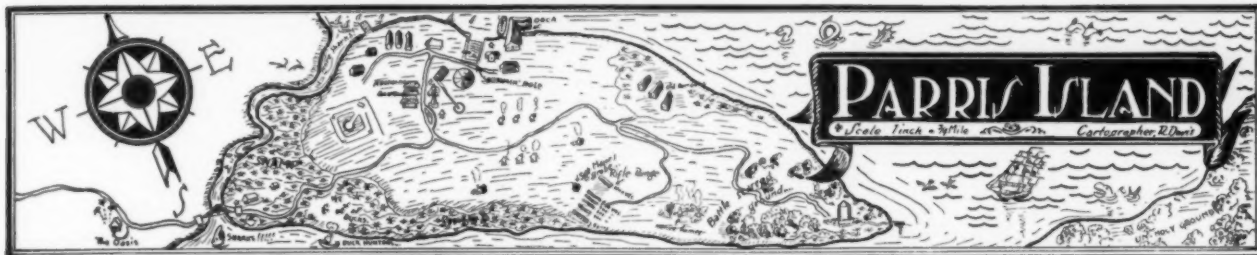
Chief Janitor.

Copy to: Chief clerk.

and who is better fitted for the honors than Corporal Rhea, with his electrically-controlled fire ball? (He works in the Electric Shop, you know.) Everytime Corporal Rhea throws the ball, the batter can only see sparks emanating from the spheroid as it leaves his hand. Next one slated for honors is Tech-Sgt. Andrew J. Paszkiewicz, the pilot of the team and the receiver of Corporal Rhea's fire ball. "Pat" says that he has to change gloves every inning in order to get them to cool off.

The most interesting game played on the field this season was with the Quantico Indians who in a former encounter tamed the reckless aviators. However, in this

(Continued on page 57)



By The Kingfish's Henchmen

TELL the dope from the Java Joint pointed to Max Schmeling's smashing victory over Joe Louis. That is just further proof that the Jamaica Gentry know more than the people who write the change sheets and newspapers. When the newspaper sport "experts" were making the Brown Bubble a 10-to-1 favorite to dunk the German, the Java garglers would look down into a cup of caffeinated water and see the form of a fighter stretched out on the deck of a ring. All that was necessary to dope that one out was to pour a little cream into the cup, and the color would be identical to the Detroit Dunker. The colored cooks at the Joint claimed that if one would pour more cream into the cup, the form would get up off the deck. We poured in more cream and the fighter did stand up, but the added cream made him another color—like the muddy waters of the Rhine. Look for this page next month. We will give you the real dope on the Braddock-Schmeling fracas—at least, it will be as good as that given by the boys who are supposed to know more than we know.

An avalanche of promotions fell on the Parris Island messes on July first. Staff-Sgt. Jens Pedersen and Sgt. William H. Jimmerson were promoted to Technical Sergeants for Mess Duty. Cpl. Knut Haakonson, who has joined this post by staff returns, but who has not yet reported in person, was promoted to Staff Sergeant. Cpls. Herman (Abie, the Bronx Indian) Levine and Lovitt Spivey and Pfc. Louis W. Ward were advanced to Chief Cook. Pvts. Charlie Tolar, Clarence Minter, Ansel Hitt and Richard Jaqua are now Field Cooks. Pvts. Wiley C. Edney, John J. Dunn, Arvin A. Murphy and James Windley were made Assistant Cooks. We are glad to see these Men of

the Mess get this good break that is long overdue.

Chief QM-Clerk Harry S. Young left the post on June 30th to make his home in Iowa. Mr. Young is retiring from the Corps after more than thirty years of faithful service. He has been a good Marine and a good friend of the Marines. We are sorry to see him go, but from the bottom of our heart we wish he and Mrs. Young many years of happiness in civil life.

Sgt. Albert Seudder also left us on June 30th. On that date, he was transferred to the Reserve. During his more than nineteen years in the Marine Corps, he has served in France, Santo Domingo, Haiti and Nicaragua, and aboard the USS. *North Dakota*. He expects to make his new home in Washington, D. C. Good luck, Seudder, we'll be seein' you.

A visitor on the post early in July was Chief Marine Gunner Loring, U. S. Marine Corps, retired. Roaming around the country in auto trailer, he stopped for a few days to visit old friends. He has been retired for about four years. For the past four years, he has been taking life easy up in the hills of West Virginia. He says that he has been having lots of beer and good chow, and feels just like a recruit. His Palace-on-Wheels aroused quite a bit of curiosity on the post. Almost all the old timers who saw it decided then and there to get one for themselves when they leave us flat.

Mrs. George F. Mack of Mare Island, California, was a guest of QM-Sgt. and Mrs. Clyde Long during the latter part of June.

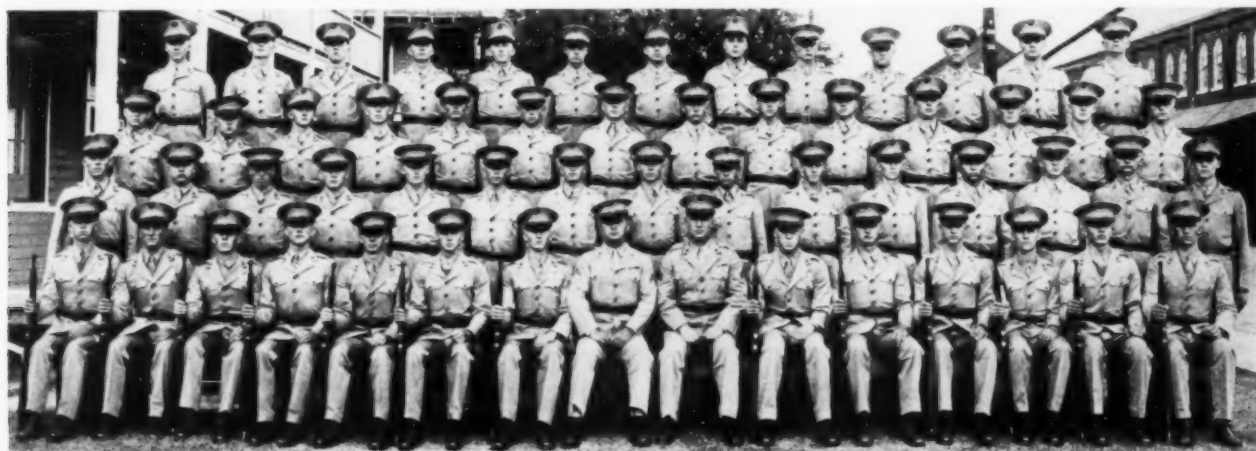
A recruit who recently reported to the Recruit Depot for instruction, turned over his unused Pullman request for a berth from Doswell, Virginia, to Lanes, South Carolina. In the Post Quartermaster's of-

fice he was told that he must make a statement as to the reason he did not use the request. He sat down, studied a while, and wrote "The reason I did not use the Pullman request is that I found such pleasant feminine companionship in the day coach that I did not desire to leave that coach to go to the Pullman." That is the good old Southern hospitality on wheels in the wee small hours of the morning.

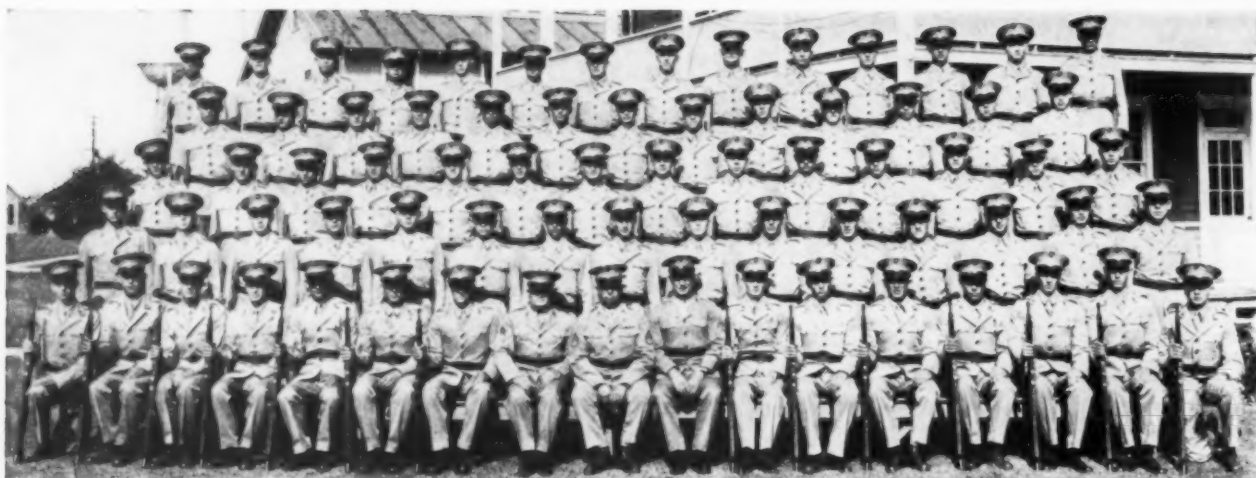
A story is told of a certain corporal in the Recruit Depot who is quite a psychologist. At the bayonet course there is a signboard on which is painted in large letters "A BAYONET FIGHTER KILLS OR GETS KILLED." The corporal would march his platoon up to the signboard, command "Squads Right, Platoon Halt, Stand at Ease." He would leave them standing there facing the signboard while he went around behind the platoon and jimmied around with the dummies. He would stay behind the platoon for about five minutes, then have them fall out and practice their strokes on the dummies. The five minutes facing that signboard provided a wonderful inspiration.

The Gold Dust Twins, PM-Sgt. Adial P. Greer and Staff-Sgt. Lawrence A. Theodore, were transferred to Navy Yard, Washington, D. C., and Navy Yard, New York, N. Y., respectively. At a meeting of the Board of Governors of the Non-Commissioned and Petty Officers' Club, Cpl. William T. Grimes was selected to relieve Theodore as the Secretary-Treasurer.

The Sales Room of the Club has been taken over by the Post Exchange. The new steward, Sergeant Frucci, has been appointed by the Post Exchange Officer. His two assistants are Privates Akerly and Adkins. The Club's truck will continue to make deliveries to Club members, but no *hay credito*.



Platoon 9, Parris Island. Instructed by Sergeant Swearingen and Corporal Coen



Platoon 11, Parris Island. Instructed by Platoon Sergeant Gordon, Sergeant Mayson and Sergeant Watson

Among the recent arrivals at the post are Staff-Sgt. John T. Lawrence from Norfolk, who has been assigned to duty in the Post Paymaster's office, and Sgt. Tom Glenn, who has been assigned to the Purchase and Finance office. Glenn joined from Recruiting District of New Orleans.

Here is bad news for all Marines who have served in the Post Quartermaster's office at this post at any time during the past fifteen years. We regret to report the death of Jake Simmons, the colored janitor. He was afflicted with paralysis on June 19th and died on July 3rd. All the Quartermaster gang will miss old Jake. They never tired of playing some prank on him, anything from putting wet sponges in his pocket to having him sit in an electrically charged chair. Every time he would put his cleaning gear in the closet under the stairway, someone would switch out the lights on him. That was life to Jake. He was not happy unless someone was pestering him. An old favorite trick of Jake's was to walk around the office picking up paper, pins, etc. Finally he would pick up a clerk's foot and try to put it in the waste basket. When the irate clerk would kick at him, he would grab the basket and run out of the office moaning "Confoun-n-d you, Mahn." Poor Jake, he has gone never to return, and there is no other who can quite take his place. Though his skin was black, his soul was white, and we know that he is not being tormented now as he was in the past.

The Post Exchange recently opened a Beer Garden in the front part of the Bowling Alley. There are several tables, a long bar and a nickel phonograph. Draught beer is sold. Cpl. "Pop" Moore is the steward.

SEEN AND HEARD: We have heard that "Silent" Adams, the clerk who writes the commissary slips, has a bad case of lock jaw. Platoon-Sgt. Freddie Osborn lost six points in the off-hand position, yet finished the annual qualification rifle course with a score of 340. The Kingfish should be able to use him. The theme song of the Shipping and Receiving Section is "When I take my Salt to Peper." The tide still comes in and goes out. Sgt. Charlie Swearingen is the new Fire Chief. O-o-o-h.



"H" COMPANY NEWS FROM THE 2D BATTALION

By Adams

Due to the fact that we sent in our Company news to *THE LEATHERNECK* before we could make mention of it, we take our greatest pleasure now in welcoming to this company and all our readers—2nd Lts. Dwight M. Cheever and Herman Nickerson, Jr. As you both have just arrived out here in "Old Cathay" for probably your first time, we know you are going to enjoy every minute of your tour of duty out here with us because you've been assigned to the biggest and best Company in the 4th Marines. This Company has had some mighty fine officers in it since it originated in '32 and while we've regretted many times in seeing some of them leave here for the States and other places, you can believe us, when we say that we'll all be in there pitching for you to the man to help you enjoy and remember this as the finest tour you'll ever enjoy at any time.

While we are on the subject of these young and mighty fine officers, I'd like to mention that within a couple of weeks after he arrived here, Lieutenant Nickerson went out for the International Track Matches and proceeded to give the Chinese athletes, press and others interested, a lesson in javelin throwing. He only heaved the spear 175 feet, but it was enough to start a lot of "Walla Wallowing" because it was only a foot or so away from the Chinese record. Keep it up, Lieutenant, we'll be out to see you break the record next time, and not only that, but it's a good stimulus for the rest of us to go out to these track meets and help the Fighting Fourth along.

While our thoughts are racing round and round and going from here to there and back again in trying to find some dope to write about, there seems to be a radio up

in the sergeants quarters playing tunes that make one wish he were back in good old "Megwa," and how can a fella write when he's thinkin' of home?

But to get back to our notes again—let's see what we can find. On the 19th of May, our annual Admirals' Inspection was held in the Regiment. Admiral Murfin the C-in-C of the Asiatics, was very highly pleased with everything down here in the 2d Battalion, for we weren't taking any chances on anything less and we tidied everything up in tip top shape, including ourselves.

Baseball practice is now in full swing and while we miss several of last year's stars, we are confident that the 2d Battalion will field just as good a team as they did last year. Of course we haven't old "Cy Young" or little Walker this year, but—neither have the Yankees "Babe Ruth" anymore, either.

Last payday our Battalion Commander, Lt. Col. Seabee, tried to catch us unawares, by giving everybody just 30 minutes to get his equipment together and roll a heavy marching order and fall out in ranks with it (and you old timers who have been out here know how those darn room boys put your stuff where you can't find it at such a time). Well, sir, we fooled the Colonel this time. Everybody got his heavy rolled and was lined up in ranks for inspection in 25 minutes. Not bad for Asiatic soldiers!

The latest and best rumor that we have heard out here at the present time—that 530 men are coming out to replace us from the States on the next boat (Ooh if only that were true).

At last one of the many operatives in the Company got the dope on Pat Patterson, the 1st platoon's section leader. Seems that every time Pat went out on a weekend liberty, no one could ever trail him farther than the 2d Battalion Club, but

last week he slipped a little and one of the operatives at last had the dope on Pat; and when he came in Sunday and was told where he had been and what he had done, was his face "red"! Just ask him.

Last month we said we'd pay the "Top" that extra money on the payroll for qualification and darned if he didn't go out and shoot himself right into the money. And now with our turn coming up to shoot the range, it's got us to worrying whether we'll make the grade or not, because if not, this will lose us a lot of "face."

The most conspicuous sight when "H" Company parades—Lou Diamond bringing up the rear of his howitzer platoon (like a shepherd guarding his flock).

"H" Company peculiarities — Private First Class Berlin still limping. Huppert winning another cup at the Shanghai Rifle Association meet. Private First Class Spence emitting Tarzan-like howls every morn at reveille. Sergeant (Terrible) Terry still collecting his payday contributions from all the "easy boys." Private First Class Musgrove still winning at Hai Alai as usual. Pfc. "Hoss" Carew's high forehead? John Hackett and Jake Langley's "Suthin'" talk, suh. The First Sergeant and this writer continually buying baseball pool tickets and losing out every week by one run.

This company recently finished firing the landscape targets of indirect fire, for the first time in Shanghai. The results were much better than every one expected. Now the next thing coming up is that famous old "singsong"—tap, turn, and fire. For the 1,000-inch range target practice.

And so for the time being we'll close this little parable; I personally think that more of you people back in the States are missing out on a whole lot by not being out here with us. Just think, we have a Regimental dance coming up at the Paramount Ballroom, the finest in Shanghai, in honor of the new men who recently came out here. And wouldn't you also like to be out here where the liberty call goes at 1200 daily

and you don't have to come back until 5.30 the next morn, and while you are on liberty you've got the opportunity of not only winning yourself a lot of money at Hai Alai, the dog races, or go to the several clubs that we have for enlisted men, and there's also sights and trips to be seen and taken that words can't speak and pictures don't show. So c'mon, you'se guys back there, maybe-so you chop chop and put in for a transfer to the 4th Marines, Shanghai, eh? For more information write us at this address.

GENERAL BEAUMONT'S FAREWELL

Since July 11, 1933, General Beaumont has been in command of the Fourth Marines, Shanghai, China. On Wednesday, May 6, 1936, he was relieved of his duties with that organization by Col. Charles F. B. Price.

The personnel of the Fourth has lost a fine commander and a capable soldier and each man realizes and appreciates the fact.

General Beaumont in his farewell message said: "Not having had an opportunity to address the Regiment before my separation, I take this means to convey my farewell, and my very sincere best wishes for the future to one and all. I shall carry away a very deep appreciation for the magnificent cooperation and loyalty which every one in the Regiment has given me during my term of office. I could not possibly have had a finer command, since those composing it were of the highest type of manhood."

No regimental parade marked the turning over of the command but General Beaumont's feelings were amply expressed in the foregoing words and if we were to quote from the expressions of the men they would be found equally sincere.

General Beaumont has been assigned duty as Assistant to the Major General Commandant, Marine Corps Headquarters.



BRIG. GEN. JOHN C. BEAUMONT

Assigned duty as Assistant to the Major General Commandant, U. S. Marine Corps Headquarters

COLONEL J. C. BEAUMONT, PROMOTED TO BRIGADIER GENERAL, LEAVES SHANGHAI

ONE of the most colorful military formations ever held in Shanghai marked the official farewell of Col. John C. Beaumont on Friday morning, May 8th, 1936, at 10:30 a. m. Guards of honor from all foreign military units stationed in Shanghai and a detachment from the Shanghai Volunteer Corps stood at attention on the Bund foreshore for the occasion. Foreign military units represented by guards of honor were the Lancashire Fusiliers, the Japanese Naval Landing Party,

the French Infantry, the Russian Regiment of the Shanghai Volunteer Corps, and of course the Fourth U. S. Marines. A large number of officers from the various detachments as well as many prominent civilians turned out to bid farewell to the retiring Commanding Officer of the Fourth Marines, thus attesting to Colonel Beaumont's popularity in official and civilian circles.

Salutes were exchanged between the various officers and Colonel Beaumont be-

fore he bid farewell to his own officers and his many other friends. Accompanied by Capt. Ronald A. Boone, Colonel Beaumont then inspected the various guards of honor.

Added significance was lent to the occasion by the fact that upon the following day, Saturday, May 9th, upon departing from Shanghai, Colonel Beaumont assumed the rank of Brigadier General.

Returning to the United States via Siberia and Europe to London, and by steamship to the United States, Brig. Gen. John C. Beaumont leaves behind an enviable record as Fourth Marine Commander since July 11, 1933. During his tour of duty in Shanghai he always maintained a close cooperation with local civil and military organizations. He kept his men always well trained and fit for any emergency that might have arisen. He encouraged sports of all types, and during



General Beaumont Successively Inspects Guards of Honor of the Fourth Marines; Lancashire Fusiliers; Japanese Naval Landing Party; Shanghai Volunteer Corps; and French Colonials



H Company Firing the Landscape Target

his tour the Fourth Marines had an excellent record in local athletic circles.

It is unanimously felt that the Fourth Marines are losing an excellent Command-

ing Officer and his former command wish Brigadier General Beaumont success and happiness in his future Marine Corps assignments.



MARINE BARRACKS, NORFOLK NAVY YARD

Portsmouth, Virginia

"Both Barrels" by Dunning

The question of the month is not "Who killed Cock Robin?" but who missed that stork?—! that guy . . . and I can't even make sharpshooter on the other range. Opportunity may knock but once, and the postman always rings twice, but that old stork bird don't even stop for tea. In case you haven't tumbled to what this is all about, it's papa is busy washing "triangles" for baby (girl) number two. Oi! am I feeling low! P. S. Please don't insult me by sending money . . . just bring over a barrel of beer.

The Portsmouth belles are all a-twitter over their new Marine friends. The boys now go ashore all decked out in full dress tux, no less. The lowly polo shirt has been relegated to the ash heap (I had to buy another shirt). Suspenders in full bloom are also taboo. Necks will be harnessed with collar and ascot—trust a Marine to get that. Miss Florence Flossyface will issue monthly sartorial bulletins on What the Well Dressed Marine Will Wear. If you are summering at Quantico there's a tricky little outfit consisting of a white dinner jacket fitted smartly over hip boots that will get you by in the smartest circles, whilst if you are so unfortunate as to

be penned in Portsmouth, N. H., for the year, there's a ducky zebra striped suit of woolfed lambskin that will just tickle the warden silly. Use only the loveliest lux for your dainties, mcn.

F-L-A-S-H! Townsend wins Parade Ground Open! Followed by a cheering gallery of clam-mouthed fans, little Herbie swept down the course with the zest of a Sarazen climaxing a splendid game with an Owl on the 18th hole. An Owl in golf parlance is when the golfer stays out all night digging out of a sandtrap. Nevertheless, Dauntless Herbert broke a thousand just as dawn was breaking in the east. Jimmie Dill created a pretty pickle by taking second place, while Wilcox, of the Radio Station, blew in third. Like the good sport he is, Townsend liquidated his prize and we all drank Gordon's Dry. Dill and Wilcox furnished the lemons. At first they thought they had a dozen and a half of golf balls, but upon submitting them to the squeeze test they soon realized their mistake (pardon me a moment whilst I put in for an "Own Convenience").

Shortly before the big fireworks of the Fourth, Cpl. Gilbert Shelton threw an acy-ducy at Quantico by shooting a 314. Shelton was knocking the old bull's-eye to blindness until along about the 500-yd. range when he began shooting the bull in general and lost out on first prize.

Pfc. Herman Hudson came through with a neat 320, followed by Private Spinney of the Fire Department, who shot 309 and a few grasshoppers.

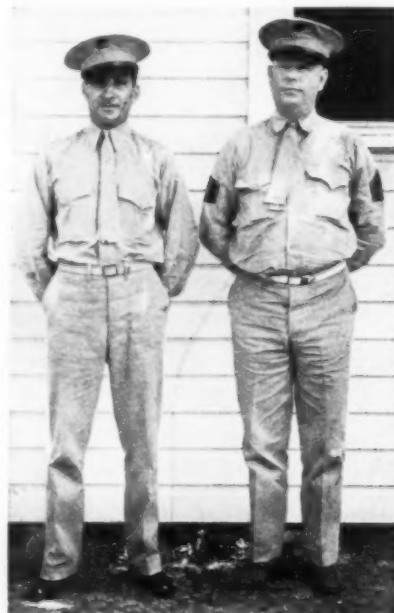
The promotion market took a sudden jump and four of our master chefs awoke to find their stock soaring. Private First Class Murray advanced to chief cook, and Privates First Class Elliott, Knight and Clark are busily searching around for field cook chevrons. Congratulations to all, and how's to put a bit more milk in the coffee, matey?

Time passes and the world moves on, including Cpls. "Jeep" Carter, Smoky Joe Stein, Kuthroat Kelliher, Kitty Catt, and old stuttering Phil Phillips, who are now paddling around the Potomac at Quantico. Seems like they always pick on the good fellows when it comes house cleaning time.

Most of our "Vets" are wearing smiles plus with a few exceptions who are beginning to wonder whether they were in a war or their imagination just ran away with them. Insurance Broker Cornette and Hit 'em this way Bruno are desperately working on Freddy Grafrieds hair whilst he seeks vainly for his Baby Bonds. Gabriel Rosback is tooting his trumpet like a bull elephant and throws a fit every time someone mentions bonds.

Words that bring madness . . . "Your claim is now being adjuticated." Take it easy, boys. There's a nifty redhead pestering me for an introduction to First Sergeant Gorman. What a whale of a difference a few bonds make, eh Eddie?

Cpl. Bill Hogan has taken out the new MCI course in car stripping and assembly. Hogan, looking like Jack Johnson, crawled out from beneath his Plymouth, which was parked alongside a bit white truck, and began searching for his manual. It seems that when he had tightened the last nut he had five fenders, three radiator caps and a model T Ford left over. Hogan blames it all on Hoover and swears he'll vote for Lemke in the coming election.



BOWLING CHAMPS

Winners of the Bowling Competitions (Duck Pins) for the year 1936, at the U. S. Naval Air Station, Pensacola, Fla. PM-Sgt. John G. Weatherford and Pvt. William J. Oelschlager

Speaking of cars, there's an antiquated Buick sedan parked in my back yard that has me puzzled. Private First Class Reese and about nine other guys take turns coming in after it, but so far I haven't been able to discover the body. The landlady threatens to auction it off for storage.

Well, boys, it begins to look like the last one got me. I'm losing my grip. Oh, why didn't my mother-in-law listen to Margaret Sanger?

And now if I can pass this by the eagle eye of the skipper, I may get out of the brig in time to write next month's column. That is, if I don't have a breakdown from pacing the deck with the kid and patrolling Seventh St. gate in between times. So long.

CHARLESTON, S. C., MARINES CELEBRATE THE FOURTH

Charleston, S. C.—Independence Day was celebrated in a grand way at this post with field meets in the morning, an elaborate buffet dinner for guests, and a baseball game in the afternoon between the non-commissioned officers and the privates, and topping everything for the day a swell dance was held at the barracks, that night. Guests of honor were Marines from H.M.S. York, which was tied up in down town Charleston during the day.

Although heavy showers prevented the baseball game from being played in the afternoon, the sun shone all morning long and a very large crowd witnessed the field meets in the morning. Private First Class Harris scooped up most of the prizes, with Corporal Murray taking the next best share. Some of the results follow:

Four-man Relay, won by Corporal Murray, Private First Class Harris, Private First Class Pierce and Private Walker.

High Jump, Corporal Murray and Private First Class Harris tied at 5 feet 4 inches.

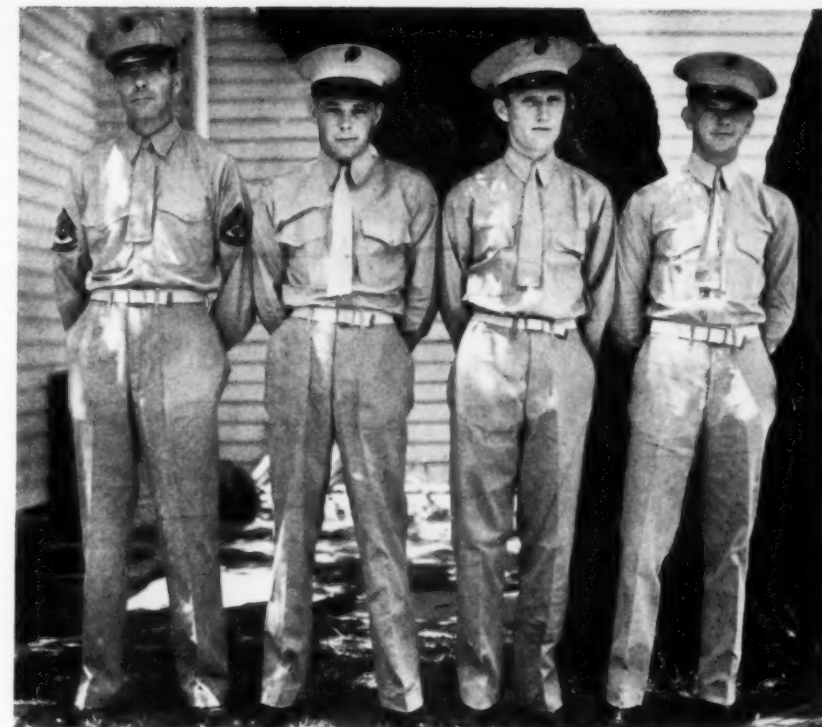
Broad Jump, Private Walker winner.

Hammer Throw, won by Private First Class Cashwell.

Three-legged Race, won by Corporal Murray and Private First Class Harris.

Baseball Throw, won by Private First Class Porterfield.

In the afternoon no regrets were voiced



TENNIS CHAMPS

Winners of the tennis competitions for the year 1936, at the U. S. Naval Air Station, Pensacola, Florida. Left to right: 1st Sgt. Robert G. Crawford, Pvs. Cecil H. Kingry, William F. Purcell and Robert J. Howard.

over the canceling of the baseball game as everyone repaired to the arcade around the old barracks where the Post Exchange was putting out the refreshments. The British Marines particularly enjoyed this. Each of them was surrounded by a bunch of Charleston Marines who made sure nothing was omitted and who plentifully plied the British with chow and beer.

The dance that night was the big success of the day and many guests expressed themselves as having attended the best dance ever put on in Charleston. First Sergeant Jackson and Sergeant Novatney

rate much credit for their efforts in arranging this dance.

The USS. *Charleston* is being commissioned on July 8th and the Marine Detachment is being organized at this post. Lieutenant Stage will be CO, and Sergeant Rogers, recently from the Marine Barracks at Washington, will be the big noise aboard her. Sergeant Coates will certainly miss Rogers when he shoves off because then he won't have anyone to agree with him as convincingly as Rogers does. Coates thinks Rogers talks too much though.

Platoon Sergeant Cote is resting during a 90-day leave after the strenuous effects of his last promotion. He won't admit it but it has been reported that he is on the lookout for a cook, clothes mender and washwoman, who won't mind transports, tropics and other Marines. Watch out, Cote, Corporal Adams and Private Zang are having a tough time overcoming the effects of their recent additions to their families.

With the recent additions of Lt. Col. M. E. Shearer and Capt. D. Spicer to this post the baseball squad is fortunate in getting the able advice and experiences of these baseball-minded officers. Captain Spicer is now coaching the team and the outlook looks promising.

Promotions in the mess branch have added to the pay of Chief Cook Coveney and Field Cook Sharp. These men with the help of Assistant Cook Stewart and Private First Class Kessler are endeavoring to outdo themselves as to the quality and quantity of the chow being put out here. Mess Corporal Hemingway is Chief Maestro in the mess hall and much of the credit for the smooth functioning of the mess here is due to his efforts (but who likes beans, Bill?).



U. S. Navy Official Photograph

Maj. L. Passmore, right, Commanding Officer, Marine Barracks, Naval Air Station, Pensacola, Florida, receiving the Commandant's Cup, won by the Marines for the year 1936 in athletic competitions at the Naval Air Station.

PENSACOLA SAND CRABS

By Slim Sutton

Once more Marines are victorious. Upholding the name of "fighting Marines," the members of the Marine Barracks athletic squad have captured the Commandant's Cup for the athletic competition of the U. S. Naval Air Station at Pensacola, Florida, for the year 1936.

A most exciting time was had by all hands at the Inter-Squadron Swimming and Diving Competition held at Bay View Park on 6 June. We fought a good fight but came in third. However, our score was high enough in other competitions that it didn't matter anyway.

The spirit of all members of the command was with every competition but there are those who really deserve special mention. First our commanding officer, who made it possible for men to be available for anything they wished to participate in, and for his splendid encouragement and backing in every game and meet staged. We owe our deepest appreciation and gratitude to Major Passmore. The swimming team, wonderfully coached by Pfc. James F. Nash; the hero of the team being Pvt. Frederick N. Bracken; other members of the team were Pvts. Robert J. Howard, Harry J. Brickner (of flight class 90), Charles F. Beek, Billie C. McNeese, Leslie D. McCants, Emmett L. Burdge and Samuel McC. Selden. Pvt. William J. Hamilton was our representative in the Fancy Spring Board Diving Competition.

Our tennis squad was led to victory by an overwhelming majority by 1st Sgt. Robert G. Crawford. Members of the squad were: Pvts. Robert J. Howard, William F. Purcell, Talmadge L. Wilder, and Cecil H. Kingry.

PM-Sgt. John G. Weatherford and Pvt. William J. Oelschlager tied Squadron Four in bowling (duck pins). In the final roll off for individual medals they won by a very few pins.

Sergeant Stainbrook, Corporal Shoemak-

er and Private First Class Gartrell managed to tie Squadron One and Three for second in pitching horse shoes. Last but not least the soft ball team. The most faithful members were Platoon Sergeant Neider and Trumpeter Neuman. For the majority of the games the pitchers' box was occupied very efficiently by Neider, McCoy, and Bracken. Denmark caught 'em all.

After Commandant's Inspection on Saturday, 27 June, and the presentation of the cup by the commandant, all hands swarmed into the Post Exchange where the beer was flowing freely. The party lasted until noon. Nobody was hurt.

Pfc. Charles Shy and Jack Lawhon are now proud possessors of brand new ranks in the mess branch. Shy was promoted to Chief Cook and Lawhon to Field Cook. Pvt. Frederick Kitchener was promoted to Assistant Cook.

MARINE CORPS INSTITUTE

By Harold E. Tipton

The individuality of originality is not to be contested, so I shall not begin, as so many of my contemporary contributors do, by making a wise crack or informing any who might condescend to read this column of how I was imposed upon and implored to write that which I knew the personnel of the MCI wished to keep out of print.

At the time of this writing, the Second Platoon of the MCI maintains undisputed lead of the post softball league, having played and won five games. Outstanding among the players on this team are David Dingwall, Francis Thompson, Paul Phinney, Paul Taylor, Mike Fike, Jack Williamson, Fritz Erlandson, John Thornton, Jimmy Clark, and Arthur Jackson. However, between Johnny Ahern's umpiring and my score keeping, this league title is a toss up among all teams represented.

The French desk of the "Foreign Department" has a new face now, and Wilfred Vienneau has gone to the Registrar's Office in the capacity of clerk. Cpl. George

Sauvé has taken over the duties of French Instructor, and the corner housing the "League of Nations" carries on.

Two well known men were discharged from the Institute detachment this month. Stewart B. O'Neill is no longer connected with the "Department of Broken English," and Roy Robinton will be missed in the School of Mathematics. Their discharges objected to their re-enlistment because they were commissioned with the rank of Second Lieutenants.

Lieutenant Robinton will be remembered by many who came through Parris Island during 1933 and 1934—supply sergeant in the Recruit Area, drill instructor, and Island Patrol.

The entire command joins in a sincere welcome to our new Executive Officer, Lt. Col. LeRoy P. Hunt, who joined recently from Marine Barracks, Quantico. Colonel Hunt comes to us well recommended by those who have served under him before. Already we have found him to be affable and congenial and we know that his tour of duty here will be mutually pleasant.

July the Fourth has gone down in history as the day commemorating the signing of our Declaration of Independence, and July the fifth may well go into the annals of MCI chronology as the day on which Fritz Erlandson wore a yellow shirt and a green tie and rode to Baltimore, Maryland, and back in a taxicab. If Erlandson was paying an election bet, he should remember that Marines have no place in politics.

By the time this reaches print Cpl. Arthur Jackson will be a much-married man. He's yours, Florence, and with the sincere compliments of the Civil Service School.

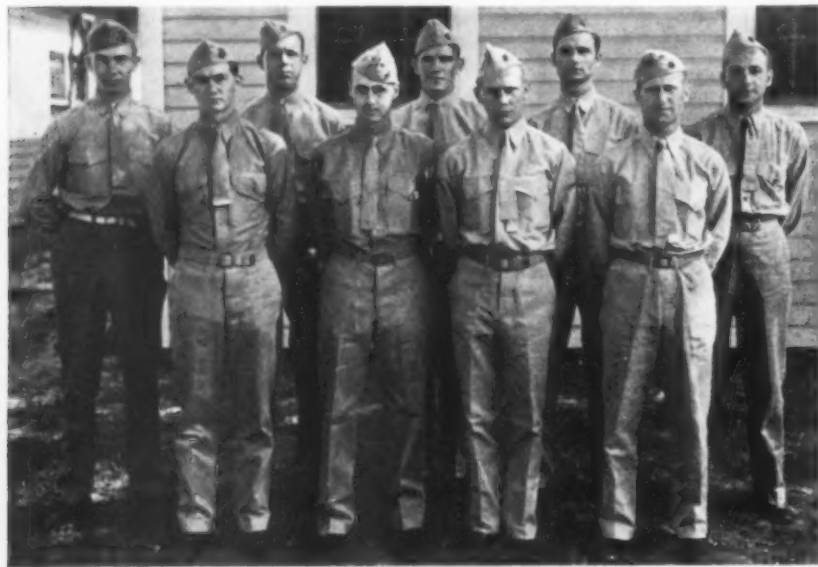
Staff Sergeant Brown is back to duty in the Industrial School now, and the Agricultural Department says that with his return corn, beans, and potatoes can begin to grow once again.

Cpl. Joseph Bryan of the School of Commerce battled his way through to the semi-finals of the post tennis tournament, defeated Sgt. Sammy Goodspeed there, and moved into the final match to take the championship from Jones of the Post Quartermaster Detachment. Jones had won his semi-final match from Sgt. Francis Thompson, and his defeat of Thompson gave him even odds when he played Bryan for the title.

In every athletic contest there is either a dark horse or a moral victor, and Thompson holds the distinction for having been both of these in the tennis tournament. He was not given the berth of a seeded player, and when he defeated both Sergeant Piscacek and Lieutenant Robinton, seeded players, and considering that Piscacek had beaten another seeded man, Corporal Doble, Thompson certainly deserves mention for having been more than an "also ran."

It may have been her seeing Bryan in action in his match with Jones which decided her, or she may have wanted a partnership in the tennis racket which went to the title winner, but Joe Bryan stepped from one fray into another when he took a bride unto himself shortly after the tournament. Just now, bride, racket, and Bryan are honeymooning over in Baltimore. No, Erlandson, they didn't go by taxicab; Bryan is only a "forty-two-dollar-per-month admiral," and he shouldn't be in the haste to make the trip that you were.

At one of our recent Sunset Parades, Lt. Col. Francis T. Evans was called forth to be decorated with the Distinguished Flying Cross. This singular honor was pre-



FUTURE AVIATORS???

Members of Flight Class 90 of the Naval Air Station, Pensacola, Florida. Front row, left to right: Pvt. Harry J. Brickner, Pfc. Kenneth R. McCoy, Pfc. Cleo S. Bowers, Pvt. William J. Hamilton. Back row, left to right: Pvt. John T. Peek, Pvt. John R. Read, Pfc. Cecil W. Schildberg, Pvt. Louis S. Juillerat and Pvt. Arthur R. Marcus.

sented to Colonel Evans for having been the first pilot to loop a seaplane.

Representative Melvin J. Maas was given the privilege of decorating Colonel Evans, and he pinned the medal on the Colonel with the following words: "Colonel, your corporal takes pleasure in decorating you." Three companies of Marines were dumbfounded. Some enquiry was necessary before we learned that Representative Maas of Minnesota was once Corporal Maas of the Marine Corps, serving under the then Capt. Francis Evans in the Azores. Two men have come a long way to meet again.

Well, last month Privates Wright and Brown, they of the hamburger fame in the Post Exchange, refused to buy copies of *THE LEATHERNECK* because they had no personal interest in it. Can they have an excuse this month; and isn't it true that everyone likes to see his name in print? Twenty-five cents each please, Brown and Wright.

Recent additions to the personnel of the Institute are Pvt. George Sunderland and Peyton Martin; and Cpl. Carl Wiggins and Sgt. Dave Reichel have been discharged and placed on a reserve status.

BARRACKS DETACHMENT BREVITIES

By C. A. Gearhart

Since the last issue of *THE LEATHERNECK*, an eagle has fallen on the shoulders of our commanding officer, Thomas S. Clarke, and he is now a full fledged colonel. We wish to take this opportunity to congratulate the colonel and to wish our commanding officer the best of luck in reaching the next grade.

Maj. Jacob M. Pearce, our Post Quartermaster, has taken over the duties as instructor of the 15th Battalion, FMCR, Galveston, Texas. From our viewpoint, the 15th Battalion is very fortunate in having the major as their instructor.

We have an excellent successor to Major Pearce in Maj. John W. Beckett, who, by the way, recently had the gold leaf pinned on his shoulder. Major Beckett joined our detachment from the USS *Idaho* and we hope our new Post Quartermaster has a pleasant tour of duty here.

Sgt. Milton B. Rogers, our all-around man, has been transferred to the USS *Charleston*. It seems that every time a fresh guy is found, he is sent sea-going to get salted down.

Pfc. George A. Hughes, our ex-truck driver, has been transferred to Headquarters, Marine Corps, for duty in the garage. Hughes got absent minded one morning and came in from liberty with bedroom slippers on.

Drummer Fassino, our basketball star and playboy of Bungalow Joe's Ballroom, has been transferred to Iona Island.

Trumpeter Dunkley, our "Heavyweight" pugilistic champ, has been transferred to the Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, Charleston, S. C.

Cpl. "Eddie" Kerns, who gave up a position as chief clerk in Sergeant Major Abbot's office to become a civilian, is now resting his feet on a desk in the Treasury



Photo by Tager

COLONEL EVANS HONORED

Col. T. S. Clarke, Commanding Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C., looks on while Representative M. J. Maas pins the Distinguished Flying Cross on Lt.-Col. Francis T. Evans. Representative Maas is a lieutenant colonel in the Marine Corps Reserve

Department while knocking down plenty of our taxpayers' dough. The political machine functioned again.

Pvt. O. R. Cox was discharged on a special order and went home to till the soil for the folks.

Pvt. L. A. White was discharged but upon seeing the empty "G. I." cans on 8th Street, came right back and now has four years to do.

Knight and Bishop are giving their "Baby Bonds" a real workout since hot weather arrived.

C. W. Keeton has recuperated from a three-week cold and is again struggling along for the Quartermaster.

Chandler is pulling his hair; is it possible since Quartermaster Sergeant Dowdle has been on furlough? The Quartermaster Office is not the only office in this post that is short handed either, believe you me.

Private First Class Jones and Private Pope are now chief cooks. Privates Adams and Creech are field cooks, and Private Bowen is an assistant cook. We are all waiting to see their new chevrons, and I am waiting for the MGC to toss in a few sets of corporal chevrons.

And the Band Went West

On June the fourth the famous United States Marine Band left Washington, D. C., for a short concert tour of the West and Southwest.

The first stop of Capt. Taylor Branson's talented musicians was Dallas, Texas, where they led the dedicatory parade through the city and into the grounds of the Texas Centennial Exposition. While in Dallas, the band gave a number of concerts in, and dedicated, the magnificent new band shell and amphitheatre built for permanent use on the centennial grounds.

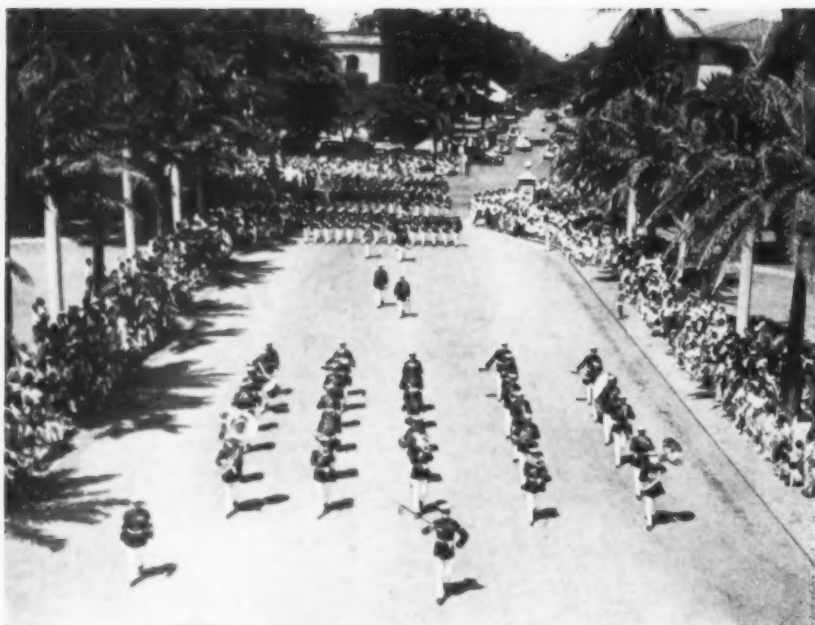
After three days in Dallas, the "magnified musics" ventured into Shreveport, Louisiana, for the convention of the Confederate Army. They opened this reunion with concerts of music commemorating the Army of the South, and while in Shreveport Captain Branson was presented an honorary commission as a Colonel in the Confederate Army.

Hot Springs, Arkansas (renowned as the home of Corporal Berry—he of *THE LEATHERNECK*), was the next stop of the tour, and here the band gave a concert in connection with the President's visit to that city. At Rock Port, Arkansas, a distinctive honor was gained by the musicians when they played for the country folk at a pastoral church which is reputed to be the oldest in the state.

Then on to Little Rock, where the Arkansas Centennial Exposition was opened, and the band played again in honor of the President, who was present on this occasion also. While here, the band was given a silver loving cup by the Lion's Club of North Little Rock. This came as a token of the city's appreciation for the concerts given, and especially for those played at the Veterans' Hospital.

After two more days of playing for the Army of the Confederacy in Shreveport, the band was back in Washington on June 18; and the parade formations, broadcasts, post outdoor and Capitol concerts have been resumed by the group of musicians who are recognized as the finest military band in the world.





Memorial Day Parade, Honolulu

Tropical Topics

IDYLLS DE GUANTANAMO

Por Hatuey

Well fellow Leathernecks, here we are again with a few words about this little spot of sunshine and coconuts. A few changes have occurred in the personnel of this station, both commissioned and enlisted since our last issue. Capt. Robert G. Hunt, our Morale Officer, left with the Rifle Team April 27th. Chief Pay Clerk David R. Porter was transferred on June 1st. They will be greatly missed by everyone here; however, our loss is someone else's gain. Chief Pay Clerk Dee relieved Mr. Porter as our Paymaster.

The rainy season is now with us and tons of water have poured on us incessantly for the past week or so. Fisherman's Point is a veritable botanical garden with hundreds of tropical plants everywhere. Many are the compliments we have received from visitors from various ships and the interior of Cuba.

The Pick and Shovel Brigade, under the able supervision of Sgt. "Simon Legree" Tillas is mainly responsible for the cleanliness and neat appearance of our Post.

GTMO SOCIETY NOTES: The Station has been treated by a series of dances during the last few months that were enjoyed by everyone. Both officers and enlisted men attend these affairs and the huge attendance is augmented by the civilians at the Cable Station and Naval Station.

Mrs. Lester S. Hamel, wife of Lieutenant Hamel, and our High Stepping private, "Cash" Brown, won the last fox trot contest. Mrs. Hamel received a handsome table lamp as prize and Brown a siphon bottle . . . Which would have been very appropriate except Brown is a "teetotaler" . . . and has no use for it except to put flowers in.

"Simon Legree" Tillas has announced that he has procured the services of Cpl.

"Tug Boat" Stowers and his banjo for all who care to sing the blues about being overworked and downtrodden, etc.

Cpl. "Museles" Wynne was a constant visitor in Caimanera last Saturday afternoon, Saturday night, Sunday afternoon and Sunday night. Also he started the week off right by going ashore Monday and Tuesday nights. We are curious as to how "Museles" can be so popular.

"Micky Mouse" Roman has been re-appointed to his old position as Chief Messman and has announced that he will be home to visitors next Tuesday night from eight to eleven in his new residence.

ATHLETICS . . . The snappy Marine baseball team, ably coached by Gy-Sgt. John Murawski, who has been an all-around athlete during his thirty-odd years in the Marine Corps, has been piling up victory after victory during the past six weeks. Baseball is the outstanding topic of conversation down here at the present time. Tennis, swimming, aqua-planing, handball, horseback riding and fishing still hold their own as popular sports among the Fisherman's Point personnel.

Well, will try to see you again next month . . . Thass all.

PEARL HARBOR NEWS

By Lay

The men who left for the rifle range at Puuloa Point on the June 13th detail are divided in opinion concerning the effect of the date on their fortune. As soon as they arrived at the range they learned that firing had been suspended and that they would become a working party for a belated spring cleaning. Many improvements are under way including the rebuilding of tent bases, painting, trimming of shrubbery, alterations in the mess hall, and so forth. Lt. W. A. Reaves, officer-in-charge, intends to have a place second to none

when compared to Oahu's many outdoor camps.

At Pearl Harbor, the police officer, Capt. W. H. Lee, and the police sergeant, W. W. Croyle, see to it that the parade ground receives plenty of water so the tract in front of the barracks is taking on the appearance of a well-kept park in spite of the daily drilling and ball playing. The resurfacing and widening of the road in front of the barracks also improves the appearance of the grounds.

The new library is finished and occupied. The librarian, Pvt. Gerald Brown, has arranged the books and reading desks so conveniently that the men may find a quiet and well-lighted place to read or study at any time. Indications are that the rate of circulation will reach an all-time high.

A face lifting operation has been performed on the east corridor offices of the Commanding Officer, Executive Officer, Sergeant-Major, and the Pay Office. The walls are now a light buff color and all woodwork is white. The corridor leading to the offices has been laid with green tile.

Cpl. C. E. Johnson has recently been placed in charge of the yard fire department. Sgt. Harlan Davis, who has had charge of the department for several months, has been transferred to the FMC Reserve. He will reside in Honolulu.

Second Lts. C. O. Bierman and C. O. Laster are ordered to the Asiatics for duty. They will leave on the *Henderson*. Pfc. H. N. McClellen, Pvt. A. J. Pennestri, and Pvt. G. E. Crowe will also leave on the *Henderson* for the Orient and Pvt. M. Saxton will be transferred to Cavite, P. I., where his brother is now stationed.

"Joe and Bill, the Dynamite Kings" is the title which has been given to Sgt. J. Kramer and Cpl. W. R. Yingling of the quartermaster office. Preparing to build a house on the road leading to Rogers Airport, Kramer and Yingling spent a day drilling holes in the rock which underlies all top soil in Hawaii. When the dynamite had been placed they made sure of a good job by placing a boulder over the sticks to hold them down. The blast broke the boulder in three pieces and sent them high in the air. Kramer immediately snapped into action and began running in circles, possibly with the idea of catching the rocks so they would not damage neighboring homes. After Kramer had escorted the rocks safely to earth he found Yingling chinning himself on the running board of an automobile. With little variation the operation was repeated three times. To date, no damage has been done and the holes for dynamite remain intact. However, Kramer says the house will be built within two months.

BOURNE FIELD

Saint Thomas, Virgin Islands

By E. R. S.

THE following promotions were made on June 1st: Merle B. Johnson, ordnanceman, and Harry Malzewski, assistant Marine Corps storeroom keeper, to Sergeant; Raymond F. Kennedy, operations and engineering clerk, and John N. Grubbs, radio operator, to Corporal; Theodore G. Rose, propeller-man, and Arnold P. Smith, adjutant and Post Exchange Officer's clerk, to Private First Class; Private First Class Rose to specialist rating third class; Pvts. Ellis P. Reid, engine mechanic; Roy M. Wise, toolroom storekeeper; Harry M. Brown, clerk, navy accounts, to specialist fourth class; Walter P. Landis, clerk, Navy Property; and William H. Sessions, carpenter, to specialist fifth class. The above ratings were awarded upon the com-

THE LEATHERNECK

pletion of competitive examinations and the men are to be congratulated for their excellent showings. Word has also been received that our present cooks would be promoted as of the first of July; Pvt. Raymond L. Thacker and Lauren O. Hartzell were promoted to Chief Cooks; Pvt. Gerald O. Lauderdale to Assistant Cook; Pvt. Edward J. Kaskin to Field Cook.

The men who were promoted gave a beach party at Smith's Bay on June 14th. There was about fifty per cent of the command present; the free beer and soft drinks certainly did taste good. I take this opportunity to congratulate each and every one of you. Some of the fellows have waited quite a number of years for their new rating. I hope your next promotion will come much sooner than the last one, Straba. There will probably be more and better beach parties if we keep getting our share of promotions. The cooks can show their appreciation by putting out some good first class *slum* for a change.

The Squadron Tennis Team, consisting of Captain Boyden, Chief Pay Clerk Phillips, Cpl. James M. Wray, Drummer Samuel W. Hare, and Pvt. Harry M. Brown and Walter P. Landis, represented us in a tennis match that was played at the local club. The results of the match were not in favor of the team, although they played hard and won a few of the matches they didn't quite win the match; maybe if they had had time for more practice they probably would have made a much better showing; here's hoping that you have better luck next time.

Several dances have been given by VO Squadron 9M in the mess hall; it was converted into a ballroom by the simple means of moving the tables, decorating the walls and pillars with huge palm branches, and placing lanterns over the lights. The music was furnished by one of the local orchestras, which was, of course, more or less tropical; a large attendance was recorded, and the dance was apparently the most successful one held yet. The Club furnished the necessary refreshments, served



Beach and Beer Party, St. Thomas, V. I.

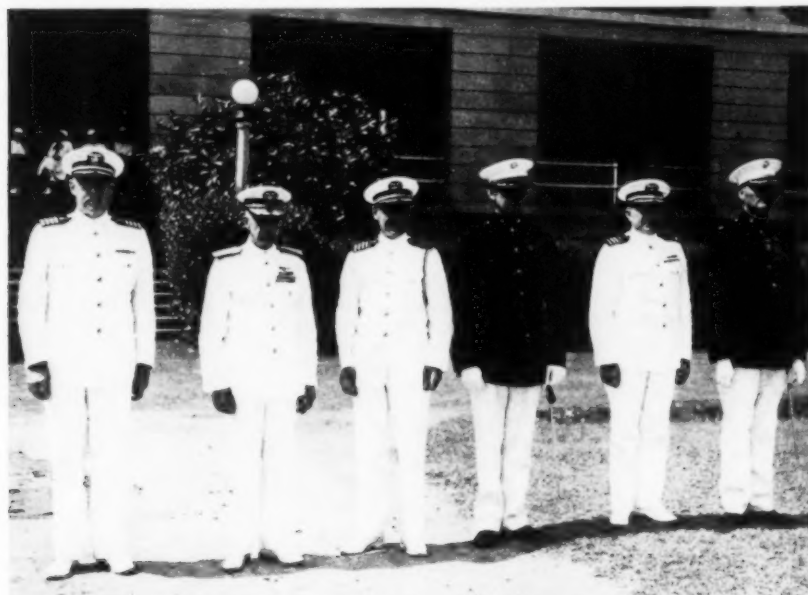
by the steward, Corporal Sherwin, and assisted by Sergeant Musachia and Corporal Kennedy. The dance committee, Quartermaster-Sergeant Hale, Sergeants Boswell and Hogue, and Private First Class Smith, left nothing undone to add to the comfort and enjoyment of those present. Another such dance was held two weeks later which was arranged by Committeemen Sergeant Hogue, Corporal Hembree and Private First Class Smith; this dance was successful also. The dances are to be run every two weeks and sponsored by the Service Club.

At a recent general meeting of the members of the Service Club the following new

officers and members of the board of governors were elected: Sgt. C. L. Haney to succeed Staff-Sgt. Arthur H. Lilly as president. Sergeant Lilly was elected president for a term of six months upon the organization of the club; he served his term very efficiently and did some very good work for the club. He is to be congratulated for his cooperation in helping the club become a success. We hope that his successor can carry on and continue where he left off. Cpl. Raymond F. Kennedy was reelected Vice President. Corporal Kennedy has also been doing some very good work for the club and I feel sure that he will continue doing so. Cpl. Henry L. Knopes, Secretary and Treasurer, was reelected for the next six months. I guess he will probably have the job as long as he is stationed in St. Thomas. That just goes to show that he must be keeping the club's funds in their proper manner. Cpl. Martin W. Berg was elected as a member of the Board of Governors to succeed Pvt. Frederick E. Grabenstein. The Board now consists of QM-Sgt. John S. Hale, Cpl. Richard J. Britten, Cpl. Eugene Braeci, Cpl. Martin W. Berg and Cpl. Philip R. Hembree. Cpl. Ralph Sherwin was relieved as Steward by Pvt. Charles W. Horton, and Pfc. Edward R. Snyder continues on as Assistant Steward. It was rumored that he was to be the new steward, but I guess his services could not be spared at this time in order for him to be relieved from his duties.

The Squadron mourned the loss of one of its privates who passed away on 25 June, 1936, at the Municipal Hospital. The man was Pvt. Joseph F. Lanyon. He enlisted in the Marine Corps on May 6, 1933, at Pittsburgh, Pa. He was born at Homer, Pa., on March 5, 1914, and his present residence was Swissvale, Pa. Private Lanyon reported in at the sick bay on June 20th, complaining that his legs were numb and they felt weak. He seemed to be all right outside of that. His condition grew worse so he was removed to the local hospital for treatment. He died at 1:50 A. M., Thursday morning, from paralysis,

(Continued on page 57)



ATTENDING THE REVIEW AND INSPECTION FOR ADMIRAL YARNELL

Left to right: Capt. R. E. Hoyt (MC), District Medical Officer; Admiral Harry E. Yarnell, Commandant, Fourteenth Naval District; Capt. D. M. Le Breton, Chief of Staff; Col. John R. Henley, Commanding Officer, Marine Barracks; Comdr. P. J. Searles (CEC), P. W. O.; Lt. Col. F. G. Patchen, AQM, Marine Barracks

Miscellany

SECOND DIVISION REUNION

Washington, D. C., July 11.—The impressive Second Division Memorial at Seventeenth Street and Constitution Avenue will be formally unveiled and dedicated Saturday afternoon, July 18 (Saisons Day). The unveiling of the \$60,000 white marble memorial, which has been almost ten months in construction, will be the climax of a division reunion which will start with the registration on Thursday and end with a banquet Friday night.

Standing more than 26 feet high, on a base 35 feet wide and 25 feet deep, the memorial shows a grasping hand with a flaming sword between two portals—signaling the flaming sword of the Second Division blocking the gateway to France. At the base of the memorial is the legend, "To Our Dead, 1917-1919."

Organized with a strength of 28,000, more than 60,000 soldiers passed through the division during the war. The division fought in the principal battles, Verdun, Chateau-Thierry, Soisson, Marbache, St. Mihiel and the Meuse-Argonne, losing 5,000 and having 19,000 wounded.

Numerous notables, including the three commanding officers of the division and members of the Diplomatic Corps, are expected to attend the dedication ceremonies. The division's three commanding officers were Maj. Gen. Omar Bundy, Maj. Gen. James G. Harbord and Maj. Gen. John A. Lejeune.

Other officers who are expected to be present include Gens. Manus McCloskey, Hugh Matthews, of the Marine Corps, and Hanson E. Ely, chairman of the memorial committee.

YE OLDE CHATTER BOX

Philadelphia, Pa.

By S. A. Adalac

Back in the columns again, mates, after a month's relapse.

No doubt, many of you read about the Democratic Convention here in Philadelphia from June 22 to 27. There was a booming time here while it lasted, and so much more booming for the Marines at the barracks who had to go to the industrial exposition and hold a formal guard mount every afternoon during this period. Just as usual, they always must have the Marines participate in all functions to make them complete.

How about "Wise Guy" Brunelli, who sports three stripes indicative of a sergeant's rank, pulling a "sandy" at the bar the day Max Schmeling and Joe Louis came to blows, when he went so far as to bet Corporal Bluemke ten dollars even money that Joe Louis would trounce Der Maxie. Of course, both had to be slightly "tanked," but says Brunelli to Bluemke when Bluemke takes him up on the bet, "Aw, shucks, Bluemke, I don't want to bet with you, the do-re-me is too easy, and besides you're a little under the weather for such a wager." You couldn't discourage that old Dutchman, Bluemke. He wanted to give old Brunelli easy money and so forced the issue. "Wise Guy" Brunelli may have had an easy money bet, but it sure wasn't in his favor after the shellacking Maxie administered to Joe.

For the information of you old timers, you may be interested to know that one of the "old salts" has recently been promoted to platoon sergeant, who happens to be none other than that veteran of Chinese escapades—Platoon Sgt. Harry T. Lucke. There is a real rough and ready gyrene for you, and a typical Marine from stem to stern if there ever was one. However, I would advise all married men to keep their distance, as he and his old confrere, Staff-Sgt. Harry "Gabbey" Brooks, sure do rile them at the mess table; morning, noon and night.

I can quite certainly state that these two hombres will prefer their life of adventure and celibacy. Not quite so bad for Lucke, but I guess it may be necessary with Brooks, who is getting old and consequently grouchy, because of the dislike and lack of companionship of the opposite sex. However, it has been rumored at the mess table that Brooks has been receiving telephone calls from some lady up North Philly. Here's luck to you, Harry!

It becomes necessary for me to make an apology to Quartermaster Sergeant Butts in this column, for erroneously stating in my last article that he had been up



Wide World Photos

Lt. Col. T. E. Thrasher, USMC, Delivers a Captain's Commission in the Marine Corps Reserve to Edmond S. Lowe

the "pole" for over a month, which should have been a year. I saw Butts recently, and he really was in fine looking shape.

The Philadelphia Marine baseball team is sure making a fine showing this season. Out of the 25 games played, they have won 20; lost 4 and tied 1. Their four setbacks were registered by the Board of Education of Philadelphia, whom they later trounced thrice in a row, Penn. A. C. of Philadelphia, Pine Poynt A. C. of New Jersey and the other to the sailors of the Cuban ship *Columbia*, which was here in connection with the Dewey Day ceremonies on that date.

The most interesting games played yet were with the Penn. A. C. and Pine Poynt

A. C. When the Penn. A. C. played the Marines at the Yard, our commanding officer, Lt. Col. C. H. Wells, made arrangements for a Buffet Supper and beer party after the game, for the visitors and personnel of the Marine Barracks.

The Marines were the toughest competition the Penn. A. C. players stacked up against this year; and it can truthfully be stated that the Marines should have easily won by a score of 3 to 1, but for an unfortunate overthrow made to first base by the Marine catcher. As a result the Marines were defeated by a score of 4 to 3.

Much credit is due Private First Class Wysozczanski for his exceptionally good pitching throughout the game. "Ski" displayed a bit of pitching skill as good as one would ever want to witness in a service competition. It can readily be known with reserve that "Ski" is as good if not better than any pitcher in the Marine Corps today. In one of the games against the Board of Education, "Ski" pitched a no hit-no run game. Now there is an accomplishment in pitching when it comes to battling a team with the reputation of the Board of Education.

The other grand affair came off when the Commanding Officer arranged for a game with the Pine Poynt A. C. of New Jersey, which was played on their grounds on the 4th of July, before a large picnic crowd. The game was called at 10:30 in the morning, being the feature presentation of the day. The Marines were in the front in this game up until the sixth inning, when the Sea Soldiers hit a snag and let their opponents pass them, getting a total of six runs in the one inning. A double play in the sixth inning which was thwarted by the colliding of the pitcher and catcher, and a long fly to right field, which Private First Class Phillips misjudged, caused the rally for the opponents. The Marines finally wound up on the losing end, with a score of 6 to 2. Private First Class Goare pitched in this fracas, and was pitching a wonderful game till the sixth inning, holding the opponents, 1 to 0, in our favor, when the blow-up came. After that Goare was relieved by Wysozczanski, who finished the game.

After the game the Marines were taken to the Capt. Herbert G. Sparrow Post of the Veterans of Foreign Wars, where they were treated to a "chow" and thereafter were afforded the opportunity of "guzzling" beer the rest of the day. And don't think for one minute that the Sea Soldiers didn't partake of the good old ale, and how! The Marines lost the game—that's true—however, the day wasn't entirely uneventful for them as Private Mills saved the day for the Marines by winning the beer drinking championship against entries from the Army and Navy. I presume this was the most interesting event of the day, as far as bar flies were concerned. The bar being lined up at the time of the contest with nothing but "Old Salts" of bygone days. The only drawback being that there weren't any "Old Salt Shakers" there. Mills' toughest competition in winning the beer guzzling championship came from the Army veteran, Mr. James McHugh. Can the Army guzzle, and how!

Here I wish to express the Marines' appreciation to "Jim" Burke, ex-Chief Yeoman, U. S. Navy, who saw us safely to and from New Jersey and saw that we were well taken care of in every respect; to Mr. Hank Turner and Mr. Elmer Hancock, who so freely disposed of the beer;

Mr. Carl Nogle and Mrs. Carl Nogle, assisted by Raymond Bryson, for the grand "chow" they gave us; Mrs. Elmer Hancock, Miss Martha Hancock, Mrs. Anna Plank and Miss Margaret Albright, for serving us with all the "chow" we wanted; Mr. Edgar Seeley, manager of the Pine Poynt ball club, for his gracious hospitality, and to "Max" Rosenberg, who assisted throughout; we, the Marines from this Navy Yard, wish to express our greatest thanks to you all for your kindness and hospitality.

At the "chow" table Jim Burke recited a piece of poetry which was so good that I had him make me a copy of it for publication in our magazine, as follows:

THE LEATHERNECKS

There once was a time I said "Damn the Marines,"

They never does nuthin' towards earnin' their beans,

But drillin' around in a swell khaki suit, Linin' up straight when we come to salute.

They're nuthin' but battleship flatties, I said,

Just battleship flatties what's kept here an' fed,

Who never lifts hands when we scrubs or we cleans,

Yes, once upon a time, I said, "Damn the Marines."

But that was in days when I thought I was wise,

Just one of these cocky and know-it-all guys,

Before I'd been up against things as they are,

An', take it from me, I was due for a jar.

I gets it, a bunch of us sailors ashore, Are jumped on by goo-goos, a thousand

or more,

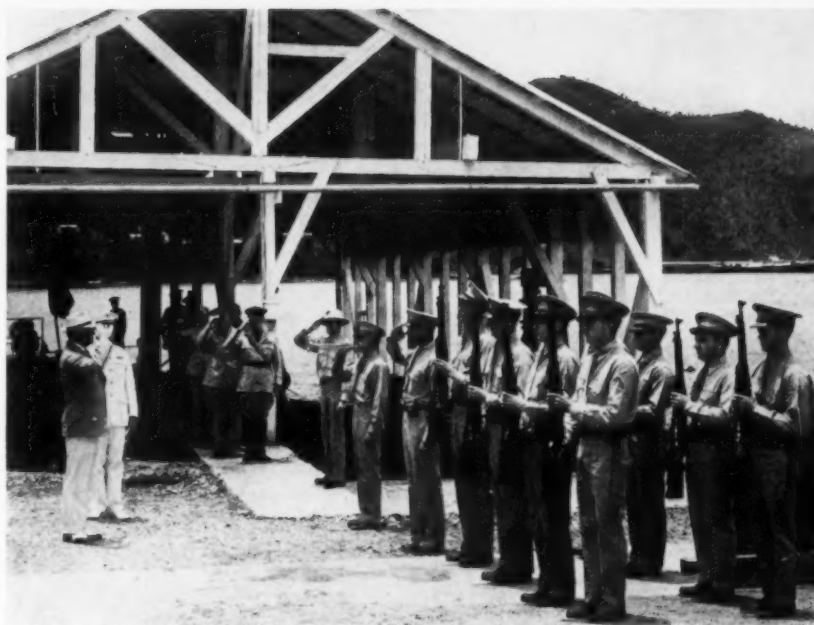
An' there in the jungle we drops to our knees,

Fights for our lives 'neath the brush an' the trees.

The outlook was bad, a lot of us drops, When all of a sudden them battleship

cops,

Comes slidin' up sudden from no one knows where,



Marine Guard of Honor Turns Out for General Andrews, USA, on His Stop at the Virgin Islands

Just takes a hand in our little affair; I see their old khaki an' say, in that fuss, It looks like the garments of angels to us,

An' the goo-goos they left that particular scene,

Me, I was kissin' a U. S. Marine.

An' that's how I learned, as I should have known then,

The U. S. Marines is some regular men; The first ones ashore, the last to come

back,

When trouble is started with white men or black.

They're first class he-fighters who uses their beans,

An' only a fool would say "Damn the Marines."

After this recital, the manager of the Pine Poynt Club made a speech, and, of course, after he finished, it took our beer guzzling champion, Mills, to call for a speech from our manager, Sergeant Carden. Unaccustomed to public speaking as Carden is, he did very well after sliding several within the belt line.

Since my last article it is noted that a change has been made in the management of the team, insofar as Sergeant Carden has relieved Sergeant Dempsey. Carden is most ably assisted by Private First Class Timmerman, the two of whom are making a great success of the team.



Part of the Team on the Firing Line

MARINE CORPS HEADQUARTERS RIFLE CLUB

The Marine Corps Headquarters Rifle Club, composed of personnel of Marine Corps Headquarters, held their first outdoor smallbore shoot of the season at the Camp Simms Rifle Range on June 27 and 28. Fifteen members of the club competed for the trophy, a .22 caliber target rifle with telescopic sights, presented for this competition by Chief Marine Gunner Theodore G. Laitsch, USMC, the club executive officer.

The course of fire consisting of 10 shots, standing, at 50 yards; 10 shots, kneeling, at 50 yards; 20 shots, prone, at 50 yards, and 20 shots, prone, at 100 yards.

Sgt. Maj. William T. Ramberg finished high man with a score of 544; Sgt. Roy C. Allen, second, with 540, and Mr. Arthur G. Hamilton, third, with 536. The third man was awarded a shooting coat for the highest score among the members who had never won a medal in club competition.

Chief Marine Gunner Laitsch, who has long been identified with rifle shooting in the Marine Corps, presented this trophy as his contribution to the encouragement of smallbore rifle shooting at Headquarters.

SPORTS

LENKOSKI COPS LIGHT-HEAVY TITLE OF ORIENT

MARINE OUTPUNCHES ANDRE FOR DECISION

SHANGHAI, CHINA, May 12.

FRED LENKOSKI, of the Fourth Marines, punched his way to the light-heavy title here last night, taking the decision from the venerable Kid Andre.

According to Max Chaichuk of *The China Press*, "Fred Lenkoski won every one of the ten rounds.

"Crashed to the canvas for the counts of nine and eight in the third round, and stretched for further counts of eight and seven in the fourth frame, burly Kid Andre finished the fight standing, but weak and groggy—a pitiful figure of a former champion who was outfought, out-punched and outmaneuvered by a fast-stepping, clean-hitting, shadow-like boxer."

The fight was an upset. The Marine gave away twelve pounds, and was only given an outside chance.

Lenkoski was Golden Glove Champion of New York in the lightweight class some years ago, losing a close decision to Barney Ross, present welter champion of the world, in the New York-Chicago inter-city finals. He turned professional about eight months ago.

Other Marines on the same card did

right well by themselves. Lawrence Barker, 145, of the Marines, got the nod over Boris Zatz, 147.

Eubanks, of the Fourth Marines, required only three rounds in which to

knock out Joe Collaco. The Leatherneck weighed in at 135, three pounds heavier than his opponent.

Another 135-pound Marine, Magee, put away former champion of the Italian Navy, Gabbo, in the first stanza. A left uppercut floored the Italian, and despite a reputedly long count of 15 seconds, the man was unable to continue.

OLYMPIC STARS TOO FAST FOR QUANTICO NINE

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 7.

QHE Quantico Indians placed a bad second here today, when they crossed bats with the U. S. Olympic Baseball Team. The score sounded like someone giving you the time in the afternoon, 15 to 2.

The Olympic outfit, in case you haven't heard, are packing their base-hits in go-way bags and are shoving off to the Germany Games. There they will represent the United States, and demonstrate what this National Pastime is all about. Some twenty youngsters, mentored by Leslie Mann, former Major League star, are expected to make the trip. The purpose is to pave the way for Olympic baseball in 1940.

Getting back to today's debacle: The Indians started strong and pushed over a tally in the initial frame, which the Olympics evened up in their half. Neither scored in the second. In the third the Marines again took the lead, and succeeded in holding their opponents scoreless in the last half of the frame.

In the fourth the Olympics went to town, and when it was over, three runs had been registered, leaving the Indians on the short end of a 4 to 2 count.

A pair of scoreless innings went by, and the cash customers were settling down to see some baseball. Then came the seventh, generally termed "lucky"; and the Olympics turned on the heat, counting four times in that frame. Even that, it developed, proved to be only a dummy run for what was to follow. In the eighth inning, 7 Olympians crossed the plate, bringing the grand total to 15 runs. The 13-run deficit was too much for the Indians to overcome.

The Olympics pounded out 18 blows, ten of them going for extra bases. One Mr.

Fore, who cavorted in right field for the victors, seemed to specialize in two-baggers. He chalked up three hits, all doubles.

MARINES

	AB	H	O	A
Swetitsch, ss.	4	1	1	3
Hatch, rf.	4	2	1	0
Paterson, 2b.	4	1	3	2
Sanders, 1b.	4	1	9	0
Sykes, lf.	4	0	2	0
Morille, cf.	4	0	2	0
Gonesky, 3b.	3	0	1	4
Kaller, c.	3	0	5	0
Manners, p.	3	0	0	1
Hoy, p.	0	0	0	0
Totals	33	5	24	10

OLYMPICS

	AB	H	O	A
Galvin, 2b.	2	1	1	3
McNeece, 2b.	4	2	2	2
Thompson, 3b.	6	3	1	1
Hibbard, cf.	5	3	1	0
Amon, 1b.	2	0	2	0
Mallatrott, 1b.	4	1	8	0
Mumma, ss.	3	0	0	2
Wilson, ss.	5	3	0	2
Fore, rf.	5	3	1	0
Keegan, rf.	1	0	0	0
Goldberg, c.	5	1	11	0
Brittson, p.	1	0	0	0
Sayles, p.	2	0	0	2
Herringer, p.	2	1	0	0
Totals	42	18	27	12
Marines	10	10	000000	2
Olympics	100	30	047x	15

Runs—Swetitsch, Hatch, Galvin, McNeece, Thompson (2), Hibbard (3), Mallatrott, Mumma, Wilson, Fore (2), Goldberg, Herringer. Two-base hits—Goldberg, Hibbard, Wilson, Fore (3), Thompson (2). Three-base hits—Fore, McNeece.



THE WINNER AND NEW CHAMPION! Fred Lenkoski of the Fourth Marines, who now holds the light-heavy title of the Orient

SAN DIEGO SPORTS

Compiling an enviable record of 23 wins in individual matches against no losses, the 1936 edition of the Base Tennis Team captured the Singles Team Championship of the 11th Naval District on June 30th with a decisive 4-0 win over the Naval Hospital, its nearest rival for honors.

With teams from all Services entered in the tournament, the Base team, opening with a 4-0 win over Fort Rosecrans, continued its killing pace and extended its string of unbroken victories by successive wins over Fleet Air, Aircraft Two, 30th Infantry and the Naval Reserves of San Diego.

In the crucial match, with a virtual tie existing for top honors, the Marines blasted the Naval Hospital into a tie for second place with their final and most impressive 4-0 victory of the tournament.

With such veterans of Service tournaments as Lt. Presley M. Rixey, 1st Sgt. Lee Moberly, Sgts. Don Beeson and R. D. Anderson, the Marine Team is rated as a heavy favorite to cop the doubles championship.

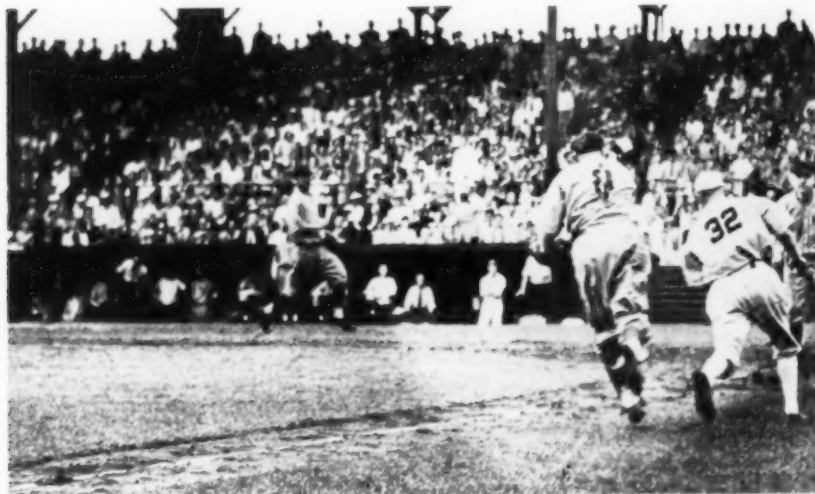
Singles competition for the 11th Naval District Championship ended on 30 June as follows:

Marines	18 points
Aircraft II	13 points
Naval Hospital	13 points
Fleet Air	9 points
30th Infantry	4 points
Fort Rosecrans	3 points

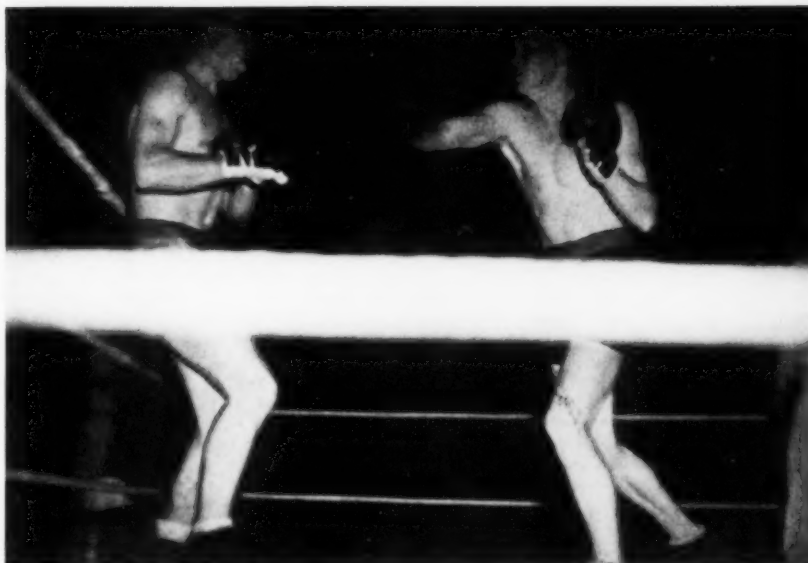
MARINE-FIREMEN BASEBALL GAME

The annual baseball game between the Baltimore Firemen and the Quantico Marines, played at Oriole Park, Baltimore, Saturday, 27 June, was won by the Firemen, 7-5. This game finds the nine-year series standing at 7-3 in favor of the Firemen.

The official delegation from the Marine Base, headed by Col. James J. Meade, First Marine Brigade Commander, and thirty-three officers and their families, was escorted by police from the city line to the Southern Hotel where a luncheon in their honor attended by Mayor Jackson and other high city officials was held. Upon conclusion of the luncheon the party proceeded to the ball park for the game.



The Cameraman Didn't Identify This Picture, So All We Can Say Is It's a Bit of Action During the Quantico Marine-Baltimore Firemen Baseball Game



One of the Bouts at the Marine Corps Base Smoker, July 2, 1936

Three hundred Marines commanded by Maj. Robert L. Montague arrived at the Pennsylvania Station at about 1:00 p. m., and immediately formed the parade which preceded the game. The parade, headed by the Marshal, consisted of the Mounted Police, Firemen, combined Band and Drum and Bugle Corps and the Marines. The parade formed at St. Paul and Lanvale Streets, taking the route of North Avenue, Calvert Street, Twenty-eighth Street, and to Oriole Park by Barclay Street.

By the time the Marines had made their grand entrance to the park, the stands were full and the game was immediately called. Henry started the pitching for the Marines with Kolar catching. Standiford, who opposed Henry in the game last year, again took the mound for the Firemen, with Baldwin catching.

The Marines made their first tally in the initial inning when Patterson scored after Saunders hit a single to centerfield. This one run held the lead until the third inning when the Firemen scored two runs after a

pair of walks and a single to center by Redmon.

No scoring was done in the fourth, but the Firemen gained a one run lead in the fifth. Henry avoided a rally in the fifth when the bases were loaded with two men out by hurling three successive strikes over the plate, putting the Firemen down without a score for the inning.

The Firemen rallied in the sixth after the first three men up made the bases. The inning ended with the Firemen getting four runs, making the score 6-3. Manners took the mound in the seventh with two men on base. The Firemen scored one run on a wild peg, this being their last score for the game. The Marines gained two runs in the ninth, but were unable to tie the Firemen.

Henry allowed 13 hits and Manners 1. Standiford, who kept the mound for the Firemen, allowed 8 hits.

PARRIS ISLAND SPORTS

By The Kingfish's Henchmen

Independence Day was celebrated on Parris Island with an all-day athletic program. The first event was a track meet at the Athletic Center at 9:00 A. M. Pvt. D. C. Welsh of Platoon 12 ran in first place in the 50-yard dash, the 100-yard dash, and was a member of the winning relay team. Second places in the 50-yard and the 100-yard dashes were won by Pvt. H. R. Ellington of Platoon 11, and Pvt. W. W. Smith of Platoon 14, respectively. The relay team representing Platoon 12, composed of Privates Welsh, Fagan, Magan and Ryan was the best of four teams entered in that event. The wheelbarrow race was won by Privates Kudla and Ellis of Platoon 12. The three-legged race prize went to Privates Morrow and Opela of Platoon 11. The judges for the track meet were 1st Lt. F. M. Reinecke and Sgt. J. H. Slusser. The starter was Sgt. V. A. McNeill.

Immediately following the track meet, the finals of the Soft Ball Tournament were played by the teams of the Recruit Depot and the Service Company. The Depot won by a score of 4 to 2. Umpires

(Continued on page 55)

The MARINE CORPS RESERVE

LARGEST RESERVE CAMP IN HISTORY HELD AT SEA GIRT, N. J., JUNE 14-28th

ASSIGNMENT OF FLEET MARINE FORCE OFFICERS AND NON-COMS AN INNOVATION AT HIGHLY SUCCESSFUL ENCAMPMENT; REVIEW FOR GENERAL WILLIAMS AND PARADE FOR GOVERNOR AMONG FEATURES

THE largest and probably the most successful Marine Corps Reserve summer camp on record was concluded at Sea Girt, N. J., Sunday, June 28th, when the last of the four battalions departed from the big parade ground and was sped on its homeward trip by Gov. Harold Hoffman of New Jersey, in a downpour of rain.

According to Maj. Melvin L. Krulwich, FMCR, camp commander, this year's camp surpassed former tours of duty here and, despite considerable rainy weather, was extremely effective in the work done by the Reservists, numbering approximately a thousand officers and men.

Definite indication of the possible mission of the Reserve in time of national emergency, and its preparation for such duty was the keynote and highspot of the encampment, and was marked by the as-

signment of more than a score of officers and non-coms sent from the Fleet Marine Force as observers, instructors and inspectors. Added to this innovation was the early visit made by the commanding officer of the Reserve, Brig. Gen. Richard P. Williams, USMC, and his address to the assembled battalions on Tuesday, June 16th. His statement that the Reserve would be expanded to nineteen battalions, and that Congress had granted every one of the requests of the Reserve in the new appropriations, was welcomed by every officer and man in the four organizations at camp.

The assembled battalions were the First and Third from New York and Brooklyn, the Fourth from New Jersey, and the Sixth from Philadelphia, commanded, respectively, by Majors George W. Bettex (1st), Bernard S. Barron (3rd), Otto Les-

sing (4th), and Edward P. Simmons (6th). The Third and Sixth Battalion bands were merged into one big camp band, and provided the music for all ceremonies and other events during the encampment under direction of 1st Sgt. Cesare B. Rotella (3rd Battalion) and 1st Sgt. William B. Crap (6th Battalion).

Assigned as observers to the various battalions, the officers from the Fleet Marine Force were: with 1st Battalion, Maj. E. F. C. Collier, USMC; with the 3rd, Major Curtis, USMC; with the 4th, Major Livingston, USMC; and with the 6th, Capt. Edward A. Fellows, USMC. Also from the regular Corps, attending the camp, were the inspector-instructors of each of the battalions, Maj. Dean Kalbfleisch, USMC (1st and 3rd Battalions); Captain Pohl, USMC, of the 4th; and Captain Cowley, USMC, with the 6th. Other regular officers included Lieutenant Colonel Hawthorne, USMC, and Majors Pearce and Anthony, USMC, who are shortly to take over their duties with other Reserve battalions in other parts of the country.

The detail of non-commissioned officers from the FMF included: Sgts. L. DeSader and J. Posick, and Cpls. S. Harney and C. Dodd, assigned to the 1st Battalion; Sgt. J. F. Powroznik and Cpls. H. L. Mitchell, E. A. Tice, W. Tarr, Jr., and H. P. Balderson assigned to the 3rd Battalion; Corporals Engesser, Errington, Griggs and McGlyn with the 4th; and Tpr. Sgt. Oscar B. Weaver (band) and Cpls. Arnold C. Berry, I. Hebert, W. O. Abnerthy and V. Grunder, assigned to the 6th Battalion. The officers and men of the Reserve welcomed these regulars and profited by the advice and instruction thus obtained, as well as by the personal friendship and association which resulted from this assignment. It was felt, too, that a good impression of what the Reserve stands for and is trying to do, was obtained by this detachment from the regular Corps, and a better understanding and fellowship engendered thereby.

A vast improvement in the respective organizations was noted by both observers and unit commanders during the encampment, and as each succeeding year passes into Reserve history, the encampments "shake down" more quickly and the routine work carries on with greater efficiency and understanding on the part of all concerned. Greater opportunity was presented for actual field combat problems, with the First and Third Battalions facing each other in combat and the Fourth and Sixth carrying out their own problem as adversaries. Several special parades and reviews were held, including the one for the Daughters of 1812 organization, which presented a medal to the outstanding man in each of the four organizations, and the parade in honor of Admiral Lackey, commanding the New York



The "Regular" Corporals Attached to the 6th Battalion, FMCR, as Instructors

State Naval Militia, who presented the State and national colors to the First Battalion, which also is the Naval Militia Marine organization. Sunday, June 21st, saw the annual "Governor's Day" when thousands visited the camp and witnessed the review and parade for Gov. Harold Hoffman of New Jersey, whose summer residence, "the little White House," is at the western end of the big parade grounds. The officers were guests of Governor Hoffman at a special buffet supper following the review and parade.

As usual, the attention to rifle range qualification took several days for each organization, and as a rule the scores were better than previous years. Range work, however, was held to a minimum in order to permit concentration on other phases of the training. Instruction in automatic weapons received more time on the schedule, as did several other phases of combat instruction. Necessary changes in the original schedule had to be made due to the inclement weather conditions on several days, but all of the periods of work were carried out.

Capt. William P. Carey, Capt. John V. D. Young, and Lt. Com. A. Jablons, MC, USNR, all of the Third Battalion, were, respectively, assigned to the posts of camp adjutant, camp quartermaster, and camp surgeon, as was the case in 1935. The range was under the direction of Capt. Chudleigh R. Long, commanding C Company of the Sixth Battalion, and Capt. Milton V. O'Connell, commanding D Company, Third Battalion, occupied his customary post of camp athletic and entertainment officer. The advance detail, preparing the camp for the arrival of the four outfits, was commanded by Captain Carey, and included Captain Young, 1st Lt. Ramon Lopez, 1st Battalion; 1st Lt. C. B. Grace, 4th Battalion; 1st Lt. J. J. Carter, 6th Battalion, and a detail of forty enlisted men from the various units.

The regular observers and instructing officers from the FMF conducted a daily officers' school at four o'clock, at which various combat subjects were discussed and explained. Each company took a turn at guard duty, and a formal guard mount and evening parade was put on by each battalion during the camp tour.

The officers and men at camp were treated to an excellent view of the zeppelin *Hindenburg*, when just about reveille on Monday, June 22nd, the huge airship circled over the camp several times at a very low altitude, en route to her landing at Lakehurst Naval Air Station. That evening several of the ship's officers visited the camp, and a large number of the Reserve and regular officers witnessed the ship's take-off at Lakehurst the following night. The daily appearance of several large army bombing and pursuit squadrons, and frequent visits by the Navy blimps, added an aerial touch to the

camp's routine. The long and arduous training schedule, handled with a will by officers and men alike, allowed little time for extra activities with the exception of a few evening parties, though the men took advantage of liberty whenever available.

Aside from the training, there was considerable social atmosphere to this encampment, each Battalion group of officers playing hosts to the other officers at camp, and a final party was given the Reserve Officers by the Fleet Marine Force observers and other regular Corps officers at Sea Girt. Year after year these summer camps assume the similarity of alumni homecoming reunions, a pleasant feature of such duty. By special arrangement effected by Major Krulwich, a half a dozen motion picture films made of the Fleet Marine Force maneuvers at Culebra Island this spring were flown from Washington to Sea Girt and shown to the assembled battalions in the post theater.

As in the past, every courtesy and co-operation was received from the New Jersey National Guard officers and men stationed at Camp Hoffman, and through their help the post theater and projector, the boxing ring and grandstand, and other facilities were put at the disposal of the Marines, with all the Guard officers displaying a personal and friendly interest in the sea soldiers' activities and training. No untoward incident marred the fifteen days' duty in any way, and the camp moved along with the smoothness and precision of clockwork, ending all too soon for virtually every officer and man present.

The final windup, on Saturday night, was featured by the annual boxing-wrestling show, arranged by Captain O'Connell, and including ten fast and exciting bouts. Following this a theatrical entertainment presented by a Federal Works Progress unit from Asbury Park was given to the men who jammed into the post theater. The health and sanitary phases of the 1936 camp were efficiently handled by the corps of Naval Reserve doctors assigned to the various organizations, and the food and general camp conditions were believed to be better than ever before in Reserve history, according to veterans of many previous encampments at Sea Girt and elsewhere.

Rifle honors were won by the Third Battalion, from Brooklyn, commanded by Maj. Bernard S. Barron, FMCR, with a battalion average of 87.1 per cent. The results of the boxing and wrestling bouts were as follows:

Cpl. Charles Wedow, wrestler, 198 pounds, C Company, 1st Battalion, defeated Cpl. John Kelly, 185-pound boxer, C Company, 1st Battalion, in mixed boxing-wrestling match.

Pvt. Gene Diamond, 157, D Company, 3rd Battalion, won decision (3 rounds)



Photo by Tager

The Jeanne Fox Weinman Medal

over Pvt. Harry Czarnecki, 165, A Company, 1st Battalion.

Pvt. George Heintz, 153-pound wrestler, C Company, 1st Battalion, defeated Pfc. John Papenmayer, 145 pounds, Company C, 3rd Battalion.

Pvt. Edward Connell, 149, B Company, 4th Battalion, scored technical K. O. in 2nd round over Pvt. Stephen ("Scotty") Peck, D Company, 3rd Battalion, 151 pounds.

Pvt. Joseph Glombiak, 148, A Company, 4th Battalion, gained 3 round decision over Pvt. M. G. Plisko, 147, B Company, 6th Battalion.

Pvt. Hyman Evanstein, 139, C Company, 1st Battalion, K. O'd Pvt. Harvey Delorm, 142, C Company, 1st Battalion, in 1 minute of 2nd round.

Pvt. J. J. Pearl, 160, wrestler, B Company, 6th Battalion, wrestled to a no decision draw with Pvt. Tom Clifford, 165, D Company, 6th Battalion.

Cpl. Thomas Giordano, 135, C Company, 4th Battalion, fought 3-round draw with Pvt. Norman Botry, 145, C Company, 1st Battalion.

Pfc. Thomas Kenny, 145, C Company, 3rd Battalion, fought no-decision bout with Pvt. Fred Schiller, 138, A Company, 4th Battalion. (Bout stopped by referee in 1:40 of 2nd round.)

Pvt. Michael Boris, 154, C Company, 3rd Battalion, scored K. O. over Pfc. Gus May, 155, D Company, 3rd Battalion, in 2:40 of first round.

The officials for the bouts were: Lt. Michael Davidowitch, B Company, 1st Battalion, referee; judges, Lt. Jack Barrett, Adjutant, 1st Battalion, and Lt. Edgar Persky, B Company, 3rd Battalion; ring assistants, Lt. H. C. White, C Com-



Third Battalion Band Back from Summer Training



Photo by Dalton

"ON NUMBER TWO, OPEN FIVE!"

Officers of the Seventh Battalion, FMCR, solve the problems of fire control, and take a fall out of "old man obliquity" at Quantico. Control of indirect artillery fire is a highly technical study, involving the use of many mechanical gadgets. The three instruments on the right are called B. C. Scopes in the profession. The thing on the left with the buffer ends is a range finder

pany, 6th Battalion, and Lt. Monroe Gill, C Company, 3rd Battalion; timers, Lt. Alfred Stuart, Headquarters, 3rd Battalion; Sgt. John Hanly, B Company, 1st Battalion; Lt. (jg) Robert Boggs, MC, USNR, attached to 1st Battalion, was medical officer. The band, under 1st Sgt. Cesare Rotalla, 3rd Battalion, played during the bouts. Governor Hoffman, attending the boxing matches, was introduced from the ring to an ovation from the assembled Marines. Rainy weather during the day cleared off in time for the outdoor show.

13TH BATTALION, FMCR

Los Angeles, California

Donald A. Morrison

Hello, San Diego! Before this goes to press this battalion with Maj. John J. Flynn in command will have sailed for the Marine Corps Base, San Diego, California, for our annual two weeks' active training duty, on the A. T. & S. F. Railway train leaving the Santa Fe Depot, Los Angeles, at 9:15 A. M., Sunday, July 5th.

We shall welcome back in our midst for active duty Capt. Owen E. Jensen and 1st Lt. Peter Altpeter, who have been ordered to duty with us from Class V. It is expected at this writing that at least 180 men and about 12 officers will attend this summer's encampment when all arrangements possible have been made for men working on WPA and other government projects get "off" for camp. We are looking forward to working and enjoying to their fullest the two weeks just ahead of us and all companies are steamed for the last lap for the Efficiency Cup.

"A" Company reports all men in the company qualified with the small bore except one and he, Graham Porter, has requested a discharge for his own convenience. We are sorry to see such a hard worker have to leave us, even if it does make the company 100 per cent qualified prior to leaving for camp. "A" Company reports a strength of 55, of which about seventy per cent camp attendance is expected. This company reports that a new office has been built at the Naval Reserve Armory, Los Angeles, for its exclusive

use and there will be no more stowing the field desk away after each drill. Ask the first sergeant how he likes that. Now if some furniture man in the battalion will only give "A" Company a typewriter desk? Trumpeter Bradshaw had to return to Class VI, WRA, for business reasons, so this company is on the lookout for a new trumpeter.

Pvt. George M. Burton returned to the Company from Class VI and immediately qualified on the .22 calibre with a score of 338, something to brag about.

"B" Company reports very near to authorized strength and 44 men going to camp. This company had a detachment of twenty men turned out for the first two opening nights of the new Tower Theatre in Pasadena, California. Very appropriately, the picture shown was "Pride of the Marines," starring Charles Bickford. The dates were June 12th and 13th.

"B" Company also reports that all men enrolled in the Basic Course at the Marine Corps Schools are meeting every Tuesday evening at the home of Corporal Linn for discussion of the lessons of that course and a social get-together after the period of discussion.

"C" Company reports a strength of 56 and about 35 men going to camp. There was one man joined from Class VI and six enlistments during the month of June.

"D" Company reports two men discharged and three men transferred to Class VI during June. The Company strength is 60, and 49 men are going to camp. In addition to the promotions reported last month we add that Pvs. Charles P. Badger and Philip J. DeMarco have been promoted to Privates First Class. Cpl. Edsel Card is sporting a new DeSoto. The vegetable business must be good. Pvt. Fred Hathaway is on the verge of committing matrimony. Good luck, the whole of "D" Company hopes that it takes.

On Friday night, June 19th, the Inglewood Post 188, American Legion, were the hosts of the Inglewood Rotary Club and Company "D," 13th Battalion, Fleet Marine Corps Reserve of that city. Addresses by Gene Lodmell, president of the

Rotary and by Capt. Horace W. Card, USMCR., company commander of "D" Company, were the highlights of meeting, which was in the nature of a send-off to "D" Company prior to leaving for training camp.

SECOND BATTALION, FMCR

Boston, Mass.

It was a rainy Sunday morning on June 14 that the Second Battalion shoved off for its two weeks' tour of duty. But rain never bothered Marines, and shortly after a good meal at the Barracks we were en-training at the North Station for Portsmouth, N. H.

Upon arrival, "A," "C" and Headquarters Companies were quartered on the second deck of the Marine Barracks, while "B" Company was bedded down in the gymnasium.

First call at 6:00 A.M. on Monday broke us out for the first of some very busy and interesting days. We operated on an eight hour schedule from 6:00 A.M. to 6:30 P.M., when the last drill period of the day was finished. Liberty was from 6:45 P.M. to 12:30 P.M., but we noticed most of the boys were in their bunks by Taps.

The first day was spent in an intensive brushing up of close and extended order and basic weapons.

Tuesday we received our annual inspection by the General Officer in Charge of Reserve. After the inspection General Williams, who was accompanied by his aide, Major Walker, gave the boys a talk. It was very interesting and we learned what is expected of the Reserve.

Wednesday, a hike involving advance guard and combat problems took the whole day. After hiking four or five miles through the beautiful Maine countryside, we came upon a large field, ideal for combat problems. Upon investigation, it was found to be owned by a former Marine who said "Go to it, boys, it's all yours."

Theoretical enemy machine guns were placed and the battle started. Three times, each time under a different leader, we attacked those machine guns. Each time we did the job a little better. Major Shannon, our genial Observer, and his assistant, Lieutenant Syms, offered constructive criticism and helpful pointers all along. It was a valuable experience, for it provided an excellent example to be referred to in future extended order drills.

Thursday we shoved off for the Rifle Range at Wakefield, Mass. The Barracks there being occupied by various service rifle teams, we were quartered in tents. And oh, how it did rain that night! The newest recruit felt like an old timer by now, so encased in ponchos, they carried on the work by the light of lanterns. Reveille at the range was at 4:45 A.M., and firing began promptly at 6:00 A.M.

"C" Company, not having had an opportunity to fire the small bore course before camp, was assigned to the butts. The shooting members of "A" and "B" Companies were divided into three relays. The Range Detachment provided nine coaches. Whether it was good coaches or good riflemen, we don't know, but we saw some excellent shooting. Lt. Ralph Margeson, VMCR, of Portsmouth, who was temporarily attached to the Battalion, came out high score.

Sunday, back in Portsmouth, we had various military competitions. After a half hour of very close competition, Pvt. J. L. Murphy, "A" Co., was declared winner of the manual of arms prize. The best squad was that led by Pfc. Patrick Murphy from "A" Co. "A" Company had

another winner in Sgt. Denzil Wallace, who won the medal offered by the Daughters of the War of 1812.

Combat problems occupied much of the time until Friday when the annual attack on Pierce's Island took place. In this problem we were assisted by three planes of VO 1 MR under command of Lieutenant Sweetser. It was great fun for the recruits and they fired their blanks with gusto. Next morning at troop, however, they wished they had not been so eager to dirty up their nice clean rifles.

Saturday, of course, being payday, was celebrated as usual, with the tearing up of chits and IOU's.

While marching from the Barracks to the R. R. Station in Portsmouth on the way home, a drunken driver sailed into the column. After barely missing the leading guide, the car stopped short and just grazed Captain Dallahan. The driver and his companion were well taken care of by Captain Dallahan, Captain Snyder, Lieutenant Orr and Sergeant Kontrim.

So ends our tour of duty for 1936.

NINTH BATTALION, FMCR

The Ninth Battalion congratulates our C. O. on his elevation to the rank of Major. Having served this unit as Captain for almost six years and having been in command of the Battalion since October, 1933, we all feel that his promotion is timely and well deserved.

As in previous years, this unit was invited to and participated in the annual G. A. R. parade on Memorial Day. It was agreed by others that we made a very representative showing. An ideal day greeted those who turned out to honor the thinning ranks of those who served so gallantly in the early 60's.

The various units have all completed the small bore firing and the majority of the men the .30 caliber. In spite of the new men the companies made good records. Those who have not completed the course will finish same at Camp Ben Fuller.

Starting July 5th and through July 19th our unit will be in active duty status at Camp Ben Fuller, Great Lakes, Illinois. Maj. Chester L. Fordney will be Camp Commander for this training period. An interesting feature of the training will be a landing problem staged in connection with the Naval Reserve.

All companies are practically up to strength and this will make for a very representative showing at Camp.

COMPANY G, FIFTH BATTALION Roanoke, Virginia

By Frank B. Parr, Jr.

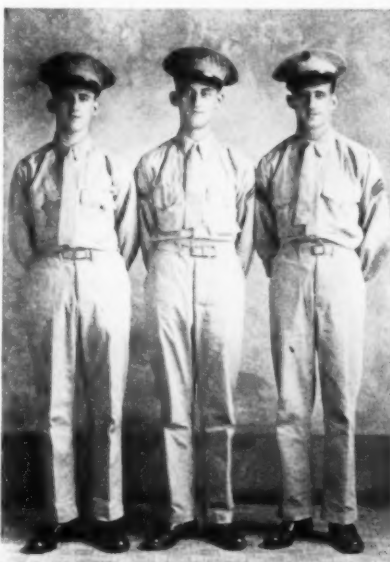
At this writing the Roanoke company has just finished celebrating its seventh birthday. Authorized by the MGC on 27 June, 1929, the company made camp on 27 July, 1929, at Marine Barracks, Quantico, Virginia, with Fleet companies from Philadelphia, New York, Toledo, St. Paul, Chicago and Washington.

The second company in the Marine Corps Reserve to be organized under the volunteer type of organization with the designation of 402nd Company, we made camp with 59 men under the command of 1st Lt. Carleton Penn (now Major Penn) with 2nd Lt. Charles B. Nerren as junior officer. Arriving at Quantico about mid-day the company was met at the station by the Post Band and marched to the old ship yard area. After a thorough physical exam the entire company was marched

to the old QM warehouse opposite the station and the work of fitting them up in uniforms began (all the men traveled to Quantico in civvies). This was quickly over under the capable management of Captain Silverthorn, USMC, and his corps of assistants.

Back in camp again and after a REAL Marine Corps supper the boys were all set to do a lot of bunk fatigue when up drives one of the old faithful FWD's and dumps off six cases of highly cosmolined Springfields, and to add to the misery, orders came around that companies would be on the line next morning at seven a.m., which necessitated scrubbing rifles until the wee hours. Well, to make a long story short, you would never have recognized the outfit fifteen days later when it shoved off for Roanoke as being the same kids who landed in civvies on the 27th of July.

Since that memorable first camp the Roanoke company has seen summer training under varied commands, in 1930 as



THE JOHNSON BOYS

Co. G, Fifth Battalion, Roanoke, Va. Left to right: Pvt. Robert D. Johnson, Cpl. Lawrence D. Johnson, and Sgt. Walter A. Johnson

Company "I," 20th Marines, in 1931 as Company "E," 23rd Marines, in 1932 as Military Police Company, 6th Reserve Brigade, and in 1934 being transferred to the 5th Battalion, FMCR, as Company "G."

Indoor range work is progressing nicely with Pfc. Clarence R. Hawks leading the field with a score of 342 of a possible 350.

Pfc. Edward G. Wood has reported for active duty with the Platoon Leaders' Class at Quantico for the next six weeks. This should put him in ideal condition for a two weeks' tour with the company at Ritchie. Elsewhere in this issue will be found a picture of the "Leatherneck Johnsons." Cpl. Lawrence D. has been with the company since its beginning, enlisting in July, 1929; Sgt. Walter A. took on in 1931, and Pvt. Robert D. signed on the dotted line in April this year.

There is still one more in the Johnson family and in the event "G" company needs a company clerk in the near future we may get him also. See you after camp.

2 MORE MEDALS OFFERED TO MEN OF 5TH BATTALION

Two more medals, the "D. A. R. Military Education Medal" and the "Veterans of Foreign Wars Best Marine Medal," are to be awarded this year for competitions in the Fifth Battalion of the Fleet Marine Reserve Corps. Maj. Harvey Miller announced this week.

One Daughters of the War of 1812 Medal will go to each Reserve Battalion in the country, there being one set aside for each outfit. The award is properly titled the "Jeanne Fox Weinman Medal," and it is presented to the outstanding man of the respective battalions whose rank is sergeant or below and who has distinguished himself in soldierly appearance, attendance at camp and armory drills, manual of arms, rifle marksmanship, progress in correspondence courses, number of men recruited and general activity in the interest of the Corps. These medals are presented to the Marine Corps by The Daughters of the War of 1812 through Mrs. Noble Newport Potts, of Washington, D. C., chairman of the Medal Committee.

Lieut. Col. W. A. McCathran, newly elected commander of the District of Columbia Department of the V. F. W., will present that organization's medal, while Mrs. Clay K. Miller, regent of the Ruth Brewster Chapter of the D. A. R., will present the second medal.

The battalion goes to camp from August 1 to August 30. Recruiting has been discontinued save for men with previous military training.

11TH BATTALION, FMCR Seattle, Washington

"Caps, garrison," is what the quartermaster calls them, but to the 11th Battalion, FMCR, they're sunburn caps.

The 11th came home from camp this year with the best—or worst—sunburn in many years.

But the training camp was an unqualified success.

The fleet reserve's "baby battalion," the 14th, of Spokane, Washington, joined the 11th at the Marine Barracks, Puget Sound Navy Yard, and Camp Wesley Harris, the Marine rifle range, for the annual training period.

Company C, of Seattle, commanded by 1st Lt. Evert F. Arnold, King County Deputy Prosecutor, was making its first camp, but the two officers and 31 men, only two of them old-timers, put on a performance that won them praise from all hands.

Company A of the 14th, organized only a few weeks before going to camp, shaped up rapidly from a bunch of civilians, each with two left feet, to a smartly turned out outfit. Commanded by 1st Lt. Lloyd Nickerson, a wartime Marine, the Spokane company is the nucleus of the battalion to be formed in the Eastern Washington city.

Our instructors from the regulars were 1st Sgt. Winfree (Lon) Chaney and Sgt. Eddie Shaft, and they did a swell job of making Marines out of the four companies.

In spite of the fact that we had only two days on the range, one to fire the "D" course for practice and then one day for record firing, the percentage of qualification was exceptionally high. But everyone agreed—even those who took a few on the lip from their trusty Spring-

fields—that they could do with a few more days on the range. The exact percentage of qualification is unknown at present.

Combat problems, known to the troops as “fighting Indians,” were more successful than ever. The four companies, formed as one battalion for the maneuvers, came through in fine style for their battalion commander, Maj. C. H. Baldwin.

In the V-ring: The smoker held at the rifle range was a honey, the best part of it being that interesting little custom of having new men run the gauntlet, belts being applied to their nether portions with great gusto . . . The most popular drinks were beer (afternoon and evening) and tomato juice (the next morning), great quantities of both being consumed. . . . Heard from an old-timer: “What’s the idea of attacking this place? We captured it in 1931, 1932, 1933, 1934, and 1935. . . .”

Sgt. Howard Atwood, Company A, 11th Battalion, was the winner of the military proficiency medal presented by the Daughters of the War of 1812. The medal was presented at a battalion parade by Mrs. A. B. Drum, wife of Colonel Drum, commanding the Marine Barracks.

And already the battalion is looking forward to next year’s camp.

That’s all for this month! See you in the September LEATHERNECK!

4TH BATTALION DOINGS

By Thomas A. Giordano

SEA GIRT—the land of Camp and the home of the 4th (for two weeks at least), where every day in every way we add to our stock of memories.

Camp Memoirs: It seemed as though rain reigned over our period at camp. Undaunted, however, the *esprit de corps* displayed by the men overshadowed the inclement weather to such an extent that rain was regarded as a minor obstacle easily hurdled.

On the morning of June 25th, bright and early, the 4th took to the road under command of Captain Venn. Over hill and dale we marched the dusty trail. Suddenly we were halted by an enemy attack. Deploying into the woods we opened fire and by brilliant maneuvering managed to envelop the enemy’s position. Thus another victory and we shuffled back to camp, tired but happy to know that we had the situation well in hand in true Marine style.

During our stay at camp we were honored with a visit by Brigadier General Williams. Prior to the review General Williams addressed the men through an amplifying system. The General outlined a brief history of the Reserves and stated that the present success is indeed gratifying. “Congress,” he said, “has appropriated sufficient funds to warrant an appreciable increase in the Reserve Corps. Our worth is at last being realized.”

Sunday, June 21st, could rightfully be dubbed as old home day. Camp Hoffman was inundated by a deluge of home-townners. The most distinguished guest of the day was Governor Hoffman of New Jersey. After inspecting and reviewing the troops the Governor’s smiling face gave evidence to the fact that he was well pleased with the aspect of the Leathernecks.

A regular Marine Corps corporal was assigned to each company at camp to aid

in field instructions. Their helpful hints aided materially in making this encampment the most educational thus far.

It is felt that this innovation would greatly facilitate armory training and sort of help to bring a closer sense of understanding between the regular Corps and the Reserves.

To Co. “B” Major Lessing presented the Lessing Trophy, awarded to the company most proficient in marksmanship. “B” managed to achieve the highest percentage of qualification ever made by a company of this battalion. Their average totaled to 91 per cent qualified, a record the other companies will find difficult to surpass. The prize of \$10.00 awarded by our congenial major for the highest individual score was captured by Pfc. R. Barr of Co. “C.” His score of 237 bears out the fact that country “hicks” are more adroit with the rifle than city slickers. Capt. F. W. McKinless, assigned to the battalion as adjutant, carried off the highest score amongst officers prize. It is hoped by all that Captain McKinless will be with us at our next encampment.

Cpl. Thos. A. Giordano was presented with the Daughters of 1812 Medal at the closing ceremonies of camp. This award will be made annually to a Reservist with the rank of sergeant or below in each battalion for military efficiency exhibited during the previous year.

As I have not received news from the various companies in time for this publication, yours truly has decided to carry over into the September issue the concluding chapter to our book of Camp memoirs.

SIXTH BATTALION, FMCR Philadelphia, Pa.

By Wm. B. Crap

The 1936 encampment at Sea Girt, N. J., is now nothing but a memory—but what a camp to remember! The 6th Battalion lived up to its promise to take a man-sized outfit to camp. It was the first time since we have trained at Sea Girt that sixty tents were required to shelter the battalion and this in addition to the “sissies” in Headquarters Company who slept in the permanent buildings erected on the camp grounds.

As for entertainment—well, we had that, too. Jupiter Pluvius met us at the station and visited us frequently during the two weeks. He treated us to everything he had from a slight shower to a heavy downpour. However, Joe Crine, Billy Dann and other permanent residents of the seaside metropolis took care to see that none of the boys developed pneumonia by dispensing the proper medicine in sufficient quantities. Only one accident marred the encampment and that was when Corporal Schelhorn was struck in the head by a baseball bat which slipped from the hands of a player. It was necessary to take the wounded man to the hospital in Philadelphia for observation.

A word of praise must be given to Corporals Hebert, Grunder, Berry and Abernathy who were sent from Quantico as instructors to the battalion. When we say they were “regular” fellows we mean to express everything good that can be said about them and the way they handled their jobs. We hope they enjoyed their stay with us as much as we enjoyed their company. Trumpeter Sergeant Weaver, from the Philadelphia Navy Yard, who acted as drum major for our band, also

deserves much credit for what he did in the way of instructing the musicians. Under the guidance of these men, we were putting on formal guard mounts, reviews and parades with a minimum of mistakes in a very short time.

A bunch of orchids must go to Sgt. Martin “Joe” Canavan, of Company “C,” for having been awarded the medal presented by the Daughters of 1812 to the enlisted man for military efficiency, drill attendance and general interest in the reserve. “Joe” is not the only man who graduated from the band and made good. One of our former “conk-horn blowers” now holds a regular berth in the Marine band at Washington.

A number of unscheduled awards were made in the non-coms’ mess hall. On this occasion the prizes were gold-bricks, nursing bottles, funnels and other miscellaneous trinkets appropriately selected for the recipients.

There is no doubt but that the battalion trained harder this year than heretofore, but correspondingly we had more fun, too. Even Sgt. “Two-speed” Price was pepped up. Formerly he was able only to operate on slow or stop, but now he has arrived at the point where he can go in reverse. Private First Class Shinn, who used to be a trumpeter, was called upon on several occasions to perform his old job. This time Shinn left no doubt in the minds of his listeners as to what he was trying to play on the bugle. After each spasm of “bungling” he loudly announced the name of the call in plain English. At that, he was not as bad as the tuba player in another outfit who tried for three days to find out what was wrong with his instrument and finally decided to dissect the horn. Upon doing so, he found a head of cabbage resting in its innards. And who was the officer on the rifle range who gave his men the command to fire without first giving them order to load?

There were so many fool recruit tricks pulled that it would take two LEATHERNECKS to mention them, but they were all funny. On one occasion an officer approached the line waiting outside a mess hall and in a fatherly way inquired of a snappy “boot,” “How’s the chow, son?” Drawing himself to his full six feet six and clicking his heels with a report that turned out the guard, the lad replied “Okey-doke, sir.” And WAS he military?

Another bright young thing inquired of his sergeant (same sergeant having three hash marks) what the costume for the field problem would be. HERR GOTT! —COSTUME! We nearly had two military funerals on our hands—one sergeant and one private.

Then there was the case of our commissary officer losing two dixies. Finally, after a fruitless search of the camp and considerable language describing in detail the ancestry and antecedents of various and sundry members of other outfits suspected of making off with them, where do you suppose they turned up? In Joe Crine’s galley, no less. Needless to say, they were recovered and our genial friend Joe will have to depend on the National Guard for his summer equipment.

And while speaking of other outfits, may we take this opportunity of stating publicly our pleasure at serving with the 1st, the 3rd and the 4th Battalions, Major Barron’s red wind-breaker to the contrary notwithstanding. They are all grand boys and we like ‘em. However, if we are any

better next year the other outfits might as well stay home unless they want to come along and observe—for they certainly cannot compete.

Before going too far, we must give oodles of credit to 1st Sgt. Carl Wilck, USMC, for his work in instructing the men how to shoot. The figures turned in showed that our battalion finished high in the scoring.

Governor Hoffman of New Jersey was a frequent visitor at battalion headquarters and had his picture taken with the battalion. He also entertained the combined bands of Philadelphia and New York at his summer residence and presented each musician with a souvenir in the form of a cigarette lighter.

Regardless of the rainy weather, it was the best camp we ever attended and ended all too soon. We are wondering whether we can surpass it in 1937. If we do, it certainly will be a WOW!

NERO'S FIDDLINGS

Co. C, 4th Bn., FMCR, Newark, N. J.

By Nicholas Nero

Zig-Zag-Zoom! Listen to the fiddle airing tunes depicting the happenings regarding the Reserves of Company C.

All minds synchronized in one joyous thought as the anxiously awaited hour struck 8:00 a. m., Sunday morning, June 14, 1936. This hour brought the smiling faces of Major Lessing, Captain Venn, Lieutenant Thornton and the enlisted men in summer field uniforms with full field equipment at Headquarters getting prepared to entrain for Sea Girt, New Jersey, to perform their annual two weeks of field training. At 9:20 a. m. the shrill of the whistling train intermingling with the shriek of the wheels as it came to a dead stop *vis-a-vis* to us almost stifled the shouts of farewell which were sending an inexpressible thrill down our spine. From the moment we stepped on the soil of Sea Girt to the time we returned home we were constantly engaged either in military training or recreation. All in all it was two weeks one will never forget. Yes, sir, the reminiscence will always linger on.

This month's first tune is one that will remain in the history of the Marine Corps Reserves forever. We sincerely congratulate Cpl. "Pa" Duffy for his promotion to the first platoon sergeant made in the Marine Corps Reserves. His promotion was just and impartial and through his observation of the adage: "Prove your worth."

We sincerely congratulate Cpl. "Baby Face" Giordano (the 4th Battalion journalist) for preventing Pvt. K. Wolfe of the 3rd Battalion, a victim of hallucinations, from trying to board a moving train while he was on guard over him. Neither he nor Private Wolfe was injured during the episode. May we also congratulate him for his success in winning the medal donated by the Daughters of the War of 1812 for military efficiency in the ranks of noncommissioned officers of the Battalion. The board's selection was extremely just. Men like the Marine Corps for this reason. They know that all men are on the same footing—there is no discrimination.

We sincerely congratulate Pfc. "Hick" Barr for his remarkable shooting and scoring the highest mark of the entire Battalion including the officers. His score was 237.

We also render myriads of pats on the backs of Pfc. "At Your Service" Keebler for being the best private first class and Pvt. "Up And At 'Em" Mahlstedt for being the best private. They well merited the prize awarded them.

1st Sgt. "Smiles" Aloia's recreation was nibbling on his cigar and strolling along in his bathing suit hoping for the sun to shine its soothing rays.

It took a mere drizzle to stop Pvt. "Magnifier" Boan from going swimming. After all he didn't want to get wet.

In the hours of recreation one could always find Pvt. "Blues" Ballard in the canteen looking for the malt in the beer.

Pvt. "Buglar" Di Chiaro said he could play his bugle better if he had a piano accompaniment. Next year, fellows, we'll furnish him one . . . if he can carry it. I'll never forget the sight he made at our party when he played his precious bugle in his skin suit. What a sight for sore eyes, eh, boys?

Pvt. "Stitch" Ferrara feels at home with a hose. If I had stayed away another half hour the day he was washing the lavatory we'd have had a swimming pool.

Pvt. "Kid Spinish" Roskelley not only looks like "Popeye" but eats as much and sings like him. He's a show in himself. We enjoyed immensely his little sketch the night of our party.

When Pfc. "Windy" Murphy opened his eyes and discovered that he was sleeping on the hard deck he remained for a moment in a state of profound quandary. Dazed and perplexed he rose and walked to, what he thought was, his cot. To his amazement he discovered that it was occupied, and the occupant stirred by the intrusion ejaculated a jabber of harsh words that made his ears ring. Burning with anger he left the tent and went in and out of tents in an endeavor to find his own, but for almost fifteen minutes it was futile. Not until it dawned upon him that he was in the wrong company street did he finally find his own tent. This occurrence still remains a mystery to our good friend "Windy."

It still remains a mystery as to where Pvt. "Outer Legs" O'Christofaro went to the day of the hike. Was he really looking for his hat? I'd give anything to know.

Fellows are getting to believe that Pvt. "Tongue Twister" Sanderson's loquacity is the reason for his soliloquy. Now I understand why the fellows in his tent were only half awake at all times.

Pvts. "Fire Chief" Jefferson, "Orange" Sweeney, "Woopsie" Serpico and "Silent" Revill said very little but did plenty down in camp.

Pvt. "Yes Sir" Frankierich was always found to be at one's service.

Pvt. "Pep" Bulmer was tricked into believing that he was supposed to be issued a "Tin Hat" for detail work in the butts. He pestered First Sergeant Aloia continuously for a tin hat. It's tough for the guys who's afraid of ricochets, eh, boys?

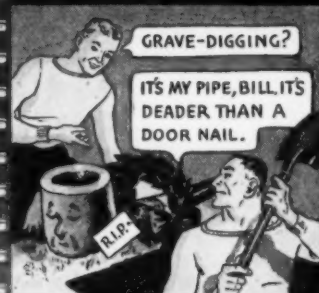
Pvt. "Sporty" Morrow received more fruit than he could eat. Do you wonder why our tent was always crowded. Me first.

Pvt. "Actor" Mangrella certainly can mimic the salient characteristics of the officers and noncommissioned officers. The little sketch he put on at the party was enjoyed by all. If you keep aping Mang, maybe eventually we'll sign you up for the part having the title "The Ape."

Can you still taste and smell the ketchup

(Continued on page 55)

BILL EDGEWORTH REVIVES DEAD PIPE



If you like both pipes and cigarettes, try the new EDGEWORTH JUNIOR—Edgeworth's new, extremely mild, free-burning tobacco for two-way smokers. Larus & Bro. Co., Richmond, Virginia.



The FOUR-STRIPE SMOKE

The MARINE CORPS LEAGUE NEWS

BOSTON PREPARES PROGRAM OF BUSINESS AND REVELRY FOR NATIONAL CONVENTION

WITH the 1936 Convention of the Marine Corps League less than a month away, Theodore Roosevelt Detachment of Boston, who will be our host, is completing plans for what promises to be the greatest gathering of Leaguers since the inception of our outfit. From the North, East, South and West, legions of "Red Caps" will descend upon the City of Culture by boat, train, auto and airplane to participate in a three-day program of business and pleasure from August 21st to 23rd.

There will be three business sessions, including the usual committee meetings and caucuses, closing with the all-important nomination and election of the National officers. In between there will be sight-seeing tours to places of historic interest and other forms of entertainment including various reunions, fortified with "the cup that cheers." The grand climax to the revelry will be the elaborate banquet and military ball on the roof of the famous Palmer House.

Backing the Theodore Roosevelt Detachment in their efforts to assure the success of the convention are His Excellency, Governor James M. Curley, of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, city officials, the Chamber of Commerce of Boston and the Cape Cod, Lawrence and Framingham detachments of the League.

Convention Headquarters has been established at Room 176, Parker House, Boston, Mass., where the Convention Committee under the chairmanship of Commandant Charles W. Creaser will furnish any further information and accept reservations for rooms. A special rate of \$3.00 for single and \$4.50 for double rooms has been arranged. The Convention registration fee of \$4.00 will cover all entertainment, including the banquet and ball.

This will be the Fourteenth National Assembly of the Marine Corps League. Let's make it the biggest and best of them all.

FRANK X. LAMBERT,
National Chief of Staff.

EASTERN SEABOARD DIVISION HOLDS CONVENTION

The convention of the Eastern Seaboard Division was called to order at 4.15 P. M., June 20th, at the Hotel Plaza, Jersey City, N. J., through the courtesy of the Department of the State of New Jersey and the Homer A. Harkness Detachment of Jersey City, who acted as host to the New Jersey State Con-

THE TEN LEADERS

The ten leading detachments in membership as of July 1, 1936, are as follows:

1. Theodore Roosevelt
2. San Francisco
3. Hudson-Mohawk
4. Oakland
5. Troy
6. Spokane
7. Homer A. Harkness
8. Capt. Burwell H. Clarke
9. Simpson-Hoggatt
10. San Jose

Since last month Roosevelt holds the lead with San Francisco gaining undisputed claim to second place by breaking tie with Hudson-Mohawk, which drops to third. Oakland, Troy and Spokane follow as before, with Harkness topping Simpson-Hoggatt, which drops to ninth place. Clarke moves up one from ninth to eighth place; San Jose drops from eighth to tenth, crowding Essex County out of the select circle.

vention earlier in the day. The following officers were elected for the year 1936-1937:

Commandant, Harold L. Walk, New York Detachment No. 1, Brooklyn, N. Y., re-elected; Vice Commandant, Jack Dennis, Passaic County Detachment, N. J.; Judge Advocate, Mort Gascon, Tompkins County Detachment, Ithaca, N. Y.; Chaplain, Frank Mellroy, H. A. Harkness Detachment, Jersey City, N. J.; Sergeant-at-Arms, Miranda Cirulli, Chas. Ruddick Detachment, Elmira, N. Y.

Commandant Walk made the following appointments: Chief of Staff, Charles Thorne, Union County Detachment, Elizabeth, N. J.; Adjutant, Harry P. Burgess, New York Detachment No. 1, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Liaison Officer, John L. Whigham, B. H. Clarke Detachment, Newark, N. J.

The convention went on record as favoring yearly National Conventions.

Commandant Walk wishes to express his sincere thanks to both the Department of the State of New Jersey and the Homer A. Harkness Detachment for the courtesy extended to him.

CHARLES THORNE,
Chief of Staff.

CINCINNATI DETACHMENT Cincinnati, Ohio

News is scarce this time, but we would like to announce the return of two of our

old members. Joe Weinewuth has attended our last two meetings and Bob Eastman, a Past Commandant, has also been around. Joe has been OCCing for a while and Bob has just finished two terms as commander of the Independence, Kentucky, Post American Legion.

Former Sgt-Major Michael James Yates is our latest prospect and he will be at our next meeting. Efforts are being extended to secure colors and a real Marine color guard for the coming Navy Day celebration.

CHARLES E. SNYDER,
Chief of Staff.

GOLDEN GATE AUXILIARY OFFICERS INSTALLED

The Ladies of the Golden Gate Detachment are going ahead in the same manner that the League is and will continue on in the same way. The writer understands that up to date the San Francisco Detachment has gained 100 per cent in membership and the auxiliary has passed the 100 per cent mark as of last State Convention. The writer has noticed there has never been an article in *THE LEATHERNECK* from any of the ladies' auxiliaries, so the ladies of San Francisco would like to be the first in the paper, at least from the West Coast, as we are the first auxiliary on this coast and are striving to be one of the best, if not the best. We have grown to the extent that we now hold our meetings in the Veterans' Building, which we think is quite grand.

On Tuesday, May 26th, the Marine Corps League was kind enough to give us a grand initiation and installation, that was put on as only the San Franciscans can put it on. Oakland and San Jose were our guests, as were the men of our League. Com. Roy Taylor officiated and was assisted by Sr. Vice Com. Charles Lee (who as a rule has no more than three lines to say), Jr. Vice Com. Joe Gollob (who has quite a memory and does his work in grand style), Chaplain Victor Wolfe (who does his part well, and is a very commendable Chaplain), Judge Adv. Paul Henniger acted as Captain of the Guard, due to the illness of Captain of the Guard W. R. Stagg and did a fine job of escorting the ladies to the altar, etc.

National Sr. Vice Com. Earl Gilbertson surprised everyone by installing the new officers. We felt quite important, having such a distinguished visitor install us. He certainly knows his stuff. Thank you, everybody, for your part in making our initiation and installation such a huge success.

We, of the San Francisco Detachment, hope to make the ladies' auxiliary a National organization. How about getting some ideas from some of the other auxiliaries? The writer promises to answer all letters received. Let us know what you are doing.

Get together, all you auxiliaries, make your slogan *Let's BE NATIONAL!*

CAMILLE WEGNER,
Chief of Staff,
332 Gates Street,
San Francisco, Calif.

THE LEATHERNECK

TROY DETACHMENT

Troy, N. Y.

The boys of Troy Detachment are getting ready for their Second Annual Clam Steam. This, the biggest event of the hot weather season, will be held on Sunday, August 16th, in the grove of the Troy Riding Club. This is one of the swellest and swankiest locations in northern New York. Commandant Schwarz appointed the following chairmen: Refreshments: J. Harrington; concessions: D. Conway; tickets: F. Warren Rourke and J. Haley, co-chairmen; bingo: J. Quinn; sports: Jack McGrath and Frank McGarry, co-chairmen; grounds and parking: F. S. Schwarz and J. McCallen, co-chairmen; publicity: John (Peerless) McGrath and J. Rourke, co-chairmen.

The above-named chairmen selected their own committees at this meeting and all members pledged to help make the steam one that will be long remembered. The ticket costs \$2.50 and guarantees you eating and drinking from 11:00 A. M. till dark. Reservations must reach our adjutant, John D. Haley, 710 Fifth Ave., Troy, N. Y., not later than Wednesday, August 12th. Sporting events start at 3:00 P. M.

A delegation from Troy headed by Commandant Schwarz attended the convention of the New York State Department in Elmira. The boys had a swell time and wish to thank the Ruddick Detachment for the hospitality heaped upon them. Troy Detachment wishes to thank the convening delegates in general as well as the committee on nominations for the honor bestowed on our commandant in selecting him as state vice commandant. "Doc" Schwarz will, you may be sure, do all in his power to help push the League up-state. Congratulations to all state officers and our best wishes for a successful administration. Good luck and a vote of thanks to the retiring personnel, and honorable mention to Norman Fahr who did a swell job as billeting officer at the Rathbun. Marine Creagan has recovered from a recent operation. With eleven out of twelve quarts consumed by F. X. L. (during his vacation), we are going to drop the case now, and with the hope that our Boston Tea Party will be attended by twelve or fifteen from Troy Detachment. We rest till Labor Day.

J. A. ROURKE,
Chief of Staff.

THE NATIONAL COMMANDANT ON DECK

This is the month in which the National Assembly will convene, and the place is Boston, Mass., on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 21-22-23, as the dates, and the Theodore Roosevelt Detachment as host. All who ever attended any affair held under the auspices of this detachment know that a great time is assured, and with its historical surroundings, for those who care for historical sites, no place in this country compares with Boston. To mention a few notable places to visit, I will name Bunker Hill Monument; the Boston Com-

mon; the scene of the Boston Massacre; Old South Church; Gales Hill; Lexington; Concord and innumerable others that your non-historical minded writer thinks of this minute. (We have been in and out of Boston for over 45 years, and still have many historical places to view.) The Theodore Roosevelt Detachment will, no doubt, arrange for sightseeing trips, so our advice is "to be at Boston August 21-22-23," and learn that Boston is noted for something else besides baked beans and codfish. Get in early and arrange to stay through Sunday as a program second to none has been arranged for your entertainment. We'll be seeing you.

Credential cards for delegates, alternates and proxies were sent out with the July Bulletin, so if you are an elected representative, be sure your credential card is sent to the national commandant at once, so you may be placed on some committee to transact the business of YOUR organization. All appointments will be made from accredited credential cards. Last year a few detachments did not see fit to send in credential cards and we hope that this year our wishes will be complied with, as this assures that ONLY elected representatives act for detachments. If an elected delegate cannot attend, his alternate will be recognized and in cases of detachments unable to afford sending of any delegate or alternate, the proxy will be recognized instead. The vote in favor of recognition of proxies was so overwhelming, we feel safe in advising as above.

We suggest that all members attend their meetings of detachments this month as all resolutions sent our office will be incorporated in the August bulletin, and as this is YOUR business, you should want to advise whoever represents your detachment. No doubt resolutions will be submitted at the opening of convention but we cannot control that situation, so it will be best to have men represent your detachment who know the wishes of your membership. As protection to elected delegates we will appreciate immediate forwarding of your credential cards. The matter of continuance with the present official magazine, and altering of per capita tax and charter taxes will be acted upon, so advise your representative that your wishes may be carried out. This is too conspicuous a place to go into detail on affairs of the League, so we will try and incorporate the new proposition made regarding continuance with THE LEATHERNECK in our August Bulletin. Be at your meeting and thrash it out, and with the best interests of the League ever in your thoughts.

Another bouquet for a worthy Marine. R. J. Vacarro, of Union County Detachment, Elizabeth, N. J., spent his vacation down in the southwest and devoted much of it in trying to interest the Marines of that section in reorganizing their detachments. Dallas, Texas, and St. Louis, Mo., were two of the places visited by this worthy Marine, and he gave us several leads down there, which we are

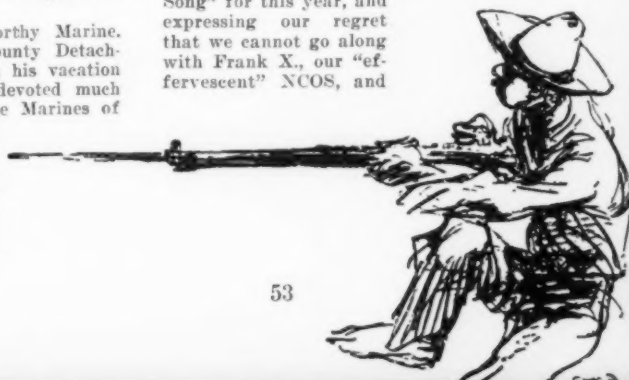
now working on. Good work, Marine Vacarro, and more power to you.

Any Marine planning to attend the National Convention may procure caps (for delivery at that time), by sending order immediately (or before Aug. 7th) to us at Box 537, Methuen, Mass. Badges will be available at the convention at \$1.00 each, or \$1.50 with officers' rank bars. In case you desire an officers' rank bar, send order at once as these are made on order. Be sure to tell us what detachment you belong to if you order a League cap. The price is \$2.50, all lettered as provided for your detachment. Cap ornaments, of gold plate (collar size) are 25c extra.

We suggest that elected delegates be sure that their detachment has met its charter taxes in full, and also the \$1.00 for by-laws. Attending to this will save embarrassment of not being seated at Assembly. This is your business and all mandates or orders are provided for in the National By-laws. Your commandant is merely the "means" for carrying out your laws as voted at previous conventions. Even if you are not an elected delegate, or alternate, attend anyway. The social program is going to be worth while, and all Marines will be allowed privilege of speaking, unless the delegates vote otherwise—which has never been done, except when someone gets monotonous. Bring your ladies with you, and the Auxiliary of the Theodore Roosevelt Detachment will see that they are properly entertained. By the way, ladies of the Marines, how about attending in sufficient strength to organize your own outfit and have it national in scope? Better co-operation between the Marines and their auxiliaries would be provided for if both were national.

Just had the "thrill" of getting my Adjusted Compensation, which will be immediately used to clean up the medical bills created during past winter, but the thrill was there, anyway, and I hope all Marines rating them have received theirs, also. Might we suggest that those who can spare the money pay their dues, not only for this year but also for next year, and it will make everything easier all around if dues are paid for the coming year so that the subscriptions for THE LEATHERNECK (if the League continues with this publication, which we hope will be arranged for satisfactorily) can be paid before Sept. 10th, the date on which money for October issue must be sent to THE LEATHERNECK. All subscriptions are paid for full year, in advance, and all members' subscriptions expire with the September issue. If you do not receive your October copy, you will have ONLY yourself to blame. Please understand that these dues MUST be in the hands of the NA&PM prior to Sept. 10th, so have your detachment paymaster rush them along to him.

Next month will no doubt be our "Swan Song" for this year, and expressing our regret that we cannot go along with Frank X., our "effervescent" NCOS, and





GOVERNOR PLEDGES LEAGUE SUPPORT

His Excellency, Governor James M. Curley of Massachusetts, is shown pledging support to the 1936 National Convention of the Marine Corps League to be held at Boston, Aug. 21, 22, 23, while studying a copy of *THE LEATHERNECK*. Louis S. Bergstrom, Chief of Staff of Theodore Roosevelt Detachment (center), and George N. Welch, Past State Judge Advocate of the League, are looking on.

have a *real* Marine vacation (which we know he will have, with all that jack he gets in his Adjusted Compensation), and wishing Frank a merited and enjoyable good time on his vacation, until next month, we sign off.

JOHN F. MANNING,
National Commandant.

CAPE COD DETACHMENT

Quincy, Mass.

An enthusiastic business meeting was held at the home of Fred Batchelder in West Bridgewater on June 12th at which time several matters pertaining to the Cape Cod Detachment as well as for the good of the League were acted upon. Chris Finley and Chas. Lunetta were elected delegates to the Annual Convention of the State Department at Framingham, Mass., June 20-21. Morris Kramer was detailed to look into the activities of a local club which is conducting a track meet similar to what we intend to run in the fall.

The detachment liked the advice offered to the veterans by the president; that is, not to fritter away their bonus, to hold the bonds as an investment or to cash them for some permanently useful purpose.

If Charlie Lunetta is absent again the rest of us will tell the teacher.

Orchids to Mrs. Batchelder who is handicapped on getting about as a result of a serious auto crash in which she suffered many months in a hospital and also lost her mother. She served a very delightful lunch.

Next meeting will be at Ray Rowlee's home in Quincy.

WILLIAM D. HORTON,
Chief of Staff.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT DETACHMENT

Boston, Mass.

To say that our comrades from such nearby detachments as Cape Cod, Framingham and Lawrence are as fully elated over the prospects of a National Convention of the League coming to Massachusetts as we are, is putting things mildly. They have assured us of their cooperation, and who won't agree that cooperation is the most important item of any undertaking? Yes, our national officers, all of them, are with us, as are the officials of the city of Boston and our state of Massachusetts. (Commonwealth, if you insist.) None other than his excellency, Governor James Michael Curley, has offered us his wholehearted support.

The Checker Taxi Company, with its eight hundred cabs cruising throughout the entire city and suburbs, at this time invites you Marines from Oregon to Florida, and parts in between, to take a "Checker Cab" to the National Convention Headquarters, Parker House, Boston. Yes, sir, this sign may be seen on both doors of every cab in the service of this company. We are also proud and pleased to have the full support of the Boston Chamber of Commerce.

It is the intention of your host detachment to make this the biggest and best convention the League has ever witnessed. As "Moon Mullins" says, "This one is different."

Included in the registration fee of \$4.00 to the men folk, and \$3.00 to their ladies, will be a banquet of a type that has made the Parker House famous the world over. A military ball, of the most colorful nature, to be held on the magnificent and spacious roof garden of the same hotel, and to the strains of a nationally known

orchestra, will be another feature of your stay. While on the roof you will be entertained by the best that the theatres of this city have to offer in the line of talent. You will also be proud to wear the neat and unique badge included. Another thing you will receive will be a year-book made of the highest quality of long lasting rag paper. In it will be found a picture of the President of the United States, Franklin D. Roosevelt; our Honorary National Commandant, Maj. Gen. John A. Lejeune, whom we hope to have with us, and many others. Also to be found in its pages will be a history of our Corps, a history of the League, the Marine Hymn, and a complete program of the convention.

Room rates at the Parker House are \$3.00 for singles, and \$4.50 for doubles. This, of course, includes everything in the line of modern hotel equipment. Boston Common, as has been mentioned in the preceding issue of *THE LEATHERNECK*, is right across the street. If any of you rugged Marines from the wide open spaces feel that you would like to partake of the breezes from the broad Atlantic while you siesta, just hand those of Police Commissioner McSweeney's men who patrol the Common, a cigar, and you'll be ever so politely awakened at 6 A. M. by a gentle tap on the soles of your feet.

Comrades, this hotel is doing the right thing by the League. Do not get the idea that we are trying to sell the hotel to you instead of the convention. Try to visualize the beautiful room donated by the management to us for our regular meetings. Try again to visualize the spacious room with typewriters, desks, and numerous easy chairs where your convention committee is successfully planning the many features you will enjoy while staying here. Try again fellows,—and this time it's easy. Try to visualize this room during the hours when the committee is hard at work at their regular occupations. It is then occupied and bossed by a charming and petite young lady of our auxiliary whose middle name is efficiency. We in the Roosevelt Detachment salute Isabel Horvath, daughter of a staunch Leaguer, Ernest Horvath. In closing permit me to say that when you have the women helping you, and our auxiliary certainly is helping us, you're bound to do things successfully. Incidentally, it was a woman who suggested that we have a registration account whereby any member desiring to do so can put a quarter or a half a buck in the paymaster's care each meeting towards the registration fee. What do you Marines think of the idea?

LOUIS S. BERGSTROM,
Chief of Staff.

NEW YORK DETACHMENT NO. 1

New York City

The detachment has adopted a "mark time" policy for the month of July with no regular meeting scheduled. The June session adjourned after deciding to hold no outing or social activity during the summer months. Ways and means of increasing membership were discussed and will continue at the August meeting when the committee will decide on a definite plan, anticipating the adoption of a drastic reduction in national dues at the Boston convention as an inducement for prospective members.

(Continued on page 62)

THE LEATHERNECK

SPORTS NEWS Parris Island Sports

(Continued from page 45)

were Chief Pay Clerk E. J. Donnelly, Jr., and Cpl. M. K. Peyton.

The finals of the Golf Tournament were played in the morning. In the first flight, the championship was won by QM-Sgt. Glen R. Nichol, who defeated Babe Baldwin, son of QM-Sgt. Harry Baldwin. Those in the know figured Mr. Baldwin's son to take Nick to the cleaners. "Youth must be served," they told Nick, "you can't win." He replied, "Oh, yeah, that's what they told Schmeling." The old swivel chair hasn't got Nick yet. He won the silver trophy. Harry Baldwin (not the father) fared better than his brother, when he defeated Private Scollins in the second flight finals.

A swimming meet was held at the Swimming Pool at 2:00 P. M. Several hundred spectators were present. The first event of the meet was a 35-yard free style swim for girls under 12 years of age. This was won by Madelyn Nagazyna, daughter of Sgt. John Nagazyna. The 35-yard free style swim for boys under 12 years of age was won by Frankie Swearengen, son of Sgt. Charlie Swearengen. A 35-yard free style swim for married ladies was scheduled, but there were no contestants. Miss Phyllis Potter, daughter of Capt. Hal N. Potter, was the winner in both the 35-yard and the 70-yard free style swim for girls under 18 years of age. In the 35-yard free style swim for enlisted men, the first prize went to Pvt. E. H. Cavalier of Headquarters Company, while Pvt. G. Doore of Platoon 11 came in second. August Schonefeld, Jr., was the best at the 35-yard free style among the boys under 18 years of age, while "Bill" Darnall was "Tops" in the 70-yard swim. First and second places in the 35-yard back stroke went to Privates Henry and Doore. The 70-yard free style swim for enlisted men placed Pvt. G. Doore first and Private Nesmith second. The team representing Platoon 13 won the 140-yard relay. Judges of the swimming meet were 1st Lt. Robert S. Brown and Chief QM-Clerk Ray W. Jeter. The starter was Sgt. V. A. McNeill.

Immediately following the swimming, a water polo game was won by the team from Platoon 14, by defeating the team of Platoon 11 by a score of 20-0. Pvt. F. W. Nelson refereed the game.

PEARL HARBOR SPORTS

By Lay

After a number of stiff contests the tennis players to represent the Marines this season have simmered down to Lt. Col. R. W. Peard, Pts. L. G. DuBurg, O. C. Todd, A. M. McLeod, S. E. Eaton and F. I. Weitz. The first tournament played with Luahalei resulted in a clean sweep for Pearl Harbor but a return match at Luahalei resulted in a tie score in both the singles and doubles.

The ninth annual All-Service Swimming Meet will be held July 4th at the Army-Navy Y. M. C. A., Honolulu. Pharmacist's Mate Second Class A. Buccelli, USN, is acting as coach for the Marine team, composed of Pts. P. R. Drake, J. L. Claggett, R. M. McQuilkin, J. A. Miller, L. Costa, W. H. Kilbourne, L. J. Taylor, E. A. Bagnell, and E. F. Strand.

The Marine bowling team which competed in the Honolulu Senior League (seven

teams) drew fourth place with twenty-seven games won and twenty-seven lost. Cpl. William R. Yingling, who acted as captain of this year's team, says that the bowlers are hoping that the alleys which have been ordered for this post will be installed soon, permitting the team to have more practice before the All-Service Tournament starts in September.

There will be some new baseball material in the details joining this post soon and there are thirteen men turning out regularly for practice now—Cpls. C. E. Johnsen, L. F. Casanova, and J. C. Terrell; Pts. M. B. Halas, G. W. Fish, E. Stamelos, W. J. Boess, H. E. Jorgensen, E. C. Harden, A. R. Kirby, L. A. West, O. C. Todd, H. A. Elvestad. Corporal Johnsen will probably manage the team this year.

Prospects for a football team this fall are definitely on the up grade. Basketball prospects are also good. More on this next month.

RESERVE NEWS

(Continued from page 51)

from the bath we gave you during the initiation, Pvt. "Never On Time" John Freer? Are you still perplexed as to how we went about the initiation? What will you give to know?

Pvt. "Home Sick" Marelli's pastime was trying to borrow a set of blues.

Pvt. "Boss" Stratton's one desire is to have a chance to run the Marine Corps Reserves. That's all.

Sgt. "Prince Charming" Bartolo's favorite saying is: "Glance to the right occasionally." The word occasionally is a bit chewed up, but he's improving gradually.

Bravo, Pvt. "Stern" Cook who practiced the adage: "Where there's a will there's a way." Yes, anything can be done, as you proved, with a fixed determination. If we had a company with the grit you showed down camp, we'd be more than satisfied.

There's one man who can certainly keep his eye on the old target, and that man is

our good friend, Cpl. "Uncle" D'Amico. I still think he's the best shot in the company.

Whoever saw the show between Major Lessing and the good ole faithful goat held their breath. For a minute we thought our Major was going to head the parade minus his pants.

HQ., 10TH MARINES, QUANTICO

(Continued from page 31)

well known sport of "feeding the fishes," only there was no convenient rail to hang onto, no imminent support for a weak and trembling arm—well, it was not so pleasant from what we can gather. The boys were wishing to die because they couldn't stop exposing all the food they had eaten for months and some were actually afraid they wouldn't die.

The same night the squadroom was quiet. It was as if we were recuperating from a trip over the top, and we, the few remaining survivors were lying around thinking about those who were reported missing in action. We were very silent, very, very silent, for we were wondering if we were to be afflicted next with a funny tickling sensation in the stomach.

The following morning stragglers began to report in from the hospital—pale, weak, and sickly looking. Some claimed that their stomachs were pasted to their backbones, which was natural, as one is not prone to eating when engaged in the art of "taking care o' lil' fishes."

Dillard and Revane, who the afternoon before had managed to phenagle an early liberty pass from the skipper, were far up into the hills of Virginia on their way to witness their grand passions graduate from some school when they were smitten. We distinctly recall seeing Revane leave the barracks dressed in a white gabardine suit, and yet when he returned the following morning he was wearing a pair of pants that we had never seen before. Upon close questioning we learned that they belonged to a doctor who had aided them in their



Grandstand Crowd at Quantico Marine-Baltimore Firemen Baseball Game

Photo by Dalton

BILL BOOT

By PATRICK



dilemma. Just what happened to Revane's pants is just another one of those things. He refuses to elaborate upon his original story. Perhaps Philo Vance, but that would cost a great deal of money, so we'll let the mystery ride—unsolved.

Williams, who incidentally is soon to leave us for the skyscrapers of New York, seemed to regard himself as immune to such puerile demonstrations as giving up food that he had already considered down for "keeps," but it seems that Williams didn't know Williams so well. He returned from the hospital, as weak if not weaker, as pale if not paler, as sick if not sicker, than any of the other fellows. Maybe they will make a man of you in the big city, Bill. At least you should acquire a beautiful tan on your tonsils from gazing open-mouthed at those buildings.

Mackey, overcome by the desire to wander again in surroundings that he knew of yore, went to the range, shot 308, put in for a transfer, and is now on a furlough before reporting to New London's sweet job of doing eternal guard duty. Good luck, Mackey, and don't forget to drop us a line.

Now, folks, allow us time out until next month so that we may deluge our faithful typewriter in ice water to clear away the smoke that is rapidly beginning to arise from it. So long, buddies of old Headquarters and Service Battery, until you hear from us again.

BATTERY A, TENTH MARINES

By "Nussy"

Well, well, another month has passed and along with it have gone many of our hopes for expert on the range. The bat-

tery, however, came through with flying colors. Sergeants French and Harrison have been instructing the Reserves in artillery tactics for the past few weeks and seem to be accomplishing very creditable results. Amacker, commonly known as "The Rabbit," is having his hands full with management of the .22 caliber shooting gallery and the whole barracks echoes every evening with the sounds of shooting below. Good business, huh, Rabbit?

Gunnery Sergeants Young and Henson have joined our battery since the last writing and we wish them an enjoyable tour of duty in our midst.

We must bid goodbye to our drummer. Walker has been with us for almost two years and suddenly has developed a yen for the salty breezes and is going to Norfolk, Va., on the 20th.

Tony, the Great, is still wondering if his transfer will be approved. Not getting homesick, are you, Tony?

Coats can still be seen with the ever popular smile on that otherwise frozen face countenance of his and his excursions to Baltimore continue regularly.

O'Connor, our police sergeant, is wondering what he can get the lawn-watering detail to do since it has started raining. Could our police sergeant be like that, too?

Ivy is returning to a merry mood of late and can be seen daily humming a lively tune as he cuts up his steaks and chops.

George and Bell have taken over the big share of the police sergeant's work and go to bat for him whenever he is absent.

Britton is still wondering how he lost that buck to Santora, who fired sharp-

shooter on the rifle range. Sandino was unqualified last season but took a determined stand on the range and look what happened. Let it be a lesson to you!

That's that on the battery scandal. Lieutenant Henderson has just joined this battery from Basic School and we hope he has an enjoyable tour of duty with us.

We are glad to have completed firing the range and will have to be content with our scores until next year, when we take the score book and rifle in hand and start "lining 'em up and squeezing 'em off" again.

All men are very much interested in furloughs and many a dollar is going into the old sock where it can be dug out later for the anticipated trip home.

So, in the midst of MCO No. 41 I'll sign off and say "hang out" with the cannoneers with the hairiest ears until we meet in the column again.

BATTERY "B"

The battery had the honor to help train the Seventh Battalion Reserve Artillery which arrived the 7th of June for a three-week training period. The reserves were "up and at 'em" daily, and have proved themselves an organization that can dish it out as well as take it. We all got along fine and a gentle memory of friendship shall linger with us until their return a year hence.

During the parade and review held on 11 June, an unavoidable accident occurred, just one of those things that happen when least expected to happen, in which Platoon Sgt. Alton O. Coppage, distinguished rifle and pistol shot of the corps, had his foot run over by a tractor of his section. Several bones were broken and in all a very painful mess was made of his foot. Our medical corps proved their worth, when a short time later, Sergeant Coppage was on the operating table at the Naval Hospital, Washington, D. C., and due to speed and proper attention, and miracles that our naval surgeons perform, the foot was saved and we hope will be of use again. To show the spirit that this man had while in the agony of having his foot and bones brought back to shape—Captain Forsyth, the battery commander, came to the operating room where first aid was being administered at post sick quarters, to see what could be done and how badly his man was injured, was spied by Sergeant Coppage from the table, and while beads of sweat, caused from pain, were running down his face, he said: "I am sorry, Captain, guess it was all my fault." Boy!—it takes guts, and lots of them. He is the type of many of my "Buddies" during the last war, who—while lying shot up nonchalantly asked, "Got a cigarette, Buddy." Our hats go off to Coppage; we all hope that he will be out and with us again, stepping out with his left foot—the member that is now in a cast.

It never rains but what it pours. 11 June again. It was hot on that parade field, the sun was bearing down with her torch close to the ground. The steel helmets felt like pie-pans just out of the oven, the shimmering heat waves danced their pleasure in having someone to torment—yet, not a man fell out. "Sound-off" went, the parade was on! There was no hurry, no mistakes, things clicked off with Marine Corps precision until "Passing in Review" was ordered. The boys swung off as though a cool breeze was fanning their now red-hot faces. What a sight! It stirs the very being of you, nothing brings out this feeling like a well

THE LEATHERNECK

trained organization doing their stuff—more so, when one realized that they are as good in the field, as on parade. The aftermath, however, was that the Artillery Battalion partook of something during the noon meal that caused many to be taken to the Sick Bay, and then to Sick Quarters, for treatment as a result of some kind of poisoning, very slight, but very inconvenient—another one of those things that cannot be foreseen, nor avoided. At first it was thought that it was the drinking of cold water, after the hot session in the field that caused this—but, it was soon discovered that this was not the case. The Post Hospital was soon overloaded. The doctors, nurses, and corpsmen deserve a lot of credit for the way the situation was handled; the men were all on duty the following day, with no ill effects as a result. But while it lasted!!! Ask the fellow who was sick and stayed up all night—!

The Reserve Battalion of Artillery left on the 21st of June, and proper send off was given them. The parade is long since over, we are back to routine—and we might add "Glad of it." There is only one man left to fire the range from this battery and that is yours truly—Joe York. Adios.

BROWN FIELD (Continued from page 32)

game, flushed with their previous success, the Quantico Indians, with the confidence that Virginia corn likker inspires, went on another warpath on the 26th of June, thinking that they would have a few more scalps to wear, but the results were far from what they had expected.

The airmen circled their quarry for six innings, and then let loose with a bombardment that bewildered the Indians and put them to rout. In this one big inning, the airmen showed that the old time fighting machinery did not have a chance against the pommeling that the aviators suddenly and with great effectiveness gave them.

When the Indians marched off the battlefield, everyone remarked on how red their faces appeared.

The big feature of the game was Bly's three bagger with the bases loaded in the sixth inning which made the score 8-5 and which was the final score. The game was marked with many thrills especially when the Indians' catcher ran for a foul towards the players' bench and with his head high in the air did not see the green bench and took a neat tumble over it, spilling the seaters whose feet pawed the air for a few moments in bewilderment.

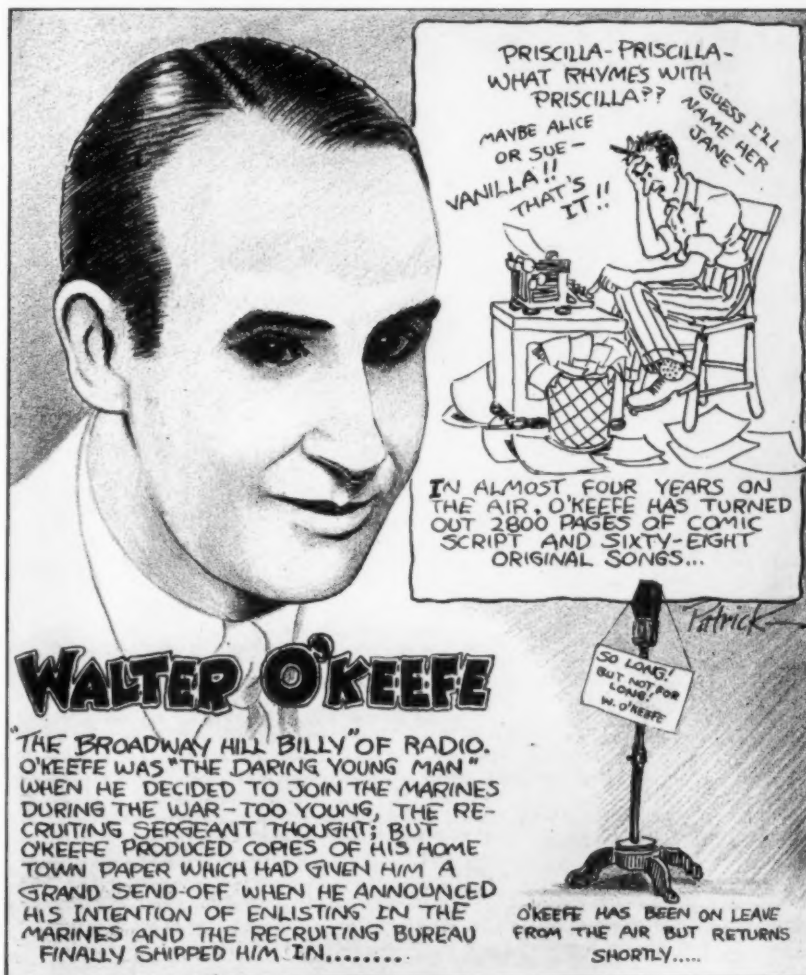
The airmen are looking forward to the next encounter with the feathered tribesmen, but it was remarked that they will need a few more feathers before they can become chiefs and who are the most likely victims uppermost in their minds? Another game will tell.

A snore is a snore no matter which way you take it, and has its merits and demerits. Some snores are musical and others are nerve-racking. It was reliably reported that a certain grey-haired corporal (the barber, in fact) keeps the barracks awake at night. Do the Marines get mad? Not so as you could notice it. Why? Because his snoring is so comical that everyone is forced to laugh and they laugh so much that they laugh themselves to sleep. Why growl when you can laugh just the same?

Pvt. William C. Dunaway, having been taken sick prior to his leaving for Pensacola, saw his opportunity going around the corner. However, he got well and returned

FAMOUS MARINES No. 5

By PATRICK



just in time to clear out and was on his way the next day. He entered the Photographic School where he will receive complete instruction in aerial photography.

Sgt. "Barney" Zollicoffer has at last gotten interested in a very interesting hobby. Seated by his little table beside his bunk, he is forever engaged during his spare time in the art of writing. Being a hermit of the first water, it seems odd for "Zolly" to take up such a pastime and this columnist is going to try to get him to write for THE LEATHERNECK.

It is with regret that we must mention that 1st Lt. Horace D. Palmer was detached to his home in Athens, Ohio, on the 29th and placed on the retired list on the 30th.

Lieutenant Palmer spent most of his time in the Marine Corps with Aviation where he was noted as one of the best-skilled pilots in the Corps. His experience with aircraft was varied—small ships or tri-motored planes made little difference to him as he was capable to handle them all. He came into aviation when the famous DH's were in style and had over 800 hours to his credit with that type ship. Since that time, Lieutenant Palmer has flown over 45 various types of planes with a total flying time of nearly 3,200 hours.

Lieutenant Palmer was well liked by all the officers and men and they have only

praise for the sterling qualities he has always displayed. That he leaves aviation and the Marine Corps is a loss felt by all; but he knows that everyone wishes him every happiness and many happy landings in his retired life.

Lest we forget we must mention that a great catastrophe has happened in the life of Cpl. Cleero Fortenberry. He lost his mustache somewhere, someplace in Virginia and cannot find it. Here is the description: not more than an eighth of an inch on each side of the lip; black; six hairs on the left side and seven on the right. Handsome reward is promised to the female who finds and returns it to the owner.

BOURNE FIELD (Continued from page 41)

ascending, acute. His remains were shipped to his home at Swissvale, Pa. His sickness was so short and the death so sudden that the whole command was taken by surprise.

The squadron was honored by a visit from the Director of Marine Corps Aviation. Col. Ross E. Rowell arrived in San Juan on the Pan American Clipper on Sunday morning, 28 June, 1936. He was ferried to St. Thomas in the Squadron amphibian by Col. James T. Moore, late Sun-



WHAT, NO SECONDS?

We used to call 'em "dead soldiers" when they were bottles, but what to call 'em when they're cans?

day afternoon. The Colonel came down to look over the construction of the aviation facilities of our new field. He seemed to be very much pleased with the progress. Colonel Moore ferried him back to San Juan on Wednesday, July 1st, to return to Washington on the north bound Commodore ship.

First Lt. Verne J. McCaul, U. S. Marine Corps, reported to the commanding officer on Monday, June 29, 1936, for duty with this squadron. Capt. Hayne D. Boyden, U. S. Marine Corps, was transferred to the U. S. Army Tactical School at Montgomery, Alabama. Lieutenant Dickey took over his duties as squadron operations officer until the arrival of Maj. Claude A. Larkin in August, at which time Capt. Lester N. Medaris will take over the operations officer's duties.

An U. S. Army Douglas Amphibian arrived in St. Thomas on Saturday, 27 June, 1936, on a test hop from Langley Field, returning on Monday, 30 June, 1936.

Sgt. William A. Starr left San Juan on the Pan American Airways for the U. S. Naval Hospital at Washington, D. C. Sergeant Starr was seriously injured by an assault in San Juan, on Wednesday night while leaving a house on Tetan Street. He was taken to the U. S. Army Hospital for treatment. The attending surgeons found that his wounds were such that they could not give him the proper care, so accordingly advised that he be removed to the states at once. Sergeant Starr was struck from behind on the jaw which resulted in severe injuries to his jaw.

SEA-GOING LOG ARKANSAS TRAVELER

(Continued from page 24)

lieve it's a big job, just try cleaning up after seventy-seven industrious men.

On 1 June, we had to say farewell to 2nd Lt. Edward L. Hutchinson, as he was transferred to the 1st Marine Brigade, FMF, Quantico. During the twelve months Mr. Hutchinson was serving with us as a

detachment officer we learned to respect and admire him in every way and the good impression he left on every man of the detachment will be a lasting one, so we unite in wishing that his duty at the new station will be as pleasant as his sojourn here.

2nd Lt. James S. O'Halloran joined this detachment on 4 June to assume the duties performed by Mr. Hutchinson. Mr. O'Halloran graduated from Norwich University, Vermont, 1935. This University is believed to be the only strictly military cavalry school in the United States. Mr. O'Halloran attended the Basic School in Philadelphia, Pa., from October, 1935, to June, 1936. We feel that we are quite fortunate in getting him as a detachment officer and extend a hearty welcome aboard together with wishing much happiness and success for his cruise in the Corps.

Starting across the Atlantic on a battleship is pretty hard to do, especially when you stop to think of what you are leaving behind—pardon me, newly-weds. Just a few days before leaving the States, Corporals Bulay and Myers decided that two could live as cheaply as one. Well, we wish them the best of luck and a speedier return.

I noticed Sergeant McNair has been making belts and tearing them up. Maybe the right foot comes first sometime, Mac, or is it something else? The fifteen days at sea brought out some of the hidden talent in various activities: Privates First Class Ling and Purvis and Private Lindsey have been so happy and musical that if they keep on improving they will, no doubt, have the detachment believing that we have some singers aboard. If Pfc. J. W. Jenkins keeps on improving for the next 28 years, I believe he will be able to play the harmonica, for he is really working on it now. After all, it might be that they want to crash the doors to fame and fortune through some local broadcast instead of just entertaining the crew.

Those who recently joined or were transferred are as follows: Gy-Sgt. Ernest F. Gore joined from Parris Island, S. C.,

and is carrying on efficiently the record established by his predecessor, Gy-Sgt. George E. Gardner, who was transferred to FMF, Quantico, Va. Private First Class Thompson was transferred to Charleston, W. Va., and Private Klatt to Portsmouth, Va. So long, boys, see you after the cruise.

When rated men become short-timers it is just an old custom for certain Marines to start bucking. It happened this time that privates first class were needed to fill existing vacancies and the lucky ones were Privates Costner, Jenkins, Knight, Ling and Veron. We welcome aboard Privates Dickerson, Kicklighter, Mizell and Weiss as our new "Arkaneers."

A number of our men are anticipating shore duty in the near future. Sergeant Tweedy, the oldest salt of this detachment, will be the first in line for transfer upon the completion of the Midshipmen's Practice Cruise sometime in August. Having spent three and one-half years aboard the *Arkansas*, I think Sergeant Tweedy desires to continue his tour of duty in Boston. In case there's any confusion or question as to the reason of his selecting that particular post, well, maybe he is in love; so, if possible, why not make the best of life in Boston?

I don't have the dope on the other fellows that are to leave us soon, but their time is coming, so you will hear from them later.

We have been speaking to you today from "Dear Old England," and next month it will be France, so we'll turn the mike back over to you by saying "Cheerio."

NEW MEXICO SALVOS

By Bozoksi

A thousand pardons for last month's absence.

1st Sgt. Mike Welsz was replaced by 1st Sgt. Jack Salesky from Newport, R. I. Welsz's new post is Newport, R. I., and I believe he got Salesky's old berth.

Our junior officers will leave us in June. 1st Lt. H. C. Lang left on the first of June and was replaced by 1st Lt. Marvin T. Starr from the 1st Marine Brigade, Quantico, Va., about the fifteenth of June. Lieutenant Lang will report for duty at Quantico.

2nd Lt. L. H. Kleppinger will leave us upon the arrival of the ship at San Francisco and when relieved by 2nd Lt. J. C. Miller, Jr., from Philadelphia. Wishing both a pleasant tour of duty at their new posts.

The following privates joined this detachment from San Diego, Calif., on the 25th of May: Barbie, Neece, Spencer, Ward and Wommack. They have had a good taste of what was in store for them during their two or three years at sea on the spring maneuvers, which they felt so anxious to make, and so happy to get back to California. Don't follow the rules of the old timers who sail the seas for years and are still pollywogs, constantly hoping that on their next extension they will become shell-backs.

Pfc. John D. Briscoe, and Pvt. Guy W. S. Castle left the happy Wonder Ship for Philadelphia with a thirty-day furlough. I wasn't the only east coast man that wished I was going with them. Some day we'll meet on South St. Then we'll go to Ridge Valley and all the old places that were familiar to us back in 1933. They were replaced by Privates, Charles J. Bowden and Barney A. Hankins from San Diego, whom we welcome aboard, and introduce into the art of staying awake on the brig watch.

The Wonder Ship left with the Fleet on the 27th of April for maneuvers and annual cruise. Hardly out of the harbor of Long Beach and that beautiful call torpedo defense was sounded. After two weeks of Conditions 1, 2, and 3, the Fleet and the *New Mexico* anchored in Balboa harbor on the ninth of May for a week's stay in port. The boys went ashore and bought the town out. Everyone in the detachment had a pair of silk pajamas for his one and only back in the States. Swimming parties left the ship every afternoon for Tobaguilla Island, where some of the beauty of the South Seas could be seen. Cocoanuts were yours for climbing the trees; beach invited shell pickers everyday. A good time was had by all in this port and the hard Condition watches were soon a thing of the past.

C-in-C decided that we should cross the line and have a Fleet of Shellbacks. On the 16th of May we were underway for the Domain of *Neptunus Rex*. Plans were immediately underway for the initiation of the pollywogs. Shellbacks ran freely over the ship with an air of superiority which we dared not contradict. Subpoenas were drawn up and as a precaution most of the crew shaved their mustaches off and had a regulation haircut. This detachment had one shellback, Sgt. Pop Ivins, a true sergeant of the old school. Sgt. Pop Ivins was to be in charge of His Majesty's brig. Well, after getting about a hundred miles from the line our Wonder Ship failed us by having engine trouble and a breakdown. This caused us to about-face, leaving the Fleet to return to Balboa, where we stopped only long enough to discharge a few passengers and then continue to Long Beach. This was hard to take but in our endeavors to put in twenty we should have more than one opportunity. We were back home in Long Beach on the 30th of May and everyone was happy again. However, in a few days we were off again heading for Bremerton, Washington.

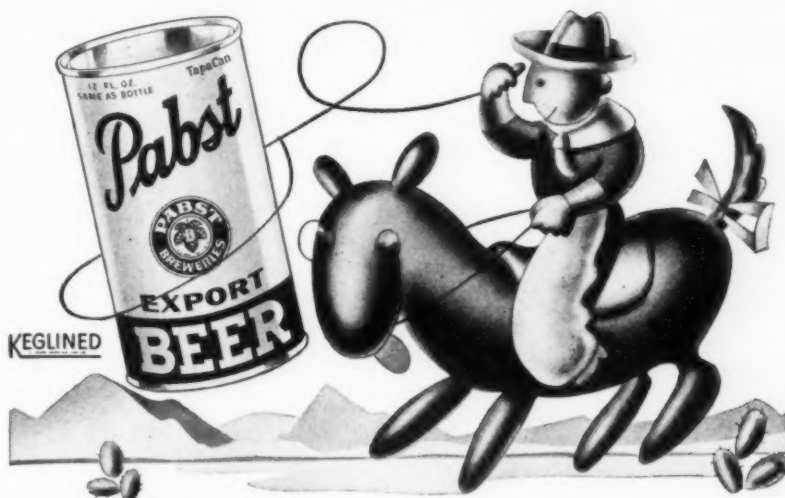
The short-timers were disappointed to find out on their return to California that this wasn't their last cruise and that they would once more see San Francisco and Bremerton. That's all in a cruise and trips help the time pass; puts on or adds hash marks to your sleeve. Oh! will I ever get that first one on?

June 7th, a rainy Sunday night, we tied up in Bremerton Navy Yard. It was surprising at the number of boys finding their true ones waiting for them in Bremerton, Port Orchard, Tacoma, and Seattle. Hardly had the phone been hooked up and here comes a call from Port Orchard for our handsome mess cook Briner. Only one of the boys goes to Tacoma I know of, but he's the kind that keeps trying. If there are others they will not admit being so easy. However, our ex-presser has a chemical attraction (blonde) that has the power to drag this popular Marine from the exciting city of Seattle to the quiet town of Tacoma.

"Port Happy" boys like Fackett and Larson are always asking me if the mail is in. No allotment, no mail. It is known to be a fact that our telephone operator buys more air mail stamps going to California than any other man in the Guard. I already consented to be Fackett's best man.

Sleepy Flournoy and Step-and-fetch-it Hartfield have a grand time telling each other how sleepy and tired they look.

We are proud to have amongst us a drummer who showed the rest of the horn blowers, as well as every man in this detachment, how to shoot. Dmr. Merrill F.



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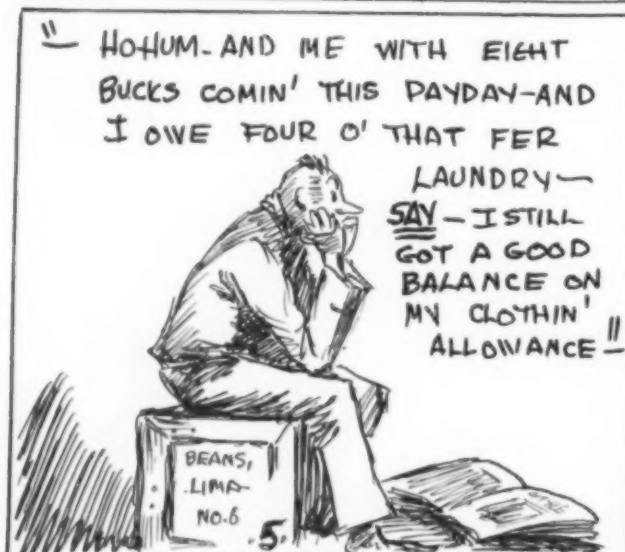
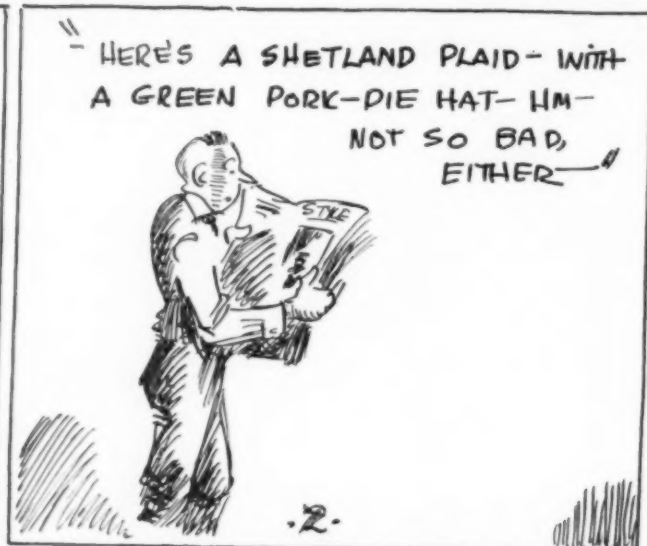
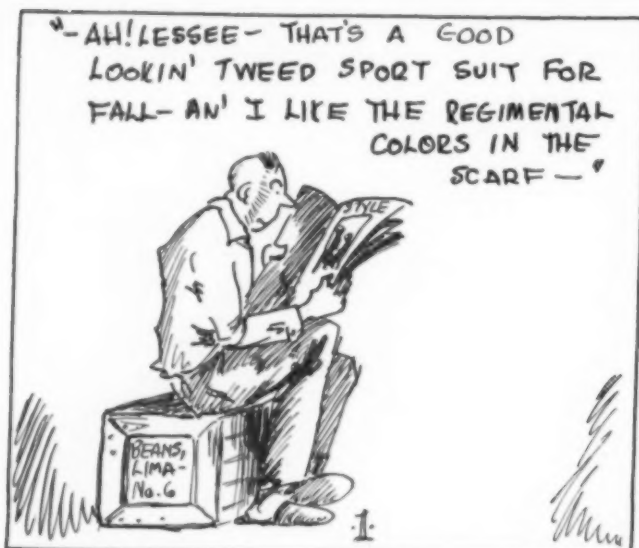
TAPaCan

BREWERY GOODNESS SEALED RIGHT IN

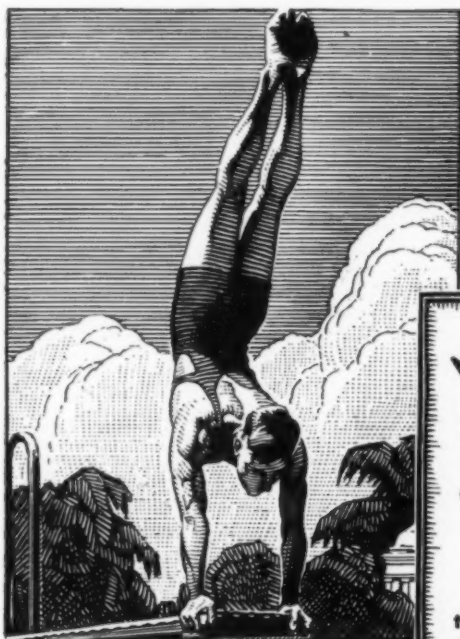
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guests.



Budweiser
KING OF BOTTLED BEER

McLane shot 331 at Camp Wesley Harris last week, making a three-year record for him as an expert rifleman. Being the highest in the detachment, he can have an answer for those thousands of cracks only a music gets thrown at him every day. Tpr. Harry H. Lunch is proud of his protege and congratulates him on showing the regulars that these musics have the requisites for professional soldiers.

A little advance information as to the location of the ship for the next two months will probably interest more than one party. The ship leaves Seattle, Washington, on the 29th of June and will arrive San Francisco on the second of July. After spending the fourth in Frisco and taking on the rest of the California Flag personnel, which has been temporarily on the *Tennessee*, we will once more sail out of the Golden Gate and head for Hawaii, as was done last year. About a month in Hawaii, with plenty of drill, and we will be homeward bound, and that's the greatest trip a ship and its crew ever takes. On the homeward trip everything works smoothly and the arrival anticipated by all hands. As on previous occasions a loud yell will be heard when the hook is dropped in Long Beach on or about the 22d of August.

In the meantime we are waiting for the next issue of *THE LEATHERNECK*.

MARINE FLYERS AID WOUNDED SHIP CAPTAIN

San Juan, Puerto Rico, July 11.—A United States Marine airplane flew 200 miles out to sea today to bring ashore the captain of a passenger liner who had been

stabbed in the throat by a member of his crew.

Weak from loss of blood caused by a 4-inch gash in his neck, Capt. Terence Burrows, skipper of the A. H. Bull Steamship Co.'s line, S. S. *Catherine*, was transferred from his ship to a Douglas amphibian plane in treacherous rolling seas.

A three-way drama of radio communication was carried out for two hours as the Marine plane, dispatched from St. Thomas, Virgin Islands, sought to find the *Catherine* before her skipper bled to death.

At first unable to locate the *Catherine*, Lt. Col. James T. Moore of the U. S. Marine Corps, who had taken off for the 165-mile flight to sea to the *Catherine* and back 200 miles to San Juan, instructed the ship to lay down a heavy smoke barrage. By the trail of smoke he located the ship.

Accompanying Col. Moore were Co-Pilot Lt. Ward Dickey, also of the Marine Corps, and Dr. T. R. Boling, U. S. Public Health physician, who volunteered for the flight when a frantic radio message pleading for help was picked up by the Marine radio station at the Virgin Islands.

Once the ship was reached, Dr. Boling administered first aid to Capt. Burrows, who had lain for six hours without adequate attention, and was weak from loss of blood.

High seas were rolling, and it was at first thought impossible to transfer the stricken captain to the amphibian. Finally Col. Moore took a rubber boat from his plane, floated it on one of the *Catherine's* own lifeboats, and put Capt. Burrows aboard.

Little was known of the attack on Bur-

rows, except that an altercation had occurred between the officer and a fireman, who suddenly seized a knife and cut an inch-deep gash four inches long in the left side of Burrows' neck.

Leaving the liner at 4:05 p. m., the Marine plane landed here at 6 p. m. Capt. Burrows was taken by ambulance to the Seaman's Hospital. He was reported in critical condition.—*Washington (D. C.) Post*.

NAVAL ACADEMY APPOINTMENTS

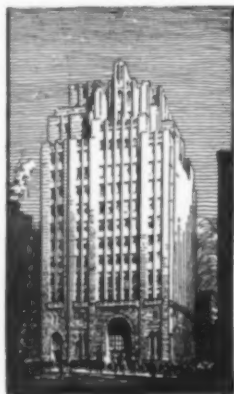
Each year the opportunity to enter the Naval Academy by appointment from the regular service and from the reserve is offered to enlisted men who complete at least one year's service by July 1, and are more than sixteen but less than twenty years of age on April 1st of the year in which entry to the Academy is made. The examination in both of these cases is competitive, one hundred appointments being available to the candidates in the regular Navy and Marine Corps and twenty-five to candidates in the Naval and Marine Corps Reserve. Men in the regular service must complete at least nine months of service aboard a naval vessel in full commission and men in the reserve must attend twenty-seven drills a year. Men in the regular service may attend the Naval Academy Preparatory Course convened at Hampton Roads in November.

From the regular Marine Corps this year four candidates succeeded in meeting the requirements and will be discharged to accept appointments as midshipmen. They are: Prts. T. F. Collins, G. C. Williams,

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H. S. Teklinski and E. B. Lipski. From the Marine Corps Reserve, the following are eligible: Pvt. Charles Abert, Raymond Koshliak and John T. Straker.

Enlisted men who succeed in obtaining an appointment to take the examination from the representative or senator of their congressional district may take furlough to study or may furnish a copy of their designation from civil life and apply for transfer to Hampton Roads, Va., to take the Naval Academy Preparatory Course which offers an intensive review of the subjects included in the final examinations.

Sons of officers and enlisted men on active duty or on the retired list may avail of the privilege of applying for Presidential appointment through official channels. The competitive examination of candidates from this source is held on the third Wednesday in April. This source of appointment to the Naval Academy is much sought after and unfortunately the fifteen vacancies allowed by law do not take care of all the candidates who pass in all the subjects. The following were among the fifteen successful candidates: Sidney S. Lee, Jr., son of Lt. Col. S. S. Lee; Cyrus S. Radford, Jr., son of Brig. Gen. C. S. Radford, retired; Robert R. Wooding, son of Capt. Walter Wooding, retired.

Pvt. John E. Lacouture, FMCR, passed very high on the list for appointment from the Navy and Marine Corps Reserve, but as he was successful in obtaining a congressional appointment he entered the Naval Academy from that source and thereby made a place for another reservist whose name was on the eligible list.

THE LEATHERNECK salutes these successful candidates and hopes that they will complete their four-year course with honors and sign up as officers of the regular Marine Corps in 1940.

MARINE CORPS LEAGUE

(Continued from page 54)

The detachment was represented in the Memorial Day parade by a one-man squad consisting of Chief Carl George, who marched majestically down Bedford Avenue bedecked in dress blues and red cap with the gold ornament and brass buttons glistening in the sun. And what an ovation he received.

Commandant Harold L. Walk will head our delegation to the National Convention in Boston next month.

ANGELO J. CINCOTTA,
Chief of Staff.

HOMER A. HARKNESS DETACHMENT Jersey City, N. J.

The month of June saw the Harkness Marines make the headlines again with our installation, the State and Eastern Seaboard conventions, and a Forbidden Fruit Dance on the Plaza Roof that will long remain in the memories of those who attended.

Jack Brennan, as master of ceremonies at the installation, capitalized on his Irish luck when the Louis-Schmeling bout, interfering with our plans on the 18th, was side-tracked for the next day so that prominent folk would witness the installing of Thomas J. Kochka and his staff. State Commandant Jack Dennis performed the induction of officers in a very impressive manner, bestowing on retiring Commandant Thomas J. Botti the Past-Commandant's Medal. Judge Ezra P. Nolan, on behalf of friends, presented our new commandant with a handsome watch. Other speakers were Dr. Alexander F. Ormsby, Dean of the John Marshall College of Law; Capt.

THE LEATHERNECK

William V. McLaughlin of the Jersey City Police Department; Thomas J. Maloney, Chief of the Jersey City Fire Department; all members of this detachment and Capt. William B. McKinley, National Committeeman from New Jersey for the American Legion. (If you have been reading the papers, you would have learned that on the following day, Dean Ormsby conferred the degree of Doctor of Laws on the Vice-President of the United States.) Past-Commandant Charles P. Angelo headed the Committee of Arrangements which included Hugh Murtha, Louis Bochet, Frank Ward and Jack Nyire. Mess Sergeant Jim Milford performed a fast job with the suds and sandwiches.

Since the New Jersey State and Eastern Seaboard conventions, sponsored and held here in Jersey City by the Harkness Marines, will be mentioned in their respective columns, it will suffice to say that Jack Brennan was elected new state commandant, retiring Jack Dennis, who will assume the duties of vice-commandant of the Eastern Seaboard.

The Forbidden Fruit Dance held that evening on the Plaza Roof was a success in every respect. It was attended by the visiting posts' officers and their ladies, and the national officers were represented by Frank X. Lambert, national chief of staff, Commissioner Arthur Potterton, acting Mayor of Jersey City in the absence of Mayor Frank Hague, welcomed the delegates to the city. And the free suds flowed into the wee hours of the morning!

Here's some more HARKNEWSETTES . . . Charlie Nouvel motored to Quantico. . . At the installation, Allie Ormsby first boomed for governor by Jack Brennan. . . Bill McLaughlin's Marine phrases splattered with polysyllables had the audience in stitches. . . These huskies with Bill Bush and Tom Maloney, a formidable suicide squad, drinking sarsaparilla; the big sis-sies! . . . At the convention: The magnanimous gesture; Charlie Angelo, who doesn't touch the stuff, donated a keg of beer to the delegates . . . the better to argue with, my friends . . . Ralph Vaccaro brought up memories of posts in which we served together . . . and to think that Frank Warnock put in four years in Nicaragua . . . At the dance: Jack Nyire and his public address system were a complete hit . . . Tom Botti, as the judge, not only emulated his famous brother, Judge Anthony Botti, but went further, arresting the culprits who snatched the forbidden fruit. . . Eddie Lloyd revealed himself as the typical man about-town . . . and can he trip the light fantastic . . . so nonchalantly. . . And we put up our hat if the talk wasn't interesting when Frank Lambert, Jack Brennan and Commissioner Potterton had their heads together.

JOSEPH D. PRESTIA,

Chief of Staff.

CAPT. BURWELL H. CLARKE DETACHMENT Newark, New Jersey

May was a very prosperous month for the Capt. Burwell H. Clarke Detachment due to the efforts of our worthy commandant, John L. Whigam. To start with the Veterans' Alliance set the Poppy Sale date for the 28th and 29th, then the date was changed to the 22nd and 23rd, so you can imagine the running around he had to do to let all our members know. Then came

the day to go out and "do our stuff" and every Marine turned to in fine shape, collecting donations. Our high pressure man was Roland T. Eckelson and if you don't think \$77 is a lot of nickels and dimes you have another guess coming.

Miss Florence Higgins did most all of the secretarial work for her fiancé, Mr. Whigam. She deserves a lot of credit and maybe when the wedding bells ring out we will be able to give them a military escort of the drum and bugle corps. After the drive was over we had six more paid-up members: R. Bates, J. Davis, R. Canfield, R. Potteridge, J. Tripple and C. Houiser. So now our detachment is getting up in the world and the boys are all proud to see us in tenth place in the standing.

Here is some news for the old timers to look up. We received a letter from Mr. Charles Stansrath of Augusta Street, Irvington, N. J., asking if he could join our detachment, as he had read in the newspaper of the Marine Corps League and that any honorably discharged Marine was eligible to join. He served in 1894 and is 66 years old. He was paid off a corporal, so maybe John F. might know him. Needless to say, we are going to send a delegation to see that he attends our next meeting, and give him a real Marine welcome.

Now for the drum and bugle corps, and, boy, are they good? Memorial Day we fell out for the services and great applause was given us along the line of march. We then went to Fairmont Cemetery where a firing squad of the Marine Reserves paid their respects to the deceased, after which "taps" was blown. The good work of the chairman, Clarence F. Roy, was responsible for the way the program was carried out. Gerard L. Bakealar, drum major, deserves a lot of praise too, but after winning third prize in West Orange on Memorial Day, the detachment will have to buy him a new skypiece to fit his swelled head.

We just want to let these boys of our detachment know we are thinking about them and always glad to hear how they are making out: Charles Mayean, Naval Station, Olongapo; Ray Kaiser and A. Gielliano. Best regards from the Clarke Detachment.

FRANK G. BARDECKER,

Chief of Staff.

36 Ridgewood Ave., Newark, N. J.

MILEAGE THIRTY-FOUR

(Continued from page 9)

The sentry paced the quarter-deck and shifted the Thompson to the other shoulder.

Miss Li exhaled a wisp of blue smoke, and regarded the gold tip of her cigarette.

"I am not acquainted with this part of China. I have come to look at it, and to learn about it. You see, I went to school in the States, and have just come back through Europe, where I spent two years. It is rather difficult to acclimate one's self after a long stay in the western countries. I imagine it is the same with your people when they return to the States. But when a Chinese girl goes to the States or to Europe, stays there for a long time, especially during her formative years, and then comes back here, she encounters problems. She clashes with her own people because of the difference in

BILL BULKHEAD

**was a Rube at
Gunnery**



**but a Romeo
with the Gals**

BILL was a total loss in a gun-crew, but ashore there wasn't a Romeo in the U.S.M.C. who rated his popularity with the dames! One look at that handsome and well-groomed hair—and the gal was Bill's every time.

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For Vitalis does keep hair healthy and handsome. Massaged into the scalp, Vitalis nourishes the hair roots with pure vegetable oils—wakes up lazy, tight scalps—eliminates loose dandruff—gives hair a good-looking, natural lustre, but without any "patent-leather" effect.

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philosophies and education. I am thinking seriously of going back to the States, for I am not happy in China. A young lady cannot assume a position in the business world without causing a great deal of adverse comment."

The shrill chattering of the *shui kuan*, the Customs official stationed at the port 'tween decks, interrupted us. Evidently, a difficulty had arisen between the official and a prospective passenger for Wanh sien. The bedlam died away, and all was quiet. Miss Li's expression changed to scorn.

"My father was a *kuo wu yuan*," she resumed, "during the time of the Empress Dowager. He carried the jade scepter, and was a man of great character and ability, as all those who knew him will testify. In the time of the Empire, the Provinces were governed by good men. Of course, there were exceptions. There was a man, Liu Chang by name. He was an enemy of the Empire, although he held a high office. When the Revolution came, he was instrumental in causing the death of my father. I was, of course, but a child then. But I have not forgotten. Liu Chang is now in Chungking. I have been trained in the West. I shall not sit back and mouth philosophy. There are ways of doing things."

Rather interesting that, about Liu Chang. His name was mentioned frequently in the radios from the commander of the station ship at Chungking to the Naval Attaché at Peiping. An uneducated, unscrupulous war lord, he was playing both ends against the middle. But his finish was near. For in these days it was not an unusual sight to see droning Northrops and Corsairs of the Nanking Government winging their way over the River to the west, always to the west. There were big things going on around Chungking, and Szechwan was a desirable province, and had too long been under local management.

We sat for some time in silence. Many cigarettes had been smoked. The relief of the Guard had been changed. The moon, lying low on the horizon, bathed the mountains of Szechwan, lying dormant like a herd of sleeping buffaloes. The river rushed by, under the great, frowning peak.

The radio operator came by with a message for the Captain. "Sparks" was a Russian, and he loved his work—especially when the ether crackled with exciting news. "From Chungking," said Boris, importantly. "Big fight—Liu Chang is killed!" He proceeded up forward without waiting for our questions.

Miss Li rose slowly and leaned against the rail. Her smooth-coiffed, well-poised head took on even more dignity. She gazed for some time at the stars, brilliant and brittle as ice in their black casing. "That is that," she said evenly. "I think I shall retire. Good-night." She held out her hand. "Good-night," said I. "sleep well." She nodded gravely. "I shall, thank you." I watched her go forward, recede in the shadows, and enter her cabin.

I turned and walked aft to the sentry. He stood at the taffrail, gazing down river.

"Davis," said I, "Would you like to be back in Shanghai?"

"After we go through the Gorges, I wouldn't mind, sir," said that astonished individual.

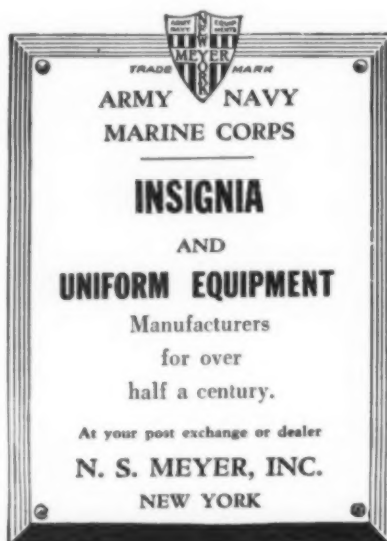
I bade him good-night, and turned in. But sleep was not mine. One becomes impressionable on the Upper River.

It was still dark when the lines were

cast off and hauled in from the beach. The throbbing of the *Mei Ling's* powerful reciprocals disturbed the sleeping village, which began to stir at the steady pounding. The *Mei Ling* gathered strength and pushed her nose against the black, swirling waters. Battalions of roosters crowed fretfully, chiding the puffing steamer. The pilot, still in a daze from his last pipe, and resplendent in skull cap and long, black, padded silk gown, shuffled by on his way to the bridge. I went aft for a spot of chow. With the last course came a heart-rending wail from the deck. Miss Li's *amah*. She wrung her hands and howled at the unheeding wall of the Niu-kan Gorge. Chen appeared and spoke a few rapid words to her.

"What is it, Mr. Chen?" said I.

The *compradore* looked significantly at the rail near us. A bit of white silk, caught in the wire, fluttered in the wind.



It might have come from a fine gown. The *amah* was silent. She gazed at the surface of the river.

"*Mei yu fatsu*," said the insouciant Mr. Chen.

At mileage thirty-four, on the Ichang-Chungking run, there is an excellent anchorage, overshadowed by a sheer, granite-like mountain topped by a temple which hangs precariously, like the sword of Damocles, over the south bank of the river. On a clear, moonlight night, the flashing, gurgling Yangtze rushes by at five knots, carrying, with insolence and authority, its jealously guarded secrets to the jaundiced viscosity of the East China Sea, a thousand miles away



WEST COAST NEWS Receiving Ship, San Francisco (Continued from page 19)

the bridge from San Francisco to the Island and is progressing rather well. We will be riding over that before long.

Our dear ship, the *Boston*, is slowly sinking, so they took her to Mare Island to scrape the bottom. We are afraid the bottom will fall out when they put her in dry docks.

The Commanding Officer's father-in-law and family have been visiting him the past few weeks: Captain Cushing, retired, and Mrs. Cushing, Miss Edith Cushing and Mr. Cromwell Cushing, all from San Diego, California.

The dredging outfit over on the other side of the Island had a little trouble lately. One of the dredges was left high and dry by the tide. Now it is sitting about half in and half out of the water, and we are looking for it to turn over if something isn't done about it soon. Their work is getting along fine over there though. Well, folks, I guess I better sign off, so until next time take it easy.

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INFORMATION FOR WRITERS OF BROADCAST

News copy for the September Issue
should reach Editors by August 8.

Double space typing, use only one
side of paper.

Make separate story of sports news
if possible.

THE GAZETTE

Total Strength Marine Corps on May 31	17,383
COMMISSIONED AND WARRANT —May 31	1,220
Separations during June	37
Appointments during June	1,183
Total Strength on June 30	1,208
ENLISTED —Total Strength on May 31	16,163
Separations during June	448
Joinings during June	15,715
Total Strength on June 30	325
Total Strength Marine Corps on June 30	16,040
	17,258

THE U. S. MARINE CORPS COMMISSIONED

Maj. Gen. John H. Russell, The Major General Commandant.
Maj. Gen. L. McCarty Little, Assistant to the Major General Commandant.
Brig. Gen. David D. Porter, The Adjutant and Inspector.
Brig. Gen. Hugh Matthews, The Quartermaster.
Brig. Gen. Harold C. Reisinger, The Paymaster.

Officers last commissioned in the grades indicated:

Maj. Gen. L. McCarty Little.
Brig. Gen. John C. Beaumont.
Col. Joseph C. Fegan.
Lt. Col. Franklin A. Hart.
Maj. Elmer E. Hall.
Capt. Edward C. Dyer.
1st Lt. Ethridge C. Best.

Officers last to make numbers in grades indicated:

Maj. Gen. L. McCarty Little.
Brig. Gen. John C. Beaumont.
Col. Joseph C. Fegan.
Lt. Col. John L. Doxey.
Maj. Theodore H. Cartwright.
Capt. Raymond F. Crist, Jr.
1st Lt. Gerald R. Wright.

MARINE CORPS CHANGES

JUNE 15, 1936.

Col. Ralph S. Keyser, on 1 July, 1936, detached Hdqrs., Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to MB, Washington, D. C.

Col. Seth Williams, AQM., on 1 July, 1936, detached Depot of Supplies, Marine Corps, Philadelphia, Pa., to Hdqrs., Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., for duty in the office of the Quartermaster.

Lt. Col. Joseph A. Rossell, orders to duty as OIC, Central Rectg. Div., Chicago, Ill., modified; detached MB, Parris Island, S. C., about 14 July, 1936.

Lt. Col. William T. Hoadley, about 10 July, 1936, detached Rectg. Dist., Boston, Mass., to MB, Submarine Base, Coco Solo, C. Z., via SS "Cristobal" sailing New York, N. Y., on 14 July, 1936.

Maj. Joseph I. Nettekoven, relieved FMF, MCB, San Diego, Calif., and assigned to duty MCB, San Diego, Calif.

Maj. Herman R. Anderson, detached MB, Quantico, Va., and ordered duty Inspector-Instructor, 16th Bn., FMCR., Spokane, Wash.

Lt. Col. David L. S. Brewster, detailed an Assistant Quartermaster, effective 1 July, 1936.

Maj. Robert C. Anthony, about 27 June, 1936, detached MB, Norfolk NYd, Portsmouth, Va., to duty Inspector-Instructor, 12th Bn., FMCR., San Francisco, Calif.

Maj. Jacob M. Pearce, about 30 June, 1936, detached MB, Washington, D. C., to 15th Bn., FMCR., Galveston, Texas.

Capt. Frank R. Armstead, assigned to additional duty as OIC, Rectg. Dist. of Seattle, Seattle, Wash.

Capt. Samuel W. Freeny, on 27 July, 1936, detached MD, Rec. Station, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., to MB, NYd, Washington, D. C.

(Continued on page 66)

THE U. S. MARINE CORPS ENLISTED

JUNE 1, 1936.

1st Sgt. Walter R. Hooper—Quantico to San Diego.

Sgt. James P. Evans—Recruiting, New Orleans to San Diego.

Sgt. Tom H. Glenn—Recruiting, New Orleans to P. I.

Staff-Sgt. John T. Lawrence—WC to EC.

JUNE 2, 1936.

Sgt. Henry E. Buccell—Norfolk to New York for "Erie."

Platoon-Sgt. Zack T. Handley—Dover to P. I.

Sgt. Robt. F. Farley—San Diego to New York.

Cpl. Wm. J. Roller—San Diego to Charleston, S. C.

JUNE 3, 1936.

Sgt. John M. Ely—Newport to New York.

Sgt. Arthur J. Kelly—New York to Ft. Mifflin.

Sgt. Lucian C. Gifford—Ft. Mifflin to Newport.

QM-Sgt. Chas. Clayton—Pearl Harbor to WC.

QM-Sgt. Geo. H. Corcoran—WC to Quantico.

Cpl. Maxie W. Booker—Pensacola to Aviation, Quantico.

Cpl. Romulus—Quantico to Charleston.

PM-Sgt. Ray R. Maynard—Norfolk to Quantico.

Tech-Sgt. Leo S. Maddy—Aviation, San Diego to Lakehurst.

Tech-Sgt. Carlton C. Cole—Quantico to San Diego.

Cpl. Raymond E. Lewis—Ft. Lafayette to New York.

JUNE 4, 1936.

Cpl. Leslie C. Bradburn—USS. "Mississippi" to Philadelphia.

Cpl. George Decella—USS. "Maryland" to WC.

Mess Cpl. Raymond E. Streeter—Boston to Shanghai.

Mess Sgt. Alphonse Carbone—Newport to Boston.

JUNE 6, 1936.

Cpl. Russell M. Catron—San Diego to DofS, Philadelphia.

Cpl. Chas. J. Maxey—P. I. to Great Lakes.

JUNE 8, 1936.

Sgt. Milton B. Rogers—MB, Washington, D. C., to Charleston, S. C.

Cpl. Wm. C. Williams—Quantico to New York.

Cpl. Earl W. Peasley—San Diego to USS. "Henderson."

JUNE 9, 1936.

Cpl. Loy D. Eggerman—NYd, Washington, D. C., to San Diego.

Cpl. Alphonse Dumais—Pensacola to Mare Island.

Cpl. Marvin H. Fineberg—Quantico to Asiatic.

Cpl. Garnett A. Sharit—Lakehurst to P. I.

Cpl. Leonard E. Carlson—Philadelphia to Cape May.

Cpl. Mart S. Fields—Cape May to Philadelphia.

Sgt. Donald M. Beeson—San Diego to Asiatic.

(Continued on page 69)

RECENT REENLISTMENTS

CONRAD, Constant F., 5-8-36, Chicago for Mare Island.

MURPHY, Arvin R., 5-29-36, Macon for Parris Island.

SHIPLEY, Henry I., 5-26-36, Los Angeles for San Diego.

BROWN, Charles E., 5-22-36, San Diego for San Diego.

LYON, Horace E., 5-29-36, Quantico for Quantico.

NOELL, William L., 5-23-36, Bremerton for Bremerton.

ROSE, Charles J., 5-24-36, San Diego for San Diego.

TREXLER, Charles P., 5-24-36, San Diego for San Diego.

WITHERS, Sam W., 5-2-36, Shanghai for Shanghai.

WYRICK, Vernon J., 5-29-36, Quantico for Quantico.

FITZGERALD, Jack H., 6-1-36, Portsmouth, Va., for Portsmouth, Va.

McCLAY, Irvin F., 6-1-36, Quantico for Quantico.

REIBOLD, George F., 5-28-36, Mare Island for Mare Island.

TULLY, George J., 6-1-36, Quantico for Quantico.

ELLIOTT, James F., 6-2-36, Portsmouth, Va., for Portsmouth, Va.

SWINSON, James D., 6-17-36, Portsmouth, Pensacola.

WINANS, Ben, 6-2-36, Norfolk for Norfolk.

BAILEY, Walter L., 6-1-36, New Orleans for Pensacola.

KEPPEL, William C., 6-3-36, New York for Portsmouth, Va.

DAVIS, Charles, 5-28-36, San Diego for San Diego.

DELANEY, Ronald J., 5-29-36, Mare Island for Mare Island.

MacLEAN, Stephen, 5-27-36, San Diego for San Diego.

MEER, Charles O., 6-4-36, Quantico for Quantico.

SCHURR, John W., 6-4-36, Quantico for Quantico.

SMITH, Jobe F., 5-27-36, Bremerton for Bremerton.

WHITE, Lawrence A., 6-5-36, MB, Washington for MB, Washington.

WORDEHOF, Leonard E., 5-31-36, Mare Island for Mare Island.

TROTTER, Melvin, 6-5-36, New Orleans for Pensacola.

McVAY, John S., 6-2-36, San Francisco for AA&I, San Francisco.

LaBRUCHERIE, Raymond T., 6-6-36, New York for New York.

MERENNA, John, 6-6-36, New York for Mare Island.

STUART, William R., 6-4-36, Parris Island for West Coast.

SEUFERT, Henry A., 6-7-36, Philadelphia for DofS, Philadelphia.

DUNLAP, Hubert H., 6-8-36, Quantico for Quantico.

McCULLEY, Frank G., 6-7-36, Newport for Newport, R. I.

MITCHELL, Robert P., 6-8-36, Quantico for Quantico.

OLSON, Elmer, 6-6-36, Portsmouth, Va., for San Diego.

(Continued on page 68)

U. S. MARINE CORPS CHANGES

(Continued from page 65)

Capt. Edwin J. Farrell, on 29 June, 1936, detached Hdqrs., Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to MD, USS "Ranger."

Capt. Samuel S. Ballentine, detailed as Assistant Quartermaster, effective 20 June, 1936.

1st Lt. Sol E. Levensky, detached Hdqrs., Dept. of Pacific, San Francisco, Calif., to MB, Puget Sound NYd, Bremerton, Wash.

1st Lt. Horace D. Palmer, on 29 June, 1936, detached Aircraft 1, FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., and ordered home to retire 30 June, 1936.

1st Lt. Forest C. Thompson, about 1 July, 1936, detached FMF, MCB, San Diego, Calif., and ordered to Field Artillery School, Fort Sill, Okla.

1st Lt. Donovan D. Sult, about 25 June, 1936, detached MF, MCB, OB, San Diego, Calif., and ordered to Field Artillery School, Fort Sill, Okla.

2nd Lt. Ralph L. Houser, about 2 July, 1936, detached MB, NYd, Mare Island, Calif., to 4th Marines, Shanghai, China, via USS "Henderson," sailing San Francisco, 6 July, 1936.

2nd Lt. Arthur J. J. Hagel, detached NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to 1st Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va.

2nd Lt. John W. Stage, on 15 June, 1936, detached MD, USS "Reina Mercedes," NA, Annapolis, Md., and ordered temporary duty MB, NYd, Charleston, S. C. When directed Cmdt., NYd, Charleston, S. C., assigned duty MD, USS "Charleston."

2nd Lt. Donald J. Decker, about 1 July, 1936, detached MB, NYd, New York, N. Y., to MD, USS "Eric."

Ch. Pay Clk. James U. Meyer, on 15 August, 1936, detached 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to Office of Assistant Paymaster, Marine Corps, NOB, Norfolk, Va.

Ch. Pay Clk. John W. Lytle, on 15 August, 1936, detached Office of Assistant Paymaster, Marine Corps, NOB, Norfolk, Va., to 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va.

Mar. Gnr. Victor H. Czegka, on reporting MB, Quantico, Va., about 15 Aug., 1936, assigned to duty with Aircraft 1, FMF, MB, Quantico, Va.

JUNE 22, 1936.
Col. Frank E. Evans, on 20 July, 1936, detached Southern Rectg. Div., New Orleans, La., to duty OIC, Western Rectg. Div., San Francisco, Calif.

JUNE 22, 1936.
Lt. Col. Harold C. Pierce, on 1 July, 1936, detached NEB, MB, Washington, D. C., and ordered to Hdqrs., Dept. of Pacific, Marine Corps, San Francisco, Calif.

Maj. George F. Adams, APM, on 1 July, 1936, detached Hdqrs., Dept. of Pacific, San Francisco, Calif., to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

Major Ralph E. Davis, on 15 July, 1936, detached Rectg. Dist., Savannah, Ga., to duty as OIC, Southern Rectg. Div., New Orleans, La.

Capt. Arthur C. Small, on 10 July, 1936, detached MB, Norfolk NYd, Portsmouth, Va., to Rectg. Dist., Savannah, Ga.

Capt. John W. Beckett, orders to MB, Quantico, Va., modified, ordered to report on 22 June, 1936, at MB, Washington, D. C., for duty.

Capt. Bailey M. Coffenberg, about 15 July, 1936, detached MB, NYd, Portsmouth, N. H., to 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va.

Capt. Paul B. Watson, orders to Command and General Staff School, Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, modified to MB, NYd, New York, N. Y.

Capt. Theodore H. Cartwright, about 30 June, 1936, detached FMF, MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to MB, NPF, Indian Head, Md.

Capt. Alexander Galt, on 1 July, 1936, detached MB, Quantico, Va., and ordered home to retire 1 September, 1936.

Capt. Richard M. Cutts, Jr., orders to 4th Marines, Shanghai, China, modified to MB, NS, Guam, via USS "Henderson," sailing San Francisco, 6 July, 1936.

Capt. John W. Cunningham, detached MB, NS, Guam, to 4th Marines, Shanghai, China.

Capt. Charles C. Gill, about 24 June, 1936, detached MD, USS "Ranger," to Rectg. Dist., Seattle, Wash.

Capt. John C. McQueen, detached MB, Norfolk NYd, Portsmouth, Va., to MD, USS "Quincy."

2nd Lt. Lewis J. Fields, detached MB, Norfolk NYd, Portsmouth, Va., to MD, USS "Quincy."

1st Lt. Francis J. Cunningham, about 15 June, 1936, detached MD, USS "Tennessee" to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

1st Lt. Jefferson G. Dreyspring, about 30 June, 1936, detached MB, NYd, Charleston, S. C., to MB, Parris Island, S. C.

2nd Lt. Marshall A. Tyler, about 28 July, 1936, detached NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to Aircraft 1, 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va.

2nd Lt. Victor H. Krulak, about 23 June, 1936, detached MD, USS "Reina Mercedes," NA, Annapolis, Md., to FMF, MCB, NOB,

Louis B. Robertshaw—to MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa.

John W. Graham—to MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa.

Ralph Haas—to MB, NAS, Pensacola, Fla.

Ben. F. Prewitt—to MB, NAS, Pensacola, Fla.

Maynard M. Nohrden—to MB, NYd, Charleston, S. C.

Ted E. Pulos—to MB, NTS, Newport, R. I.

Ch.QM.Clk. Harry S. Young, on 1 July, 1936, detached MB, Parris Island, S. C., and ordered to home to retire 1 September, 1936.

JUNE 29, 1936.
Col. Presley M. Rixey, on 26 June, 1936, detached Hdqrs., Marine Corps, Wash., D. C., and ordered home to retire 30 June, 1936.

Lt. Col. Alfred H. Noble, about 15 August, 1936, detached Hdqrs., Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to Army War College, Fort Humphreys, D. C.

Major John W. Thomson, Jr., about 15 August, 1936, detached Hdqrs., Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to Army War College, Fort Humphreys, D. C.

Major William A. Worton, on or about 30 June, 1936, detached Hdqrs., Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to MB, Quantico, Va.

Major John P. Adams, about 5 August, 1936, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to Command and General Staff School, Fort Leavenworth, Kansas.

Major Herman R. Anderson, orders 12 June, 1936, modified to assign this officer to duty as Inspector-Instructor, 14th Bn., FMCR, Spokane, Wash.

Capt. Cyril W. Martyr, about 30 June, 1936, detached MB, NAD, St. Julien's Creek, Va., to 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va.

Capt. Charles McL. Lott, detailed as Assistant Quartermaster, effective 15 July, 1936.

1st Lt. Benjamin F. Kaiser, about 20 July, 1936, detached MD, USS "Tulsa," to 4th Marines, Shanghai, China.

1st Lt. Marion A. Fawcett, about 20 July, 1936, detached 4th Marines, Shanghai, China, to MD, USS "Tulsa."

2nd Lt. James L. Beam, detached MB, Washington, D. C., to NAS, Pensacola, Fla.

Ch.Mar.Gnr. Chas. A. Johnson, orders to MB, NOB, Norfolk, Va., modified on arrival Norfolk via USS "Chaumont," ordered to MB, NYd, Portsmouth, N. H.

Ch.Mar.Gnr. Wm. H. Tyerman, on 1 July, 1936, detached MB, Quantico, Va., and ordered home to retire 1 September, 1936.

JULY 3, 1936.
Col. John Potts, detached Hdqrs., Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., on 2 July, 1936, and ordered home to retire 1 September, 1936.

Capt. Guy B. Beatty, on 15 July, 1936, detached Marine Detachment, Detention Prison, Rec. Station, NOB, Norfolk, Va., to MCS, MB, Quantico, Va.

Capt. Frank S. Flack, detached MB, NYd, Mare Island, Calif., and ordered home to retire 1 September, 1936.

Capt. William J. Scheyer, on 1 July, 1936, relieved from 1st Marine Brig., MB, Quantico, Va., to Staff of Marine Corps Schools, MB, Quantico, Va.

Capt. Harold C. Roberts, on 1 July, 1936, relieved from 1st Marine Brig., MB, Quantico, Va., to Staff of Marine Corps Schools, MB, Quantico, Va.

1st Lt. Charles R. Jones, on reporting at MB, Quantico, assigned to duty with 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va.

The following named officers were promoted to the grades indicated, subject to confirmation, on 1 July, 1936, with rank from 30 June, 1936:

Colonel Alley D. Rorex, No. 1.
Colonel Thomas S. Clarke, No. 3.
Colonel Joseph C. Pegan, No. 4.

Major Claude A. Phillips, No. 1.
Major John W. Beckett, No. 2.
Major John Halla, No. 3.

Major Kenneth A. Inman, No. 4.

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BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

San Diego, Calif., with a delay of 10 days in reporting.

On 15 July, 1936, the following named second lieutenants detached Basic School, MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., and ordered to duty at stations indicated:

Paul R. Tyler—to MB, Parris Island, S. C.
Frederick R. Dowsett—to MB, Parris Island, S. C.

Wilfred H. Stiles—to MB, Parris Island, S. C.

Robert B. Moore—to MB, Parris Island, S. C.

Jean W. Moreau—to MD, NP, NYd, Portsmouth, N. H.

John H. Masters—to MD, NP, NYd, Portsmouth, N. H.

George B. Bell—to MB, NYd, Washington, D. C.

Richard Rothwell—to MB, NYd, Washington, D. C.

Andrew B. Galatian, Jr.—to MB, NAS, Lakehurst, N. J.

Elby D. Martin, Jr.—to MB, Norfolk NYd, Portsmouth, Va.

William F. Kramer—to MB, Norfolk NYd, Portsmouth, Va.

William K. Davenport, Jr.—to MB, NYd, New York, N. Y.

James W. Ferguson—to MB, NYd, New York, N. Y.

Richard W. Wallace—to MB, NYd, Portsmouth, N. H.

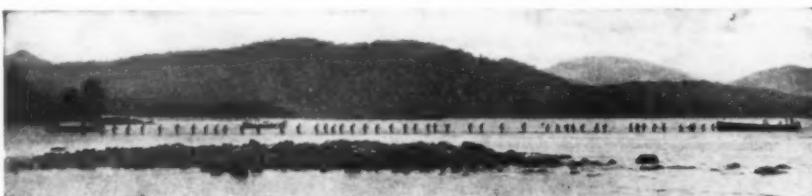
Randolph S. D. Lockwood—to MB, NYd, Portsmouth, N. H.

John H. Spencer—to MB, NYd, Boston, Mass.

Donald C. Merker—to MB, NYd, Boston, Mass.

William D. Roberson—to MB, Washington, D. C.

Harrison Brent, Jr.—to MB, Washington, D. C.



Major Lester N. Medaris, No. 5.
Major Frank B. Goettge, No. 6.
Major Donald G. Oglesby, No. 7.
Major Byron F. Johnson, No. 8.
Major Alfred C. Cottrell, No. 9.
Major John T. Selden, No. 10.
Major Elmer E. Hall, No. 11.

The following-named officers were promoted to the grades indicated, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, on 25 June, 1936, with rank from the dates shown opposite their names:

Colonel David M. Randall—29 May, 1936,
Lt. Col. Graves B. Erskine—1 March, 1936.

Major Joseph H. Fellows—29 May, 1936,
No. 1.

Major Louis G. DeHaven—29 May, 1936,
No. 2.

Major Lester A. Dessez—29 May, 1936,
No. 3.

Capt. Lionel C. Goudeau—29 May, 1936,
No. 1.

Capt. Alfred R. Pefley—29 May, 1936,
No. 2.

Capt. John H. Stillman—29 May, 1936,
No. 3.

Capt. Hawley C. Waterman—29 May, 1936,
No. 4.

Capt. James O. Brauer—29 May, 1936,
No. 5.

Capt. Thomas C. Green—29 May, 1936,
No. 6.

Capt. Andrew J. Mathiesen—1 June, 1936,
No. 1.

Capt. Joseph C. Burger—1 June, 1936,
No. 2.

Capt. Calvin R. Freeman—1 June, 1936,
No. 3.

Capt. Verne J. McCaul—1 June, 1936,
No. 4.

Capt. Leslie F. Narum—1 June, 1936,
No. 5.

1st Lt. Sidney S. Wade—1 June, 1936,
No. 1.

1st Lt. Guy M. Morrow—1 June, 1936,
No. 2.

1st Lt. Paul E. Wallace—1 June, 1936,
No. 3.

1st Lt. James F. Climie—1 June, 1936,
No. 4.

1st Lt. Edward E. Authier—1 June, 1936,
No. 5.

1st Lt. David S. McDougal—1 June, 1936,
No. 6.

1st Lt. Nixon L. Ballard—1 June, 1936,
No. 7.

1st Lt. Marshall A. Tyler—1 June, 1936,
No. 8.

1st Lt. Theodore C. Turnage, Jr.—1 June, 1936,
No. 9.

1st Lt. James M. Masters, Jr.—1 June, 1936,
No. 10.

1st Lt. William A. Kengla—1 June, 1936,
No. 11.

1st Lt. Wilbur J. McNenny—1 June, 1936,
No. 12.

1st Lt. Robert O. Bowen—1 June, 1936,
No. 13.

1st Lt. James L. Beam—1 June, 1936,
No. 14.

1st Lt. James Rockwell—1 June, 1936,
No. 15.

1st Lt. Joslyn R. Bailey—1 June, 1936,
No. 16.

1st Lt. Ethridge C. Best—1 June, 1936,
No. 18.

JULY 9, 1936.

Lt. Col. William T. Hoadley, orders detaching this officer from Recg. District, Boston, Mass., to MB, SB, Coco Solo, C. Z., revoked.

Major Clarence M. Ruffner, detached Marine Corps Schools, MB, Quantico, Va., to NEB, MB, Washington, D. C.

Major James E. Betts, on or about 1 August, 1936, detached MB, NPF, Indian Head, Md., to MB, Quantico, Va., for duty Senior Course, Marine Corps Schools.

Major Lee H. Brown, on or about 1 August, 1936, detached Basic School, MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., to MB, Quantico, Va., duty Senior Course, Marine Corps Schools.

Capt. Jesse S. Cook, Jr., on or about 1 August, 1936, detached MB, NYd, Boston, Mass., to MB, Quantico, Va., duty Junior Course, Marine Corps Schools.

Capt. James P. Riseley, on 15 August, 1936, detached Marine Corps Schools, MB, Quantico, Va., to Cavalry School, Fort Riley, Kansas.

Capt. Francis B. Loomis, about 31 July, 1936, detached 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to FMF, MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

1st Lt. Albert J. Keller, about 15 August, 1936, detached 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to Army Signal School, Fort Monmouth, N. J.

1st Lt. James P. Berkeley, about 5 August, 1936, detached 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to Army Signal School, Fort Monmouth, N. J.

1st Lt. Harry S. Leon, about 31 August, 1936, detached MB, NYd, New York, N. Y., to Army Signal School, Fort Monmouth, N. J.

1st Lt. George N. Carroll, about 1 August, 1936, detached MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., to Motor Transport School, Camp Holabird, Md.

1st Lt. Thomas B. Hughes, about 5 August, 1936, detached FMF, MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to Field Artillery School, Fort Sill, Okla.

1st Lt. James F. Climie, about 10 August, 1936, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to Army Signal School, Fort Monmouth, N. J.

1st Lt. Richard J. McPherson, about 8 August, 1936, detached MB, "Reina Mercedes," NA, Annapolis, Md., to MB, Quantico, Va., duty Junior Course, Marine Corps Schools.

1st Lt. Robert L. Denig, Jr., about 6 August, 1936, detached 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to Infantry School, Fort Benning, Ga., duty Tank Course.

1st Lt. Richard W. Hayward, about 10 August, 1936, detached MB, Parris Island, S. C., to NAS, Pensacola, Fla.

2nd Lt. Elmer T. Dorsey, on 15 July, 1936, detached MB, Parris Island, S. C., to NAS, Pensacola, Fla.

2nd Lt. Leonard K. Davis, on 15 July, 1936, detached MB, Parris Island, S. C., to NAS, Pensacola, Fla.

2nd Lt. George C. Ruffin, Jr., about 10 August, 1936, detached MB, NYd, Portsmouth, N. H., to NAS, Pensacola, Fla.

2nd Lt. Robert A. Black, about 10 August, 1936, detached MB, NYd, Charleston, S. C., to NAS, Pensacola, Fla.

2nd Lt. Michael S. Currin, about 1 August, 1936, detached MB, NYd, Boston, Mass., to MB, Quantico, Va., duty Base Defense Weapons Course, Marine Corps Schools.

Ch. Mar. Gnr. Chas. H. Eurlon, detached MB, NYd, Pearl Harbor, T. H., to MB, Quantico, Va.

Mar. Gnr. Charles M. Adams, appointed a Marine Gunner in Marine Corps and assigned to MB, NTS, Great Lakes, Ill.

Mar. Gnr. Peter M. Braden, appointed a Marine Gunner in Marine Corps and assigned to 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va.

On 14 August, 1936, following-named officers relieved from duty with 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., and as-

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plainly age-dated.



signed to Marine Corps Schools, MB, Quantico, for duty and instruction in the courses indicated:

Senior Course: Lt. Col. Harold S. Fassett.

Junior Course: Capt. Ralph E. Forsyth, Capt. William R. Hughes, 1st Lt. William I. Phipps, 1st Lt. Henry R. Paige.

Base Defense Weapons Course: 1st Lt. James Rockwell, 1st Lt. John H. Cook, Jr., 2nd Lt. Edward L. Hutchinson.

On 14 August, 1936, following-named officers, attached to Aircraft 1, 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., direct report Comdt., Marine Corps Schools, for additional aviation duty and instruction in Junior Course:

Capt. Herbert P. Becker, Capt. Thomas J. McQuade, Capt. Theodore B. Millard, Capt. Albert D. Cooley, Capt. Robert H. Rhoads, Capt. Thomas B. White, Capt. Perry K. Smith.

On 14 August, 1936, or as soon thereafter as they may report, following-named officers assigned to Marine Corps Schools, MB, Quantico, Va., for duty and instruction in the courses indicated:

Senior Course: Major William A. Wornton, Major Clifford O. Henry, Major George T. Hall, Major William W. Rogers, Major John Goff.

Junior Course: Capt. George H. Bellinger, Capt. James S. Monahan, Capt. William M. Mitchell, Capt. Robert O. Bare, Capt. Evans F. Carlson, Capt. Earle S. Davis, Capt. James O. Brauer, Capt. Adolph Zuber, Capt. Thomas D. Marks, Capt. Edward T. Peters, Capt. Roy M. Gulick, Capt. Hawley C. Waterman, Capt. Leslie F. Narum, Capt. Chesley G. Stevens, Capt. James E. Jones, Capt. Robert G. Hunt, Capt. George F. Good, Jr., Capt. Reginald H. Ridgely, Jr., Capt. Nels H. Nelson, Capt. H. O. Hammond, 1st Lt. William R. Williams, 1st Lt. Matthew C. Horner, 1st Lt. Robert H. McDowall, 1st Lt. Orin K. Pressley, 1st Lt. Homer C. Murray, 1st Lt. Harry C. Lang, 1st Lt. Chester R. Allen, 1st Lt. Clarence J. O'Donnell.

Base Defense Weapons Course: Capt. Miles S. Newton, 2nd Lt. Charles T. Tingle.

The following-named officers were promoted to the grades indicated, subject to confirmation, on 3 July, 1936, with rank from dates shown:

Lt. Col. Maurice G. Holmes—30 June, 1936, No. 4.

Lt. Col. Franklin A. Hart—30 June, 1936, No. 9.

The following-named officers were promoted to the rank of Captain, subject to

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confirmation, on 1 July, 1936, with rank from 30 June, 1936:

Capt. Ion M. Bethel, No. 1.
 Capt. John F. Hough, No. 2.
 Capt. Robert L. Griffin, Jr., No. 3.
 Capt. Archie V. Gerard, No. 4.
 Capt. Edward L. Pugh, No. 5.
 Capt. Lawrence Norman, No. 6.
 Capt. Earl H. Phillips, No. 7.
 Capt. Paul A. Putnam, No. 8.
 Capt. James M. Ranck, Jr., No. 10.
 Capt. Presley M. Rixey, No. 11.
 Capt. Francis J. McQuillen, No. 13.
 Capt. Edward W. Snedeker, No. 14.
 Capt. John S. E. Young, No. 16.
 Capt. Nels H. Nelson, No. 20.
 Capt. Chester B. Graham, No. 22.
 Capt. Benjamin F. Kaiser, Jr., No. 24.
 Capt. Earle S. Davis, No. 28.
 Capt. Roy M. Gulick, No. 29.
 Capt. Ward E. Dickey, No. 31.
 Capt. William D. Saunders, Jr., No. 32.
 Capt. Lofton R. Henderson, No. 34.
 Capt. Walter H. Troxel, No. 35.
 Capt. Thomas G. McFarland, No. 36.
 Capt. John R. Lanigan, No. 37.
 Capt. Raymond E. Hopper, No. 38.
 Capt. Francis B. Loomis, No. 39.
 Capt. John H. Coffman, No. 40.
 Capt. Thomas D. Marks, No. 42.
 Capt. Peter P. Schrider, No. 45.
 Capt. James F. Shaw, Jr., No. 46.
 Capt. Edward T. Peters, No. 47.
 Capt. Raymond C. Scollin, No. 49.
 Capt. Samuel S. Jack, No. 50.
 Capt. Henry R. Paige, No. 51.
 Capt. Robert H. Rhoads, No. 52.
 Capt. Robert S. Viall, No. 53.
 Capt. Ralph D. McAfee, No. 54.
 Capt. Joseph W. Earnshaw, No. 57.
 Capt. Walter L. J. Baylor, No. 58.
 Capt. Marion L. Dawson, Jr., No. 59.
 Capt. Harold G. Newhart, No. 60.
 Capt. Frank M. June, No. 61.
 Capt. George H. Potter, No. 62.
 Capt. Robert A. Olson, No. 64.
 Capt. Harold D. Hansen, No. 67.
 Capt. Jesse S. Cook, Jr., No. 68.
 Capt. Miles H. Newton, No. 69.
 Capt. Allen C. Koonce, No. 71.
 Capt. Alan Shapley, No. 72.
 Capt. David F. O'Neill, No. 74.
 Capt. John C. Munn, No. 75.
 Capt. William R. Williams, No. 77.
 Capt. Frank G. Dalley, No. 79.
 Capt. Frank H. Wirsig, No. 80.
 Capt. Karl K. Louthier, No. 83.
 Capt. Paul Drake, No. 84.
 Capt. Clinton E. Fox, No. 85.
 Capt. Harold R. Lee, No. 86.
 Capt. George O. VanOrden, No. 87.
 Capt. Walter A. Reeves, No. 88.
 Capt. Robert L. Peterson, No. 90.
 Capt. Kenneth H. Weir, No. 91.
 Capt. Ernest E. Pollock, No. 98.
 Capt. Frank H. Schwable, No. 111.
 Capt. Edward C. Dyer, No. 112.

RECENT REENLISTMENTS

(Continued from page 65)

ROBERTS, Stephen J., 5-31-36, San Diego for San Diego.
 STANLEY, Howard R., 6-4-36, Mare Island for Mare Island.
 EDEN, Augustus J., Mare Island for Mare Island.
 TURNER, Webb V., 6-9-36, Philadelphia for DofS, Philadelphia.
 BUCKLEY, Robert F., 6-8-36, USS. "Reina Mercedes" for USS. "Reina Mercedes" for Quantico.
 LOTTIMAN, John, 6-10-36, Quantico for Quantico.
 GORSUCH, Wilbur P., 6-11-36, New London for New London.
 McCONVILLE, Gilbert, 6-4-36, Bremerton for Bremerton.
 McLIN, William N., 6-5-36, San Diego for San Diego.
 POBLITZ, Howard L., 6-8-36, San Francisco for DQM, San Francisco.
 STURM, James L., 6-12-36, Savannah for Charleston, S. C.
 GALLIMORE, Henry G., 6-9-36, Seattle for Seattle.
 NELSON, Daniel H., 6-7-36, San Diego for San Diego.
 SAUVE, George, 6-8-36, San Diego for San Diego.
 HALE, Robert K., 6-14-36, Philadelphia for DofS, Philadelphia.
 COTE, Rene D., 6-15-36, Charleston for Charleston.

DILLMAN, George E., 6-13-36, Quantico for Quantico.
 HILL, Harry D., 6-10-36, USS. "Nevada" for USS. "Nevada."
 HUNTER, Caldwell N., 6-15-36, Portsmouth, Va., for Portsmouth, Va.
 MURRAY, Wallace J., 5-7-36, Guam for Guam.
 RHOADS, Arthur C., 6-16-36, New York for Iona Island.
 BURTNETT, Leroy V., 6-10-36, Seattle for Bremerton.
 CARUSO, Marie, 6-15-36, Quantico for Quantico.
 FORDE, David L., 6-12-36, Quantico for Quantico.
 SHIELD, Alexander R., 6-16-36, Quantico for Quantico.
 YABLONSKY, Anthony G., 6-15-36, Quantico for Quantico.
 PIEL, RUSSELL, 5-17-36, Washington, D. C., for Cavite.
 KNUTTI, Frederick W., 6-17-36, Portsmouth, Va., for Quantico.
 HORNING, Paul J., 6-19-36, Philadelphia Va., for Portsmouth.
 ARMIGER, Elver L., 6-18-36, Quantico for Quantico.
 GEER, Harry W., 6-18-36, Portsmouth, Va., for Portsmouth, Va.
 HAYNES, Carl P., 6-16-36, Indian Head for Indian Head.
 HETRICK, William J., 6-17-36, Boston for Boston.
 McALLISTER, Paul, 6-19-36, Philadelphia for Philadelphia.
 HORNING, Paul J., 6-19, 36, Philadelphia for Philadelphia.
 CHRISTNER, Edward, 6-13-36, Bremerton for Bremerton.
 CLARK, Miles H., 6-21-36, MB, Washington for Marine Band, Washington.
 CLARKE, Edwin Chauncey, 6-20-36, New London for New London.
 HART, Chester B., 6-13-36, Bremerton for Bremerton.
 ODESKI, Vincent J., 6-15-36, Guantanamo for Guantanamo.
 O'NEIL, Cornelius, 6-21-36, MB, Washington for Marine Band, Washington.
 RUBENSTEIN, Louis, 6-22-36, MB, NYd, Washington for MB, NYd, Washington.
 GOULD, Howard, 6-22-36, Quantico for Quantico.
 MATCHETT, John W., 6-22-36, Quantico for Quantico.
 RABE, Gilbert P., 6-20-36, Quantico for Quantico.
 WILSON, John H., 6-18-36, Parris Island for Parris Island.
 WOLTRING, Leo T., 6-18-36, Hawthorne for Great Lakes, Illinois.
 PATTERSON, Ralph K., 6-24-36, Washington, D. C., for Hqs., USMC, Washington, D. C.
 BULLOCK, Edmond V., 6-24-36, Quantico for Quantico.
 COLE, Joseph G., 6-18-36, San Diego for San Diego.
 TAYLOR, Hollis W., 6-17-36, San Diego for San Diego.
 WRIGHT, Ellis R., 6-17-36, San Diego for San Diego.
 QUARTER, William E., 6-25-36, MB, NYd, Washington for MB, NYd, Washington.
 PINION, Robert L., 6-24-36, New Orleans for Pensacola.
 ROBERTS, Dwight B., 6-19-36, San Francisco for San Diego.
 BIANCHI, Attili, 6-25-36, Portsmouth, Va., for New London.
 LACY, Robert B., 6-20-36, Mare Island for Pensacola.
 McINTIRE, Paul P., 6-23-36, USS. "West Virginia" for USS. "West Virginia."
 RICE, William S., 6-21-36, San Diego for San Diego.
 RUTLEDGE, James R., 6-16-36, San Diego for San Diego.
 SMITH, John W., 6-21-36, San Diego for San Diego.
 McDERMOTT, Benjamin L., 6-27-36, Philadelphia for Philadelphia.
 FOSTER, Carl D., 6-21-36, San Diego for San Diego.
 LaGASA, John B., Jr., 6-20-36, Puget Sound for USS. "Lexington."
 MILLER, James A., 6-23-36, San Diego for San Diego.
 NEMETH, Joseph F., 6-27-36, Quantico for Quantico.
 O'SHEA, John J., 6-20-36, Mare Island for Mare Island.
 ROSS, Marvin L., 6-17-36, Pearl Harbor for Pearl Harbor.
 BOSCARINO, James F., 6-25-36, Los Angeles for USS. "West Virginia."
 CARTER, Lerrad D., 6-23-36, Seattle for Seattle.
 HARDISTY, Richard A., 6-29-36, Quantico for Quantico.

THE LEATHERNECK

HINRICHS, Andrew C., 6-28-36, Ft. Mifflin for Ft. Mifflin.
SAURBORNE, Sam, 6-28-36, Lakehurst for Lakehurst.
SHARIT, Garnett A., 6-28-36, Lakehurst for Parris Island.

PROMOTIONS

TO SERGEANT MAJOR:

Edward E. Steele

TO FIRST SERGEANT:

Wilfred E. Bassett
Winfree Chaney
George B. Case
Burk A. Hogan
Clifford Cheshire

TO TECHNICAL SERGEANT:

Robert L. Dickey

TO STAFF SERGEANT:

John T. Lawrence, Jr.
Albert Straba
Donald W. Houston
Clyde H. Warren
Alexander Gagyi

TO PLATOON SERGEANT:

John W. Krawie
Rene D. Cote
William A. Easterling

TO SERGEANT, REGULAR WARRANT:

Frank Fabian
Thomas H. Hoy (Dmr.)
Jetter A. Dunagan
John J. Klizes
Wallace J. Murray

TO SERGEANT, SHIP AND SPECIAL WARRANT:

Lester P. Murphy
Harry Malzewski
Merle B. Johnson
Clifford D. Price
John S. Court
Frank Parks
Anthony J. Vroblecky
Norman H. Spellman
Alfred Delisle, Jr.
George B. Zollicoffer
Louis E. Rommerdall
James F. Smith
Robert C. Schutte

TO CORPORAL, REGULAR WARRANT:

John N. Grubbs
Lindell W. Bushnell
Jack Faulkner (Tpr.)
John A. Garvey (Tpr.)
George H. Richardson, Jr. (Dmr.)
Vincent E. Prouty (Dmr.)
Hugo Traverse (Dmr.)
Otto C. Woods (Dmr.)
Eldon A. Chandler (Dmr.)
Earl F. Scheer (Dmr.)
Warfred U. Puumala (Dmr.)
Ellis C. Smith
John A. Daniels
Owen R. Nixon
Joseph B. Brunson
Glen C. O'Dare
Charles A. Noland
Onis E. Browning
Maurice Cheslin
Frank J. Cermak

TO CORPORAL, SHIP AND SPECIAL WARRANT:

James H. Croslan
James J. Slattery
William W. Collins
Hanlin A. Fritz
Thomas A. King
Paul S. Pollard
Francis L. Miller
George E. Klimas
Howard W. Jensen
Raymond F. Kennedy
William J. McCoughlin
Leo F. Deyak
Charles F. King
Walter A. Yoder
Samuel E. Moose
Paul G. Rose
John Hrin
Oscar C. McBride
Anthony C. Yablonsky
Milton M. Frankel
Homer F. Roland
Earnest R. Ratliff
Charles M. Lindsey

U. S. MARINE CORPS ENLISTED

(Continued from page 65)

JUNE 10, 1936.

Sgt. Solomon Davis—San Diego to New York.

JUNE 11, 1936.

1st Sgt. John C. Wright—FMF, San Diego to Sea Duty.

Cpl. Thos. W. Simpson—Wakefield to Portsmouth, N. H.

JUNE 12, 1936.

Tech.-Sgt. Richard Burgess—QM., Hqrs., to MB, Quantico.

Cpl. Wm. J. Hamilton—Charleston, S. C., to Sea School.

Cpl. Robt. M. Henry—Charleston, S. C., to FMF, Quantico.

Sgt. Wm. Seyler—Newport to NYd, Washington.

JUNE 13, 1936.

Staff-Sgt. John T. Lawrence—Norfolk to P. I.

Cpl. James P. Donovan—Norfolk to Mare Island.

Cpl. Ivey Nixon—Quantico to Pensacola.

Sgt. Attili Bianchi—Norfolk to New London.

JUNE 15, 1936.

Sgt. Phillip Weinberg—WC to Cavite.

Staff-Sgt. Lawrence A. Theodore—P. I. to New York.

Cpl. John N. Henderson—Quantico to P. I.

Dmr. Cpl. Geo. H. Richardson—San Diego to Boston.

JUNE 16, 1936.

1st Sgt. Newton E. Carbaugh—Quantico to USS, "Indianapolis."

JUNE 17, 1936.

Cpl. Willis O. Scott—WC to Great Lakes.

Mess Cpl. Orville S. Bowers—Quantico to Iona.

Cpl. Harry D. Ryburn—Dover to Quantico.

JUNE 18, 1936.

Cpl. John H. Lindstrom—Asiatic to U. S. A.

Tpr. Cpl. Henry M. Salwach—Boston to USS, "Memphis."

JUNE 19, 1936.

Cpl. Thos. W. Hyland—1st Brig., FMF, to 1st Signal Co.

Cpl. Jas. E. Dickerson—NYd, Washington to Portsmouth, N. H.

Cpl. Jos. S. Stefonic—Quantico to Dover.

Cpl. John L. Richardson—MB, Washington to Philadelphia.

1st Sgt. Fred Riewe—USS, "Indianapolis" to Quantico.

JUNE 22, 1936.

Cpl. Chas. R. Christenot—Pensacola to Asiatic.

Cpl. John A. Daniels—Quantico to Boston.

1st Sgt. Hans O. Rasmussen—USS, "Mississippi" to Asiatic.

Tpr. Sgt. Laurel A. Kleny—San Diego to Asiatic.

JUNE 23, 1936.

Sgt. Harvey B. Carden—Armorer's School to FMF, Quantico.

Sgt. George Orjavsky—Philadelphia to Quantico.

Cpl. Junior E. Broadus—Norfolk to Sea School. Orders to Asiatic revoked.

JUNE 24, 1936.

Sgt. Arlet J. Dodson—FMF, San Diego to MCB, San Diego.

Cpl. Arthur McC. English—San Diego to Pensacola.

Sgt. Prentice W. Jones—Norfolk to San Diego.

Sgt. Hubert N. Thomas—FMF, Quantico to 1st Signal Co.

Gy.-Sgt. Louis Rossich—Portsmouth, N. H., to Portsmouth, Va.

JUNE 25, 1936.

1st Sgt. Harry P. Crouch—NYd, Washington to 15th Reserve Bn., FMCR.

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in hand!



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Agent for Remington Typewriters

Quantico

Virginia

PM-Sgt. Stuart F. B. Wood—NYd, Wash-
ington to P. I.

FM-Sgt. Adial P. Greer—P. I. to NYd,
Washington.

Platoon Sgt. Harry E. Rudder—MCR &
PT Detachment to Rec. Ship, New York.

Sgt. Harold J. Thomas—MCR & PT De-
tachment to San Diego.

Cpl. Carl Ulrich—MCR & PT Detachment
to Wakefield, Mass.

JUNE 26, 1936.
Sgt. Cleatus W. Johnson—MTS to Guan-
tanamo.

PM-Sgt. Roy C. Roberts—Shanghai to
EC, U. S. A.

JUNE 27, 1936.
Staff-Sgt. (Mess) Egnatz P. Lamusga—
Portsmouth, N. H., to New York.

Cpl. Chas. R. Boyer—MB, Washington to
Annapolis.

Mess Cpl. James C. Elland—N. Y. to
Portsmouth, N. H.

Tech-Sgt. Jas. C. Wilson—AC-1 to AC-2,
JUNE 29, 1936.

Cpl. Chas. A. Hyman—Quantico to
Asatic.

JUNE 30, 1936.
Cpl. Alton L. Ballard—USS, "Indianapo-
lis" to P. I.

Sgt. Claude J. McAlpin—Quantico to
New York.

Cpl. Robt. A. Baker, Jr.—Quantico to
Rec. Ship, New York.

Cpl. Wm. J. Kane—P. I. to N. Y.

Gy-Sgt. Henry E. Klappholz—USS, "In-
dianapolis" to Quantico.

EDUCATIONAL BULLETIN

July 1, 1936

Graduates for Month of June

Capt. William G. Manley—Post Exchange
1st Lt. Walter Asmuth, Jr.—Post Ex-
change Bookkeeping.

1st Lt. Chester B. Graham—Post Ex-
change Bookkeeping.

1st Lt. Richard P. Ross—Post Exchange
Bookkeeping.

2nd Lt. Joslyn R. Bailey—Post Exchange
Bookkeeping.

2nd Lt. James L. Beam—Post Exchange
Bookkeeping.

2nd Lt. Henry W. Buse—Post Exchange
Bookkeeping.

2nd Lt. Joseph L. Dickey—Post Ex-
change Bookkeeping.

2nd Lt. J. G. Humiston—Post Exchange
Bookkeeping.

2nd Lt. Elmer C. Rowley—Post Exchange
Bookkeeping.

2nd Lt. Elmore W. Seeds—Post Ex-
change Bookkeeping.

2nd Lt. Samuel R. Shaw—Post Exchange
Bookkeeping.

2nd Lt. Robert E. Stannah—Post Ex-
change Bookkeeping.

2nd Lt. Richard E. Thompson—Post Ex-
change Bookkeeping.

1st Sgt. Thomas O. Kelly—Warrant Offi-
cer's Preparatory.

Tech-Sgt. Henry F. Camper—Aviation
Engines.

Sgt. Oscar A. Powell—Selected Subjects,
Cpl. Eugene Anderson—Greenhouse
Vegetable Growing.

Cpl. James F. Bush—Complete Auto-
mobile.

Cpl. Robert J. Bynum—Poultry Farming.

Cpl. William J. Gill—Immigration Patrol
Inspector.

Cpl. Herbert W. Guyse—Immigration
Patrol Inspector.

Tpr. Icl Albert F. Nawjoke—Railway
Postal Clerk and Clerk Carrier.

Pfc. Joseph Frazier—Soil Improvement.

Pfc. Aloysius Grunloh—Selected Sub-
jects.

Pfc. Albert T. Hall—Immigration Patrol
Inspector.

Pfc. James E. McDonald—Internal Com-
bustion Engines.

Pfc. William Nanes—Civil Service Com-
bination.

Pfc. John A. Thornton—First Lessons in
English.

Pfc. Marion T. Wesley—Railway Postal
Clerk and Clerk Carrier.

Musc. Icl Frank Colchester—Good Eng-
lish.

Ch. Ph. M. John H. Mayberry—Farm
Crops.

Tpr. James A. Cummings—Inspector of
Customs.

Pvt. William J. Badura—Aviation Me-
chanics.

Pvt. Chester T. Barker—Mathematics and
Mechanics for Civil Eng.

Pvt. Frank A. Bartuck—Immigration Pa-
trol Inspector.

Pvt. Charles E. Bogert—Complete Radio.
Pvt. Stanley G. Burch—Civil Service
Clerical.

Pvt. George R. Craig—Immigration Pa-
trol Inspector.

Pvt. A. M. Ciborowski—Post Office In-
spector.

Pvt. Francis E. Dysinger—Aviation En-
gines.

Pvt. Louie George—Railway Postal Clerk
and Clerk Carrier.

Pvt. Leonard A. Gerdeman—Navigation
for Aviators.

Pvt. Clayton L. Giese—Railway Postal
Clerk and Clerk Carrier.

Pvt. Ansgar Hald—Good English.

Pvt. Ralph C. Hall—Service Station
Salesmanship.

Pvt. Howard F. Hawkins—Automobile
Electric Equipment.

Pvt. Howard F. Hawkins—Aviation En-
gines.

Pvt. Herman H. Heinrich—Livestock.

Pvt. Harlen Holliday—General Radio.

Pvt. Eugene A. Kight—Selected Subjects.

Pvt. John Z. Knight—Airplane Mainte-
nance.

Pvt. Warren J. LeCompte—Spanish.

Pvt. Charles A. MacManus—Aviation Me-
chanics.

Pvt. Lloyd F. Metz—Immigration In-
spector.

Pvt. Howard E. Morris—Inspector of
Customs.

Pvt. Lenard H. Peters—Civil Service
Clerical.

Pvt. Chester Platt—Good English.

Pvt. Joe K. Proctor—Railway Postal
Clerk and Clerk Carrier.

Pvt. Dwight L. Ray—Immigration Pa-
trol Inspector.

Pvt. Laverne M. Ruth—Electrical Engi-
neering-Wiring Division.

Pvt. Charles W. Seagle—Post Office In-
spector.

Pvt. Sydney J. Sharpe—Railway Postal
Clerk and Clerk Carrier.

Pvt. Alfred J. Shield—Service Station
Salesmanship.

Pvt. Eugene Steck—Good English.

Pvt. William A. Syphard—Refrigeration.

Pvt. Irwin D. Terry—Aviation Mechan-
ics.

Pvt. Harold E. Tipton—First Lessons in
English.

U. S. MARINE CORPS INSTITUTE ACTIVITY

Total number students enrolled	4,809
June, 1936	390
Students enrolled during June, 1936	456
Students enrolled during May, 1936	482
Students disenrolled during June, 1936	4,737
Lesson papers received during April, 1936	4,586
Lesson papers received during May, 1936	4,791
Lesson papers received during June, 1936	650,828
Total lesson papers received since establishment	68
Graduates during month of June, 1936	7,325
Graduates since establishment	6,989
I. C. S. Diplomas awarded since establishment	336
Graduates Post Exchange Book-keeping and Accounting	

CLASSIFICATION

Commissioned U. S. Marine Corps	127
Enlisted U. S. Marine Corps	3,777
Navy Commissioned	5
Navy Enlisted	53
Commissioned FLEET MARINE CORPS RESERVE	8
Enlisted FLEET MARINE CORPS RESERVE	833
Dependents	2
Miscellaneous	4
TOTAL	4,809

TRANSFERRED TO RESERVES

Sgt. Perry S. Akins, Class II(d), June 30, 1936. Future address: R. F. D. No. 1, Cordova, Alabama.

QM-Sgt. Maurice Massey, Class II(d), June 30, 1936. Future address: 104 Canal Street, Aberdeen, Mississippi.

Mess-Sgt. Richard E. Sells, Class II(d), June 10, 1936. Future address: General Delivery, North San Diego, California.

QM-Sgt. Leon R. Rouser, Class II(d), June 25, 1936. Future address: R. F. D. No. 1, Box 157, Port Orchard, Washington.

Cpl. LeBaron A. Dolan, Class II(d), July 15, 1936. Future address: 3527 Wela Street, Honolulu, T. H.

Staff-Sgt. Joseph H. Bradley, Class II(b), June 20, 1936. Future address: Carencro, Louisiana.

Gy-Sgt. William E. Jefferson, Class II(b), June 30, 1936. Future address: 529 East 56th Street, Seattle, Washington.

Sgt. Samuel T. Anthony, Class II(b), July 15, 1936. Future address: 3110 Isabella Avenue, Houston, Texas.

RETIREMENTS

The following named men were placed on the retired list of enlisted men of the U. S. Marine Corps on the date set opposite each name:

Sgt-Maj. Edgar C. Krieger, FMCR, July 1, 1936.

QM-Sgt. Robert E. Scott, FMCR, July 1, 1936.

Sgt. Bailey S. Goode, FMCR, July 1, 1936.

Pfc. Frank Turner, FMCR, July 1, 1936.

Gy-Sgt. Reuben M. Neving, FMCR, July 1, 1936.

Sgt. Harry D. Dewhirst, FMCR, July 1, 1936.

RESERVE CHANGES

Appointments

The following appointments have been made in the Marine Corps Reserve, with rank from dates noted:

Capt. Edgar B. Moonau, VMCR, Minneapolis, Minnesota, 13 June, 1936.

Capt. Leonard J. Denena, Jr., FMCR, New Orleans, La., 13 June, 1936.

2nd Lt. John J. Waybright, FMCR, Elizabeth, N. J., 13 June, 1936.

Promotions

1st Lt. John B. Jacob, FMCR, with rank from 21 May, 1936.

1st Lt. Hamilton D. South, Jr., with rank from 22 May, 1936.

1st Lt. Alvin C. Durning, FMCR, with rank from 22 May, 1936.

Separations

1st Lt. Dwight L. Harris, VMCR, resigned, 5 June, 1936.

Headquarters Bulletin

DISTRIBUTION OF OFFICERS

In accordance with the provisions of law, the Acting Secretary of the Navy has approved the following distribution of officers by grades in the Marine Corps:

Major General	4
Brigadier General (line)	7
Brigadier General (staff)	3
Colonel (one additional number)	41
Lieutenant Colonel	86
Major	160
Captain	321
1st and 2nd Lieutenant	448

TOTAL 1,070

The above numbers in grades are effective from 29 May, 1936, until the date of the next official computation.

DESIGNATION—4TH MARINES

The official designation of the forces at Shanghai, China, is "Fourth Marine, Shanghai, China." The use of the words "Marine Corps Expeditionary Forces" is discontinued.

ENLISTMENT ALLOWANCES

The Treasury-Post Office Appropriation Bill for the fiscal year 1937, still in conference, continues in full force and effect during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1937, the provisions of Section 18 of the Treasury-Post Office Appropriation Act for the fiscal year 1934. Under this legislation, which is not in dispute, enlisted men of the Navy and Marine Corps are not entitled to enlistment allowance on reenlistment or extension of enlistment during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1937.

CHECKAGE OF SUBSISTENCE IN HOSPITALS

During the fiscal year ending June 30, 1937, the rate to be checked for subsistence while in hospital under the provisions of Article 1320-11, Bureau of Supplies and Accounts Manual, is \$0.70 per ration.

TENTATIVE SAILINGS

Vessels of the Naval Transportation Service

CHAUMONT—Arrive Canal Zone 3 July, leave 6 July; arrive Guantanamo 9 July, leave 9 July; arrive NOB Norfolk 14 July. Under overhaul at Navy Yard, Norfolk, 23 July-22 September. Departs for West Coast 1 October.

HENDERSON—Leave San Francisco Area 6 July; arrive Honolulu 14 July,

leave 17 July; arrive Guam 30 July, leave 31 July; arrive Manila 6 August; leave 8 September; arrive Guam 14 September, leave 15 September; arrive Honolulu 28 September, leave 1 October; arrive San Francisco Area 9 October, leave 23 October for East Coast.

NITRO—Leave Canal Zone 6 July; arrive San Diego 16 July, leave 22 July; arrive San Pedro 23 July, leave 29 July; arrive Mare Island 31 July, leave 10 August; arrive Puget Sound 13 August, leave 24 August; arrive Mare Island 27 August, leave 5 September; arrive San Pedro 7 September, leave 8 September; arrive San Diego 8 September, leave 9 September; arrive Canal Zone 19 September, leave 21 September; arrive Guantanamo 24 September, leave 24 September; arrive Norfolk 28 September (overhaul).

RAMAPO—Leave San Pedro 5 August; arrive Guam 28 August, leave 29 August; arrive Manila 4 September, leave 8 September; arrive Tsingtao 15 September, leave 18 September; arrive Chefoo 19 September, leave 29 September; arrive Yokohama 4 October, leave 8 October; arrive San Pedro-San Diego 30 October.

SALINAS—Under overhaul at Navy Yard, Norfolk, until 14 July. Will sail for Gulf ports about 24 July.

SIRIUS—Leave NOB Norfolk 29 July; arrive Philadelphia 30 July, leave 5 August; arrive New York 6 August, leave 12 August; arrive Boston 13 August, leave 19 August; arrive Newport 20 August, leave 21 August; arrive New York 22 August, leave 27 August; arrive Philadelphia 28 August, leave 3 September; arrive NOB Norfolk 4 September, leave 23 September for West Coast.

VEGA—Leave Mare Island 8 July; arrive Puget Sound 11 July. Sails for Alaskan ports about 25 July.

HIGH SCORE (Rifle)—330 or better over the rifle qualification course for the target year 1936 since publication of the May Bulletin:

Cpl. Thurman E. Barrier	339
MGun. Stephen J. Zsiga	336
Cpl. Walter R. Dempsey	336
Cpl. James W. Dorsey	336
Pvt. William Squires	333
Sgt. George T. Philpott	332
Sgt. Edward V. Seeser	332
Capt. William W. Davidson	331
Capt. Harold C. Roberts	331
Sgt. Eugene A. O'Connor	331
1st Sgt. Melvin T. Huff	330
Tpr. Sgt. Avant M. Brannock	330
Cpl. Carl A. Nielsen	330
Pfc. John J. Reese	330

Something to Shoot at:

Gy-Sgt. William F. Pulver	340
HIGH SCORE (Pistol)—95 or better over the pistol qualification course for the target year 1936 since publication of the May Bulletin:	
Sgt. Louie E. Painter	99
Capt. Hal N. Potter	98
Capt. Merrill B. Twining	98
Gy-Sgt. Carl F. Cain	97
Capt. Edwin C. Ferguson	96
Capt. Lyman G. Miller	96
Capt. Morris L. Shively	96
1st Lt. Joseph W. Earnshaw	96
Gy-Sgt. McKinley Goehring	96
Capt. Harry E. Leland	96
1st Lt. Archibald D. Abel	95
1st Lt. William F. Parks	95
2nd Lt. Leo R. Smith	95
2nd Lt. Charles S. Todd	95
MT-Sgt. William W. Bird	95
1st Sgt. Charles R. Jackson	95

Something to Shoot at:

Gy-Sgt. James R. Tucker	99
Sgt. Louie E. Painter	99
In order to break the tie score attained over the pistol record course by individuals making scores of 99 plus, range officers are requested to show such scores worked out to the third decimal place.	

RIFLE QUALIFICATION FIRING AT THE PRINCIPLE RANGES SO FAR RECORDED FOR THE TARGET YEAR 1936

Ranges	Experts	Sharpshooters	Marksmen	Unqualified	Qual.
Camp W. Harris	13-37%	10-29%	9-26%	3-08%	92%
Cape May	24-20%	34-28%	44-37%	18-15%	85%
Guantanamo Bay	16-14%	33-29%	39-35%	25-22%	78%
Hongkew	33-07%	144-30%	226-47%	78-18%	84%
Manquaya	24-38%	27-42%	13-20%	0-0%	100%
Mare Island	5-06%	27-31%	35-41%	19-22%	78%
Parris Island	45-33%	49-36%	33-24%	10-07%	93%
Puuloa Point	38-21%	63-35%	63-35%	16-09%	91%
Quantico	182-15%	354-29%	505-42%	167-14%	86%
San Diego	238-20%	419-35%	429-36%	108-9%	91%
Other Ranges	53-20%	88-34%	92-35%	29-11%	89%
	671-17%	1,248-32%	1,488-39%	473-12%	88%
Recruits					
Parris Island	24-05%	141-30%	230-49%	72-16%	84%
San Diego	12-04%	79-24%	183-55%	56-17%	83%
MARINE CORPS	707-15%	1,468-31%	1,901-41%	601-13%	87%



(Exact Size)

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MARINE ODDITIES

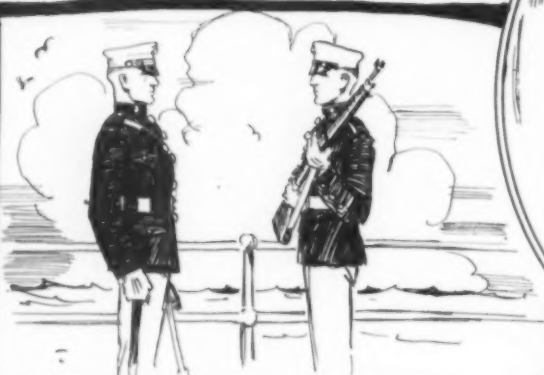


HOW DID THAT THUMB PRINT GET
ON YOUR NOSE WHILE MY BACK
WAS TURNED?
!!!

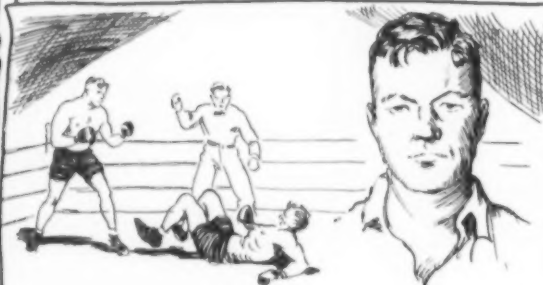
FINGER PRINTS ARE NOT NEW TO THE MARINE CORPS. AS EARLY AS 1907 A SYSTEM WAS INAUGURATED, ALL PERSONNEL HAVING PRINTS TAKEN, FORWARDED TO HEADQUARTERS CLASSIFIED AND FILED AS A PERMANENT MEANS OF IDENTIFICATION.



CAPTAIN TAYLOR BRANSON, LEADER OF THE U.S. MARINE BAND HOLDS AN HONORARY COMMISSION AS COLONEL IN THE CONFEDERATE ARMY.



IN 1924 LIEUT. EDGAR ALLAN POE AND PVT. EDGAR ALLAN POE, BOTH RELATED TO THE FAMOUS AUTHOR, SERVED TOGETHER ABOARD THE U.S.S. MAYFLOWER.

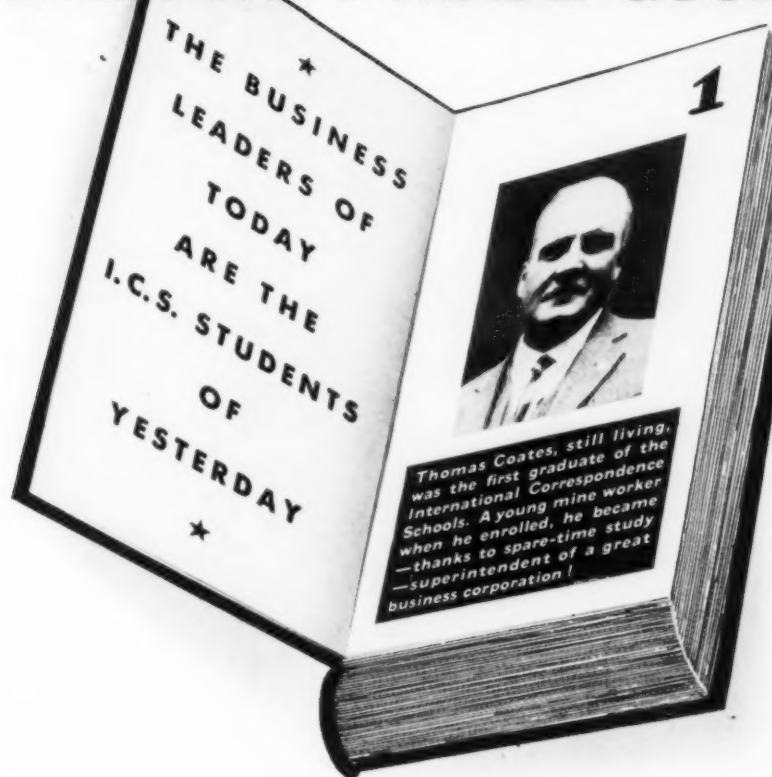


JACK TAYLOR, MARINE BARRACKS, WASHINGTON, D.C., WAS ONE OF THE FIRST FIGHTERS TO KNOCK CARNERA OFF HIS FEET. THE DAY FOLLOWING THE RECENT LOUIS-SCHMELING UPSET, THE COLONEL ASKED TAYLOR HOW MUCH HE LOST ON THE FIGHT. TAYLOR GRINNED "I WON A BIT," HE SAID. "YOU SEE, COLONEL, I ONCE FOUGHT SCHMELING."



THE NINE SONS OF EX-MARINE CHARLES A. SMALL OF PITTSBURG, KANSAS, FORM A BASEBALL TEAM. IN 1935 THEY WON ALL BUT THREE OF THEIR TWENTY GAMES. THE OLDEST BOY IS 12. THE YOUNGEST, 18 MONTHS OLD WAS THE ONLY ONE WHO USED A SUBSTITUTE PLAYER.

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| <input type="checkbox"/> Architectural Draftsman | <input type="checkbox"/> Telephone Work <input type="checkbox"/> Radio | <input type="checkbox"/> Diesel Engines | <input type="checkbox"/> Bridge and Building Foreman | <input type="checkbox"/> Automobile Mechanic | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Building Estimating | <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Engineer | <input type="checkbox"/> Aviation Engines | <input type="checkbox"/> Highway Engineer | <input type="checkbox"/> Coal Mining | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Contractor and Builder | <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Draftsman | <input type="checkbox"/> Plumbing <input type="checkbox"/> Steam Fitting | <input type="checkbox"/> Civil Engineer | <input type="checkbox"/> Navigation | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Structural Draftsman | <input type="checkbox"/> Machinist <input type="checkbox"/> Toolmaker | <input type="checkbox"/> Heating <input type="checkbox"/> Ventilation | <input type="checkbox"/> Surveying and Mapping | <input type="checkbox"/> Textile Overseer or Supt. | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Structural Engineer | <input type="checkbox"/> Patternmaker <input type="checkbox"/> Boilermaker | <input type="checkbox"/> Air Conditioning | <input type="checkbox"/> Refrigeration | <input type="checkbox"/> Cotton Manufacturing | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> How to Invent and Patent | <input type="checkbox"/> Heat Treatment of Metals | <input type="checkbox"/> Steam Engineer | <input type="checkbox"/> R. R. Locomotive | <input type="checkbox"/> Woolen Manufacturing | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Electrical Engineer | <input type="checkbox"/> Reading Shop Blueprints | <input type="checkbox"/> Steam Electric Engineer | <input type="checkbox"/> R. R. Section Foreman | <input type="checkbox"/> Fruit Growing <input type="checkbox"/> Agriculture | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Electric Lighting | <input type="checkbox"/> Sheet Metal Worker | <input type="checkbox"/> Marine Engineer | <input type="checkbox"/> Air Brakes <input type="checkbox"/> R. R. Signalmen | <input type="checkbox"/> Poultry Farming | |

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| <input type="checkbox"/> Office Management | <input type="checkbox"/> C. P. Accountant | <input type="checkbox"/> Service Station Salesmanship | <input type="checkbox"/> Mail Carrier | <input type="checkbox"/> First Year College |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Industrial Management | <input type="checkbox"/> Bookkeeping | <input type="checkbox"/> Business Correspondence | <input type="checkbox"/> Railway Mail Clerk | <input type="checkbox"/> Illustrating |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Traffic Management | <input type="checkbox"/> Secretarial Work | <input type="checkbox"/> Lettering Show Cards <input type="checkbox"/> Signs | <input type="checkbox"/> Grade School Subjects | <input type="checkbox"/> Cartooning |
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